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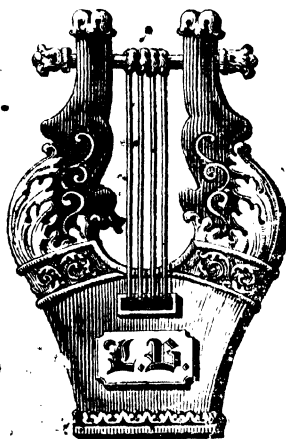


THE  
**LIVING POETS**  
OF ENGLAND.

SPECIMENS  
OF THE LIVING BRITISH POETS,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES  
AND AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. II.



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# ROBERT SOUTHEY.

## A LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. Poet Laureat<sup>1</sup>, was born August 12, 1774, at Bristol, where his father carried on an extensive business as a wholesale linen draper. Young Robert was educated first under Mr. Foote, a baptist minister of great ability, but at that time very aged. After a short time young Southey was removed to a school at Carston, where he remained about two years, and was then entered at Westminster School in 1787, where, in 1790, he fell under censure for his concern in the rebellion excited against the master, Dr. Vincent. In 1792 he became a student of Baliol College, Oxford, with a view to the church, but Unitarian principles and the revolutionary mania put an end to that design. So strongly did he imbibe the new opinions on politics which the explosion in France had produced, that he, with his friends Lovell and Coleridge, projected a plan of settling on the banks of the Susquehannah in North America, and of there founding a new republic. This Utopian scheme was soon dissolved for the want of means, and in 1795 Mr. Southey married Miss

<sup>1</sup> His works are: *Joan of Arc*, an epic poem, 4to. 1796. — *Poems*, 8vo. 1797. 4th edit. 1809. — *Letters written during a short residence in Spain and Portugal*, 8vo. 1797. — *The Annual Anthology*, a Miscellaneous Collection of Poetry of which he was the editor and principal writer, 2 v. 8vo. 1799. 1800. — *Amadis de Gaul*, from the Spanish version, 4 v. 12mo. 1803. — *The Works of Chatterton*, 3 v. 8vo. 1803. — *Thalaba the Destroyer*, a metrical romance, 2 v. 8vo. 1803. 2d edit. 1809. — *Metrical Tales and other Poems*, fr. 8vo. 1804. — *Madoc*, a poem, 4to. 1805. 2d edit. 1809. — *Specimens of later English Poets*, with preliminary Notes, 3 v. 8vo. 1807. — *Palmerin of England*, translated from the Portuguese, 4 v. 8vo. 1807. — *Letters from England*, 3 v. 12mo. 1807; published under the fictitious name of Don Manuel Valasquez Espriella. — *The remains of Henry Kirke White*, with an account of his Life, 2 v. 8vo. 1807. several editions. — *The Chronicle of the Cid*, Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, from the Spanish, 4to. 1808. — *The History of Brazil*, 3 vol. 4to. 1819. — *The Curse of Kehama*, a poem, 4to. 1811. 3d edit. 2 v. 12mo. 1813. — *Omniana*, 3 v. 8vo. 1812. — *Life of Nelson*, 2 v. small 8vo. 1813. — *Carmen Triumphale*, 4to. 1814. — *Odes to the Prince Regent, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia*, 4to. 1814. — *Roderick the last of the Goths*, a poem, 4to. 1814. 2d edit. 2 v. 12mo. 1815. — *The vision of judgment*; — *life of Wesley*, etc.

## ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Tricker, soon after which event he accompanied his maternal uncle the Rev. Dr. H. P. Poynter, that gentleman being appointed Chaplain to the Factory at Lisbon. In 1801 Mr. Southey obtained the appointment of Secretary to the Right Hon. Isaac Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland. On retiring from office with his patron, our author went to reside in a cottage near Keswick, where also dwelt under the same roof the widow of his friend Lovell and the wife of Mr. Coleridge, both which ladies are sisters to Mrs Southey. In 1813 he succeeded Mr. Pye as Poet Laureate.

The mere list of the various productions of the Poet Laureate, bears evidence of his industry and facility. Mr. Southey is, beyond all contradiction, the most universal of modern poets; and if all the world does not admit that he is the most inventive, it is, perhaps, because he is suspected of having recourse to the erudite stores of his memory, more frequently than to his poetic imagination. The profuseness of his notes may be regarded as a proof of mal-adroit candour, or bibliomaniac vanity<sup>1</sup>. As a chronicler, a historian, a biographer, an editor, a romance writer, an antiquary, a poet, in short, in every possible department of literature, Southey is a rival to Sir Walter Scott; and if *Old Mortality* and *Ivanhoe* had not sufficiently proved, that in the representation of modern manners, prose language may be very successfully adapted to the epopee, the author of *Roderick* would be the first epic poet in Great Britain.

The *Chronicle of the Cid* entitled him at least to the glory of having discovered all the Homeric spirit which belongs to the simplicity of the chivalric poets. Even amidst the pomp of poetic romance, Mr. Southey, as a *laker*, has not sacrificed natural feeling to the artificial sentiments of conventional heroism; but, unfortunately, he has sometimes rested his claims to originality on the singularity and novelty of his subjects, rather than on the resources of his genius. If his cosmopolitan muse had but concentrated her powers on national subjects, Southey's originality would have been more decided. By turns, French, Arabic, Indian, and Spanish, Southey's muse assumes the garb of every nation she adopts; but her borrowed robes do not always sit easily upon her. She sometimes betrays an air of constraint, though she endeavours to conceal it by forced energy. She reminds one of an actor, whose whole attention is engrossed in arranging his drapery and studying his attitudes. The muse of the Scottish minstrel, on the contrary, is always animated and perfectly at ease beneath the folds of her plaid; she never sacri-

<sup>1</sup> Southey possesses one of the most valuable libraries in England.

fices her natural inspirations, but shews herself in all her native grace and dignity. Then again with regard to style, Scott's is never studied; his common places pass on like the current coin of conversation, and contribute to the illusion. Southey, who always seems to be translating a foreign language, requires to be continually supported by ideas; and the filling up phrases, which are requisite in all sorts of composition, often appear in Southey's writings merely trivial verbosity; while his use of antiquated words and turns of expression sometimes produce a kind of patchwork effect. These faults are never observable in Scott's writings. I feel the more confident in pronouncing these opinions on Southey's talent, owing to the peculiar charm of his detached poems and tales, which present the expression of his own individual ideas, whether as a lake poet, as for instance in his *Address to the Penates* and his *Landscape of Poussin*, or whether he assumes a philosophic tone, half serious, half ironical, as in his tale of *San Gualberto*. His ballads on popular and local superstitions are also very impressive, as for example, *Lord William*, or the *History of the Old Woman of Berkeley*. As a prose writer, Southey is generally natural, easy, and free from all affectation.

We cannot help repeating the fact, that Southey became an indifferent poet only after he turned a ministerial writer. Let Southey, the poet laureate and pensioned writer, be compared with Southey the author of *Joan of Arc*. The French have certainly reason to be grateful to him for that production. Shakspeare is unjust towards the heroine of *Domremi*; but Southey's muse has made her ample amends.

The Poem of *Joan of Arc* was written by Southey at the age of nineteen, and was published in 1795, under the influence of the republican principles, which the author at that period professed. In subsequent editions of the poem, Southey has, however, been candid enough not to retrench his liberal allusions, and those maledictions against English tyranny, which could not be very favourably received in England, at a moment when the stern policy of Pitt, and the chivalrous eloquence of Burke, had excited among the English a strong prejudice against the French revolution. A hue and cry was raised against Southey's abuse of talent<sup>1</sup>. Who could then have foreseen that the young gal-

<sup>1</sup> Miss Seward, in one of her letters, alluding to Southey's *Joan of Arc*, styles it "a twin miracle in juvenile poetic excellence to the inspirations of Chatterton. But (she adds) this later prodigy is in design a parricide, aiming envenomed shafts at the bosom of his country, her constitution, and the character of her inhabitants."

lomanic poet would one day become the furious enemy of French glory? The liberal avenger of Joan of Arc does not however appear, from his poem, to have been precisely a girondist or a patriot of 1789. From his religious opinions, and his union of the spirit of the feudal chronicles with the solemn style of the *Paradise Lost*, he may be more properly termed an independent of Cromwell's time, and a disciple of Milton. The philosophic principles of the day are plainly recognisable in that admirable vision, in which Despair appeals to Joan of Arc in favour of Suicide, and in which the Maid of Orleans borrows from Rousseau's *Julie* some portion of her eloquent refutation. But the general character of the work is religious. It is curious to find the future biographer of Wesley, the Methodist, making Joan of Arc almost a mystical enthusiast. But was it not indeed her character? Who can read her wonderful history without feeling the conviction of her heavenly inspiration? Where is the Frenchman who will venture to deny, that there was something divine in the patriotism of Joan of Arc? Southey has made his heroine cherish the recollection of a terrestrial passion, which gives her a charming air of melancholy, without in any way diminishing her purity. It is of course unnecessary to describe the incidents of a poem, the subject of which must be familiar to every one. The poet has not had recourse to any fantastic agency. Joan simply relates to Dunois the signs she has received of her mission and her mysterious dreams under the tree of the fairies. How sweet is the description which Joan gives of her pastoral life :

“ Here in solitude

My soul was nurst, amid the loveliest scenes  
Of unpolluted nature. Sweet it was,  
As the white mists of morning roll'd away,  
To see the mountains' wooded heights appear  
Dark in the early dawn, and mark its slope,  
Rich with the blossom'd furze, as the slant sun  
On the golden ripeness pour'd a deepening light.  
Pleasant, at noon, beside the vocal brook,  
To lie me down and watch the floating clouds,  
And shape to fancy's wild similitudes  
Their ever varying forms; and ho, most sweet!  
To drive my flock at evening to the fold,  
And hasten to our little hut, and hear  
The voice of kindness bid me welcome home.”

Here, without the least inflation or bombastical swelling of style, an effect is produced, the deeper, because the means employed are simple, and influencing in an equal degree the illiterate and the cultivated. How natural and unostentatiously

affecting is the expansion of a parent's heart over a family of happy and blooming children!

“ A pleasant sight it was  
To see my children, as at eve I sat  
Beneath the vine, come clustering round my knee,  
That they might hear again the oft told tale  
Of the dangers I had past : their little eyes  
Did with such anxious eagerness attend  
The tale of life preserved, as made me feel  
Life's value.”

Nothing can be finer than the glowing and picturesque delineation of the holy maid's consecration ; the ancient abbey in all its awful pomp ; shrines of saints and tombs of heroes, the tonsured priest and the soul-subduing grandeur of sacrifice, become visible to the maid's eye ; but the heaven-sent championess herself, how felicitously is her appearance described :

“ As she came, a loveliest blush  
O'er her fair cheek suffus'd, such as became  
One mindful still of maiden modesty,  
Tho' of her own worth conscious. Thro' the aisle  
The cold wind moaning as it pass'd along,  
Wav'd her dark flowing locks. Before the train,  
In reverend silence waiting their sage will,  
With half averted eyes she stood compos'd.  
So have I seen the simple snowdrop rise  
Amid the russet leaves that hide the earth  
In early spring, — so seen its gentle bend  
Of modest loveliness amid the waste  
Of desolation.”

The ninth canto was originally a long vision, which transported the reader to an imaginary world. The author afterwards retrenched it, and gave it in an appendix, because he was of opinion that it contributed to retard the events of the poem ; but perhaps, after all, he was not quite right in making this alteration. Coleridge had some share in the invention of this allegorical part of the poem. It presents several sublime images, as, for instance, the personification of despair ; and the hall of glory in which Henry V. expiates his conquests. The author has here indulged in a satirical attack on the church, and the prerogatives of its dignitaries, of which he is now so ardent a defender. He has placed in hell the English prelates in their surplices, together with roman cardinals in full costume, and there they are all condemned to a scrupulous fulfilment of these duties, which they converted into sinecures in their earthly paradises. We must also notice

the ingenious allegory of the frail thread of life, that, with fearful swiftness winds upon a fatal wheel, which two genii lave with water contained in two urns. From the ebony urn flows the bitter water from the spring of evil, and the genius who pours it out has a gloomy smile on his countenance. A more benign spirit has charge of the other urn, the contents of which are of a less baneful nature, and which are augmented by the tears the spirit sheds in compassion for the lot of man.

The style of *Joan of Arc* is an imitation of the occasionally stiff rhythm of Milton. In his second poem, Southey has steered clear of all imitation, either in the measure of the verse or the subject. The scene is laid in the east, for this writer has made the tour of the world in his poems, and has availed himself of the traditions, the history, and the faith of every nation. The prodigious learning displayed in each of his works, proves the absurdity of those poets who are constantly endeavouring to retrace the footsteps of Homer and Virgil, instead of availing themselves of the various new paths which civilization has opened to them. What a misfortune would it have been to literature, had Milton imposed on himself the task of writing another *Æneid*! Tasso, who with infinite taste subjected the muse of Christian Europe to the forms of ancient poetry, never soared to a loftier height than in painting the manners of his own age; and we cannot but confess, that Voltaire was more true to nature, when he made himself the rival of Ariosto, than when, full of the recollection of his college studies, he traced his Henry IV. on the model of the pious *Æneas*. Lord Byron accused himself, as of a crime, of being one of those who have raised Chinese pagodas beside Greek temples, the only genuine models of art. The classic architecture of St. Paul's does not render us indifferent to the beauties of Westminster Abbey, or even to the Pavilion at Brighton. In like manner we derive pleasure from reading *Thalaba* after *Joan of Arc*, and *The Curse of Kehama* after *Madoc* or *Roderick*. Since Southey was fated to write five epic poems, we are glad he did not produce five *Joans of Arc*, or five *Thalabas*.

"Si *Peau d'âne* m'était conté,  
J'y prendrais un plaisir extrême,"

says La Fontaine, who read *Peau d'âne* and *Baruch* with equal pleasure. But, if judged by the rules of the old French theory of poetry, *Thalaba* is no more an epic poem than *Peau d'âne*. The versification presents a whimsical mixture of every kind of

metre, from lines of fourteen feet, to lines consisting of a single monosyllable, and the irregular stanzas, do not succeed each other regularly, as in the ode or the dithyrambic. This variegated versification, if I may so express myself, is favourable to every variety of style, and after a lyric flight the poet descends to the modest level of a narrator. After a page full of unmeaning and artificially condensed words, there comes a brilliant description, an energetic apostrophe, or, by an unexpected transition, the chaste and solemn graces of genuine epic composition.

The poem opens with the following sweet picture: —

“How beautiful is night!  
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air;  
 No mist obscures, no little cloud  
 Breaks the whole serene of heaven;  
 In full-orbed glory the majestic moon  
 Rolls through the dark blue depths;  
 Beneath her steady ray  
 The desert circle spreads,  
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.  
 How beautiful is night!”

The silence is interrupted by the wandering footsteps of a woman, who is flying with her son over the deserts of Arabia, and the boy is soon left crying in the wilderness, over the lifeless remains of his mother. This child is Thalaba, who by a miracle has escaped from a murderer who has sacrificed his father, an old Arab, named Hodeisa, and all his race. The murderer is the agent of a party of magicians, who dwell in the caverns of Domdaniel, at the bottom of the ocean, and who have been informed that their destroyer is to spring up from the race of Hodeisa. The conflicts between Thalaba and these magicians form the subject of the poem, and at length the young hero penetrates into the retreat of his enemies, and, like another Samson, perishes along with them beneath the ruins of their cavern.

Such a story, of course, requires to be supported by all sorts of poetic accessories, and it is but rendering justice to Mr. Southey to say, that he has ably availed himself of the rich colouring of oriental imagery, scenery, and costume. He has, at the same time produced the most varied contrasts, in the incidents and episodes. Along with the luxuriant imagery, and the continued succession of extraordinary adventures which the poem presents, the author has interwoven pathetic descriptions of the simple scenes of his hero's childhood. Thalaba is picked up by a good old Arab, who conveys him to his pa-

triarchal tent, where he brings him up along with his daughter. The chaste felicity of our first parents is not more interesting than the affection of these two children of the desert. What Voltaire said of love, as it is painted by Milton, is perfectly applicable to Southey's *Thalaba*: in other poems it is a weakness, but in this it is a virtue. The angelic purity of Oneiza, and her cruel destiny, have inspired the poet with some of his most tender and brilliant passages. Thalaba delivers his mistress from the profane Paradise of Aloadin, and prevails on her to marry him before the accomplishment of his mission. She reluctantly consents. The nuptial ceremonies are minutely described, hymns of joy are sung, and the book ends with these verses:—

“ And now the marriage feast is spread,  
And from the finished banquet now  
The wedding guests are gone.

Who comes from the bridal chamber?  
It is Azrael, the angel of death,”

The next book opens with Thalaba mourning over the tomb of Oneiza, exposed to the fury of the tempest. There he is met by the father of his bride, and the shade of Oneiza rises up to console him, and encourage him to proceed on his holy enterprise. He sets out on his lonely way, and on the first night of his wandering, he is hospitably received by a venerable dervise. As they are sitting at their humble repast, a nuptial procession passes by with dance and song. The old dervise pronounces a blessing on the joyous party, but Thalaba looked on, “breathed a low, deep groan, and hid his face.”

The little episode of Laila is, also, extremely pleasing. Amidst a desert of snow, a sudden light breaks upon the eyes of Thalaba. He advances, and discovers that this light proceeds from

“ A little lowly dwelling-place  
Amid a garden, whose delightful air  
Felt mild and fragrant, as the evening wind  
Passing in summer o'er the coffee-groves  
Of Yemen, and its blessed bowers of balm.  
A fount of fire that in the centre play'd,  
Rolled all around its wond'rous rivulets,  
And fed the garden with the heat of life.”

He enters and finds a damsel sleeping, who afterwards informs him, that she was placed there by her father, a magician, who “saw a danger in her horoscope,” and hid her in that solitude. He has also constructed a guardian of the garden,

which is a brazen figure, grasping a thunderbolt. As soon as Thalaba appears,

“The charmed image knew Hodeirah's son,  
And hurled the lightning at the dreaded foe.”

He is saved by means of an enchanted ring which he has in his possession. But the old magician appears, and tells Thalaba, that he must either sacrifice the innocent girl or perish himself. Laila throws her arms round her father's neck. Her face is turned to Thalaba. The wind agitating the fiery fountain casts a broad light over her features; her eyes rolling with horror watch every movement of Thalaba. He refuses to stain his hands in the blood of innocence. The magician exulting, draws his dagger. All is accomplished. Laila, who rushes between them to save the youth, receives the fatal blow. She falls, and Azrael receives her parting soul from the hands of Thalaba.

We cannot close this brief analysis, without transcribing one of the many beautiful pictures with which the poem abounds. It is a description of Alaodin's paradise:—

“And oh! what odours the voluptuous vale  
Scatters from jasmine bowers,  
From yon rose wilderness,  
From clustered henna, and from orange groves  
That with such perfume fill the breeze,  
As Peris to their sister bear,  
When from the summit of some lofty tree  
She hangs, encaged, the captive of the Dives.  
They from their pinions shake  
The sweetness of celestial flowers;  
And as her enemies impure  
From that impetuous poison far away  
Fly groaning with the torment, she the while  
Inhales her fragrant food.  
Such odours flowed upon the world,  
When at Mohammed's nuptials, word  
Went forth in heaven to roll  
The everlasting gates of paradise  
Back on their living hinges, that its gales  
Might visit all below: the general bliss  
Thrill'd every bosom, and the family  
Of man, for once, partook a common joy.”

The author of *Lalla Rookh* has written nothing which more perfectly breathes the spirit of oriental poetry.

In *Madoc*, another of Southey's poems, the scene is partly laid in Britain, and partly in America.

*Madoc*, as well as *Thalaba*, occasionally presents traces of affected simplicity, false energy, artificial enthusiasm, laboured style, tediousness, prolixity, and an unnecessary profusion of

harsh sounding names.<sup>1</sup> But yet it cannot be denied that the author has happily succeeded in combining the inspirations of the three great poets, Ossian, Milton, and Alonzo d'Ercilla. Southey's Welsh bards are more natural and less monotonous than the Caledonian bards of Macpherson, in their descriptions of scenery, and in their warlike and festive hymns. The laureate has happily retraced some of those images which constitute the charm of the melancholy song of Selma. His Ossianic harp breathes forth the music of a new world, where he seems to have discovered chords hitherto unknown to Christian bards. Its inspirations are addressed to savages, but for the purpose of refining their feelings, and not for the celebration of sanguinary obsequies. The episode of *Caradoc* may almost be regarded as an allegory.

Two chiefs, the Nisus and Euryalus of the Indians, make a nocturnal *sortie*, and in the neighbourhood of the Christian camp, surprise a sleeping warrior, whom Thalaba, surnamed the *Tiger of War*, proposes to sacrifice, in the hope that an offering of human blood will propitiate the gods, and be the pledge of his nation's success. He creeps like a serpent to the spot, where Caradoc, in his slumbers, is dreaming of his native home, and the blue eyed maid whom he loves. He raises his lance and is about to strike his victim, when suddenly the morning breeze, gently sweeping the strings of the Cambrian warrior's harp, produces heavenly strains of melody. The savage stops, looks round him with amazement; no mortal is near him; and in a moment all is silent. The aerial music again falls on his astonished ear, and then again suddenly ceases. The savage for the first time feels the influence of terror. He thinks a friendly genius watches over the stranger, and he shrinks confounded from the fulfilment of his murderous purpose.

This invisible protection of the harp, is a beautiful poetic idea. The captivity of Hoel and Madoc, and their deliverance by a priestess of the false gods; and the death of Coatel and her lover, are incidents which excite the liveliest interest. In several energetic passages, and also where the poet expresses religious sentiments, he soars to a level with Milton; but when he describes the manners of the savages, their councils of war, the

<sup>1</sup> Boileau says :

“ D'un seul nom quelquefois le son dur ou bizarre  
Rend un poeme entier ou burlesque ou barbare.”

I entirely concur in this opinion, with respect to French poems, in particular; but yet I would ask, whether Childebrandt is a harsher name than *Clytemnestra*?

religious ceremonies, their combats, and the magnificent scenery of the new world, he approximates to the style of Alonzo de Ercilla, while at the same time, he evinces more correct judgment, and purer taste, than the Spanish poet.

The history of Madoc is founded on a tradition which attributes the discovery of the American continent in the twelfth century to a Welch prince, who fled from his native land to avoid civil war and the hatred of a cruel brother. The posterity of the Welch adventurers who at that period emigrated to the New World, are said still to exist on the banks of the Missouri. Nearly about the same time, the Aztecas, an American tribe, forsook their original country and founded the Mexican empire, so called in honour of their tutelary deity Mexitly. Their emigration is, by Southey, connected with the adventures of Madoc, and the poet describes their superstitions, such as the Spaniards found them among their descendants. This poem was criticised with unjust severity in the *Edinburgh Review*, in an article written by Jeffrey. A burlesque description is given of the events and characters; but Voltaire made parodies almost as grotesque on Homer and Milton. It will readily be supposed that prejudices were raised against a poem which was treated thus by the reviewers. A great portion of readers are often satisfied with the mere analysis of a work. It is convenient for ignorance "to meet with ready made opinions, and mediocrity is always gratified at the opportunity of aiming a blow at genius. But who can be insensible to the aptitude of numbers expressing ideas by sounds in the subjoined passage?

"'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear  
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,  
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe;  
Then listen to the perilous tale again,  
And with an eager and suspended soul,  
Woo terror to delight us; but to hear  
The roaring of the raging elements,  
To know all human skill, all human strength,  
Avail not; to look round and only see  
The mountain wave incumbent, with its weight  
Of bursting waters, o'er the reeling bark,....  
O! God, this is indeed a dreadful thing!  
And he who hath endured the horror once  
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm  
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,  
And thinks upon the suffering mariner!"

The poem which followed *Madoc*, in spite of all its magnificence, could not dazzle the critics who had parodied Southey's three preceding works. The *Curse of Kehama* would be the most extravagant of poems, but that the author has so completely

thrown aside his European character, and so happily identified himself with his subject, that the work appears like a brilliant version of one of the numerous national epopees of the Brahmins, transmitted to Europe by the college of Calcutta. The author must be regarded as singularly successful in having excited any other sentiment than curiosity by a work borrowed from the most fanciful of mythologies, in which we are by turns transported from heaven to hell; and the principal characters of which are a king endowed with almost all the attributes of the gods, a man struck by a singular curse, a wandering spectre, a witch, a glendoveer, a genius, and other super-human beings of various orders. The only creature who belongs to this world is frequently transported into the invisible regions, and is at length admitted to the rank of the immortal genii. The interest of the poem arises out of the sweetest of mortal affections, that which is a virtue among all nations, namely, filial piety. Kaylial is the poet's grand talisman; he frequently appears like one of Raphael's virgins singularly placed among the extravagant figures of a Chinese screen. Kehama, the proud and ambitious tyrant of India, also rises to a level with the gloomy energy and infernal majesty of Milton's Satan.

The story is founded on a singularity in the religious faith of the Hindoos, who believe that prayers, seconded by penance and sacrifices, have a power independent of the motives of him by whom they are addressed to heaven. To use the term employed by Mr. Southey in his prefatory remarks, they are *bills* drawn upon the gods, the payment of which cannot be refused. The wicked in this manner may obtain a degree of power which renders them formidable to the deities themselves.

Thus does the Rajah Kehama, the hero of Southey's poem, threaten to usurp the prerogatives of the gods, and to render them obedient to his sovereign caprice. In the meanwhile, however, he is visited by some of the misfortunes incident to human nature. Arvalan, his only son, is killed by a peasant, to whose daughter he attempted to offer violence. The poem opens with a description of the magnificent funeral of Arvalan. Kehama orders his guards to conduct to his presence Ladurlad, the peasant, and his daughter Kaylial, on whom he has vowed to take revenge. Kaylial, however, clings to the statue of Manataly, the tutelary goddess of the poor, which stands on the banks of the Ganges, where the funeral rites are celebrated. A thousand arms, obedient to the tyrant's voice, endeavour to tear her away; but the offended deity hurls the image into the water, and with it the suppliant Kaylial, and the satellites who presumed to lay their sacrilegious hands upon her. Kehama then turns to the father

and summoning all his power for one great effort of malice, pronounces on him the curse whence the poem derives its name. A charm is to preserve him from the effects of wounds and violence, sickness, infirmity, and old age; but he is doomed not to be wet with water, nor fanned with wind; and to pass his days without sleep, with a fire in his heart and in his brain.

Ladurlad wanders horror-struck and solitary along the banks of the river, and he soon observes the image of Manataly floating on the stream, with his daughter still clinging to it. The curse pronounced by Kehama gives him the power of rescuing Kaylial. The flood separates at his approach and he bears his daughter in safety to the shore. However he soon feels all the misery of the lot to which he is doomed; and Kaylial is haunted by the spectre of Arvalan. The good genius by whom she is protected falls a victim to the Rajah; and the latter is, by a last sacrifice, on the point of attaining the climax of his ambition. He raises an axe, to slaughter a wild horse, which would be profaned if touched by a mortal hand, when a man rushes wildly forward, regardless of the arrows and javelins which fall like hail around him, and by touching the steed, destroys the virtue of the sacrifice. This is no other than Ladurlad, who, by the curse, is rendered invulnerable to the further vengeance of Kehama. The prince vents his fury on his own guards, whose massacre is described in strains of energetic poetry.

Ladurlad quits the scene of carnage, and wanders back to the happy home of his youth. His emotions, his recollections, and the impressions excited by every object he beholds have furnished the subject of one of those scenes in which Southey excels, and the natural colouring of which is indeed more charming than all the magical decorations of his ideal world. Ladurlad subsequently enjoys some cessation from his misery on Mount Meru, under the protection of Indra. But his trials, and those of his daughter, return as soon as Arvalan discovers their retreat. The Glendoveer Eremia himself solicits the aid of Ladurlad and his daughter. He is a captive in the tomb of Baly, an ancient monarch, whose temple was formerly buried beneath the ocean. The description of this sub-marine city presents a novel and beautiful picture.

“ Their golden summits in the noon-day light,  
Shone o’er the dark-green deep that roll’d between;  
For domes are pinnacles, and spires were seen  
Peering above the sea — a mournful sight!  
Well might the sad beholder ween from thence  
What works of wonder the devouring wave  
Had swallowed there, when monuments so brave  
Bore record of their old magnificence.

And on the sandy shore, beside the verge  
Of ocean, here and there a rock-hewn fane  
Resisted in its strength the surf and surge  
That on their deep foundations beat in vain.

In solitude the ancient temples stood,  
Once resonant with instrument and song,  
And solemn dance of festive multitude;

Now as the weary ages pass along,  
Hearing no voice save of the ocean flood,  
Which roars for ever on the restless shores;

Or, visiting their solitary caves,  
The lonely sound of winds, that moan around,  
Accordant to the melancholy waves."

But we cannot follow *Ladurlad* into the empire of the ocean, or accompany him in the other miraculous pilgrimages which he makes in company with his daughter, and the *Glendoveer* whom he has released. Mr. Southey's fertile imagination has painted all in glowing colours, the *Padalon*, the *Pandæmonium* of the Hindoos, and *Mount Calavry*, or their *Elysium*. Suffice it to say, that the impious *Kehama* at length meets with his merited punishment, and the patience and piety of the fair *Kaylial* are rewarded.

We might multiply extracts to an endless length; for there are in every canto many passages of striking beauty; such as the sacrifice of the wives of *Arvalan*, and particularly the lovely *Nealliny*, the description of a morning and evening scene in *Hindustan*, the *banian tree* and the elephant, the grove in which *Kaylial* worships the gods, her prayer to *Manataly*, her declarations of filial piety, her somewhat mystical love for the *glendoveer*, her first interview with the shade of her mother, etc.

*Roderick the Last of the Goths* is not the most brilliant or varied of the Laureate's compositions, though it was produced in the full maturity of his genius, and has been highly admired by all classes of readers. The gentle affections are not indeed excluded from this poem; but its interest is derived from emotions of a more energetic nature. Impassioned exaltation distinguishes all the characters, and even their virtues have an air of fanaticism. Had Sir Walter Scott undertaken the task of relating the same events, portraying the same characters, describing the poetic land of Spain, the christian and moorish knights, their costumes, manners, and conflicts, how much would the picture have gained in brilliancy of colouring, spirit, and picturesque contrast! How many graceful and natural details would have amused the reader, without diverting his attention from the main circumstances of the story. Some troubadour of the *gaya ciencia* would have mingled with the clang of arms and the cries of fury and revenge, some of those melting strains which would

have delighted the lady and her youthful pages, and have won even a smile from the aged warrior. But the author of *Roderick* is merely an inspired monk, who records of love only its regrets, and makes his warriors fight only under the banner of the cross. His poetry is energetic, noble, frequently sublime, but always solemn; and in its harmonious rhythm, one might almost recognise a resemblance to the monotonous music of the convent bells. Yet this religious character has its appropriate effect in the poem. Spain is contending with the infidels for the recovery of her faith and her glory. The proud enemy of her triumphs preseveres in his cruelty and oppression. His shouts of victory are threats. The vanquished overwhelmed with disgrace, scarcely venture to utter a complaint. They stifle the voice of vengeance until the signal for insurrection shall be given. At length hatred and resentment burst forth, and a deadly war ensues.

On his return from Spain and Portugal, Southey admirably represented the character and opinions of a Spaniard, but a Spaniard of the nineteenth century, in his amusing letters of Don Manuel Espriella. He afterwards studied what he terms the monkish spirit, to qualify himself to attack catholicism with her own arms in the *Quarterly Review*. He was at the same time deeply imbued with the fanaticism of the sectaries of Joanna Southcote and Wesley, of whom he became the biographer. All this serves to explain the natural way in which he maintains the character of the enthusiastic monk in *Don Roderick*. His profound knowledge of Spanish literature, and particularly of the chronicles, also proved a powerful aid to him. *Roderick* is a *Spanish*, and above all a *catholic* poem; the protestant poet has no existence but on the title page. The principal idea of the work is romantic, but original. A remnant of grandeur, and glory, elevate the character of the fallen king. His penitence in the desert, his mysterious return among his subjects, the trials of his new mission, the immense sacrifice his devotedness costs him, the powerful influence of his presence, and the last exploit of his enthusiasm and valour, all serve to invest him with the attributes of superhuman heroism. The characters of Julian and his daughter are not less happily conceived, and their various interviews with the king are very impressive. Adosinda, the Judith of the poem, is portrayed with infinite ability, and among the secondary characters, what a high degree of interest is excited by the good Severian, whom Homer might have envied for his Odyssey, and the mother of Roderick, who is so worthy to share all his sacrifices, and whose pious tears gain a celestial crown for her throned son!

We feel for Roderick as for our brother man, and remember while we lament his miseries, that they might have been ours. Here criticism is silent, for the errors are too slight for animadversion, and unmixed praise is generally heard with suspicion. We have only, however, to look into the poem to produce abundant confirmations of our opinion. Take a few specimens. How exquisitely touching is the account given of the fugitive monarch's remorse and penitence.

"He had not wept till now, and at the gush  
Of these first tears, it seem'd as if his heart,  
From a long winter's icy thrall let loose,  
Had open'd to the genial influences  
Of heaven."

What a glowing picture of sun-rise is presented to us at the commencement of the third book.

"'Twas now the earliest morning; soon the sun,  
Rising above Albardos, pour'd his light  
Amid the forest, and with ray aslant  
Entering its depth, illumed the branchless pines,  
Brighten'd their bark, tinged with a redder hue  
Its rusty stains, and cast along the floor  
Long lines of shadow, where they rose erect,  
Like pillars of the temple."

We will quote yet another passage. The fallen king, after a long seclusion, ventures from his solitude, when a Moor, touched by his apparent wretchedness, offers him money.

"With a look of vacancy  
Roderic received the alms; his wandering eye  
Fell on the money, and the fallen king,  
Seeing his own royal impress on the piece,  
Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,  
That seemed like laughter first, but ended soon  
In hollow groans suppress'd: the mussulman  
Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and magnified  
The name of Allah as he hasten'd on.  
A christian woman spinning at her door  
Beheld him, and with sudden pity touch'd,  
She laid her spindle by, and running in,  
Took bread, and following after call'd him back,  
And placing in his passive hands the loaf,  
She said, 'Christ Jesus for his mother's sake  
Have mercy on thee!' With a look that seemed  
Like idiocy, he heard her, and stood still,  
Staring awhile, then bursting into tears,  
Wept like a child, and thus relieved his heart,  
Full even to bursting else with swelling thoughts."

A.

## AN EASTERN EVENING.

---

EVENING comes on : arising from the stream,  
Homeward the tall flamingo wings his flight;  
And where he sails athwart the setting beam,  
His scarlet plumage glows with deeper light.  
The watchman, at the wish'd approach of night,  
Gladly forsakes the field, where he all day,  
To scare the winged plunderers from their prey,  
With shout and sling, on yonder clay-built height,  
Hath borne the sultry ray.  
Hark! at the Golden Palaces,  
The Bramin strikes the hour.  
For leagues and leagues around, the brazen sound  
Rolls through the stillness of departing day,  
Like thunder far away.

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## THE APPARITION OF YEDILLIAN.

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O happy sire, and happy daughter!  
Ye on the banks of that celestial water  
Your resting place and sanctuary have found.  
What! hath not then their mortal taint defil'd  
The sacred solitary ground?  
Vain thought! the Holy Valley smil'd  
Receiving such a sire and child;  
Ganges, who seem'd asleep to lie,

Beheld them with benignant eye,  
 And rippled round melodiously,  
 And roll'd her little waves to meet  
 And welcome their beloved feet.  
 The gales of Swerga thither fled,  
 And heavenly odours there were shed  
 About, below, and overhead;  
 And Earth rejoicing in their tread,  
 Hath built them up a blooming bower,  
 Where every amaranthine flower  
 Its deathless blossom interweaves  
 With bright and undecaying leaves.

Three happy beings are there here,  
 The sire, the maid, the Glendoveer;  
 A fourth approaches, — who is this  
 That enters in the Bower of Bliss?  
 No form so fair might painter find  
 Among the daughters of mankind;  
 For death her beauties hath refin'd,  
 And unto her a form hath given  
 Framed of the elements of Heaven;  
 Pure dwelling-place for perfect mind.  
 She stood and gaz'd on sire and child;  
 Her tongue not yet hath power to speak,  
 The tears were streaming down her cheek;  
 And when those tears her sight beguil'd,  
 And still her faltering accents fail'd,  
 The Spirit, mute and motionless,  
 Spread out her arms for the caress,  
 Made still and silent with excess  
 Of love and painful happiness.

The maid that lovely form survey'd;  
 Wistful she gaz'd, and knew her not;

But nature to her heart convey'd  
A sudden thrill, a startling thought,  
A feeling many a year forgot,  
Now like a dream anew recurring,  
As if again in every vein  
Her mother's milk was stirring.  
With straining neck and earnest eye  
She stretch'd her hands imploringly,  
As if she fain would have her nigh,  
Yet fear'd to meet the wish'd embrace,  
At once with love and awe oppress'd.  
Not so Ladurlad; he could trace,  
Though brighten'd with angelic grace,  
His own Yedillian's earthly face;  
He ran and held her to his breast!  
Oh joy above all joys of Heaven,  
By death alone to others given!  
This moment hath to him restor'd  
The early-lost, the long-deplor'd.

They sin who tell us Love can die.  
With life all other passions fly,  
All others are but vanity.  
In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell;  
Earthly these passions of the earth,  
They perish where they have their birth;  
But Love is indestructible.  
Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;  
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceiv'd, at times oppress'd,  
It here is tried and purified,  
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest;

## ROBERT SOUTHEY.

It soweth here with toil and care,  
 But the harvest time of Love is there.  
 Oh! when a mother meets on high  
     The babe she lost in infancy,  
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,  
 The day of woe, the watchful night,  
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,  
     An over-payment of delight!

## THE SUBMARINE CITY.

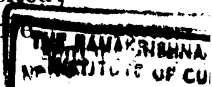
SUCH was the talk they held upon their way,  
 Of him to whose old city they were bound;  
 And now, upon their journey, many a day  
 Had risen and clos'd, and many a week gone round,  
 And many a realm and region had they past,  
 When now the ancient towers appear'd at last.  
 Their golden summits, in the noon-day light,  
 Shone o'er the dark green deep that roll'd between;  
 For domes, and pinnacles, and spires were seen  
     Peering above the sea, — a mournful sight!  
 Well might the sad beholder ween from thence  
     What works of wonder the devouring wave  
 Had swallowed there, when monuments so brave  
     Bore record of their old magnificence.  
 And on the sandy shore, beside the verge  
 Of ocean, here and there, a rock-hewn fane  
 Resisted in its strength the surf and surge  
 That on their deep foundations beat in vain.  
 In solitude the ancient temples stood,  
 Once resonant with instrument and song,

And solemn dance of festive multitude;  
 Now as the weary ages pass along,  
 Hearing no voice save of the ocean flood,  
 Which roars for ever on the restless shores;  
 Or, visiting their solitary caves,  
 The lonely sound of winds, that moan around  
 Accordant to the melancholy waves.  
 Wondering, he stood awhile to gaze  
 Upon the works of elder days.  
 The brazen portals open stood,  
 Even as the fearful multitude  
 Had left them, when they fled  
 Before the rising flood.  
 High over-head, sublime,  
 The mighty gateway's storied roof was spread,  
 Dwarfing the puny piles of younger time.  
 With the deeds of days of yore  
 That ample roof was sculptur'd o'er,  
 And many a godlike form there met his eye,  
 • And many an emblem dark of mystery.  
 Through these wide portals oft had Bathy rode  
 Triumphant from his proud abode,  
 When, in his greatness, he betrode  
 The Aullay, hugest of four-footed kind,  
 The Aullay-horse, that in his force,  
 With elephantine trunk, could bind  
 And lift the elephant, and on the wind  
 Whirl him away, with sway and 'swing,  
 Even like a pebble from the practis'd sling.

Those streets which never, since the days of yore,  
 By human footstep had been visited;

Those streets which never more

A human foot shall tread,



Ladurlad trod. In sun-light, and sea green,  
The thousand palaces were seen  
Of that proud city, whose superb abodes  
Seem'd rear'd by giants for the immortal gods.  
How silent and how beautiful they stand,  
Like things of Nature! the eternal rocks  
Themselves not firmer. Neither hath the sand  
Drifted within their gates, and choak'd their doors,  
Nor slime defil'd their pavements and their floors.

Did then the ocean wage  
His war for love and envy, not in rage;  
O thou fair city, that he spares thee thus?  
Art thou Varounin's capital and court,  
Where all the sea-gods for delight resort,  
A place too godlike to be held by us,  
The poor degenerate children of the earth?  
So thought Ladurlad, as he look'd around,  
Weening to hear the sound  
Of Mermaid's shell, and song  
Of choral throng from some imperial hall;  
Wherein the immortal powers, at festival,  
Their high carousals keep.  
But all is silence dread,  
Silence profound and dead,  
The everlasting stillness of the deep.

Through many a solitary street,  
And silent market-place, and lonely square,  
Arm'd with the mighty curse, behold him fare.  
And now his feet attain that royal fane  
Where Baly held of old his awful reign.  
What once had been the garden spread around,  
Fair garden, once which wore perpetual green,  
Where all sweet flowers through all the year were found,

And all fair fruits were through all seasons seen;  
 A place of Paradise, where each device  
 Of emulous art with nature strove to vie;  
 And nature, on her part,  
 Call'd forth new powers wherewith to vanquish art.  
 The Swerga-God himself, with envious eye,  
 Survey'd those peerless gardens in their prime;  
 Nor ever did the Lord of Light,  
 Who circles Earth and Heaven upon his way,  
 Behold from eldest time a goodlier sight  
 Than were the groves which Baly, in his might,  
 Made for his chosen place of solace and delight.

It was a Garden still beyond all price,  
 Even yet it was a place of Paradise : —  
 For where the mighty Ocean could not spare,  
 There had he, with his own creation,  
 Sought to repair his work of devastation.  
 And here were coral bowers,  
 And grots of madrepores,  
 And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to eye  
 As e'er was mossy bed,  
 Whereon the Wood-nymphs lay  
 Their languid limbs in summer's sultry hours.  
 Here, too, were living flowers  
 Which, like a bud compacted,  
 Their purple cups contracted,  
 And now in open blossom spread,  
 Stretch'd like green anthers many a seeking head.  
 And arborets of jointed stone were there,  
 And plants of fibres fine, as silkworm's thread;  
 Yea, beautiful as Mermaid's golden hair  
 Upon the waves dispread :  
 Others that, like the broad banana growing,

Rais'd their long wrinkled leaves of purple hue,  
 Like streamers wide out-flowing.  
 And whatsoe'er the depths of Ocean hide  
 From human eyes, Ladurlad there espied,  
 Trees of the deep, and shrubs and fruits and flowers,  
 As fair as ours,  
 Wherewith the Sea-nymphs love their locks to braid,  
 When to their father's hall, at festival  
 Repairing, they, in emulous array,  
 Their charms display,  
 To grace the banquet, and the solemn day.

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## PELAYO AND HIS CHILDREN.

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The ascending vale,  
 Long straitened by the narrowing mountains, here  
 Was closed. In front a rock, abrupt and bare,  
 Stood eminent, in height exceeding far  
 All edifice of human power, by king  
 Or caliph, or barbaric sultan reared,  
 Or mightier tyrants of the world of old,  
 Assyrian or Egyptian, in their pride :  
 Yet far above, beyond the reach of sight,  
 Swell after swell, the heathery mountain rose.  
 Here, in two sources, from the living rock  
 The everlasting springs of Deva gushed.  
 Upon a smooth and grassy plat below,  
 By nature there as for an altar drest,  
 They joined their sister stream, which from the earth  
 Welled silently. In such a scene rude man  
 With pardonable error might have knelt,

Feeling a present Deity, and made  
 His offering to the fountain Nymph devout.  
 The arching rock disclosed above the springs  
 A cave, where hugest son of giant birth,  
 That e'er of old, in forest of romance,  
 'Gainst knights and ladies waged discourteous war,  
 Erect within the portal might have stood.  
 The broken stone allowed for hand and foot  
 No difficult ascent, above the base  
 In height a tall man's stature, measured thrice.  
 No holier spot than Covadonga, Spain  
 Boasts in her wide extent, though all her realms  
 Be with the noblest blood of martyrdom  
 In elder or in later days enriched,  
 And glorified with tales of heavenly aid,  
 By many a miracle made manifest;  
 Nor in the heroic annals of her fame  
 Doth she show forth a scene of more renown.  
 Then, save the hunter, drawn in keen pursuit  
 Beyond his wonted haunts, or shepherd's boy,  
 Following the pleasure of his staraggling flock,  
 None knew the place.

Pelayo, when he saw  
 Those glittering sources and their sacred cave,  
 Took from his side the bugle silver-tipt,  
 And with a breath long drawn and slow expired  
 Sent forth that strain, which, echoing from the walls  
 Of Cangas, wont to tell his glad return  
 When from the chase he came. At the first sound  
 Favilia started in the cave, and cried,  
 My father's horn! — A sudden flame suffused  
 Hermesind's cheek, and she with quickened eye  
 Looked eager to her mother silently;  
 But Gaudiosa trembled and grew pale,

Doubting her sense deceived. A second time  
The bugle breathed its well-known notes abroad  
And Hermesind around her mother's neck  
Threw her white arms, and earnestly exclaimed,  
"Tis he! — But when a third and broader blast  
Rung in the echoing archway, ne'er did wand,  
With magic power endued, call up a sight  
So strange, as sure in that wild solitude  
It seemed, when from the bowels of the rock  
The mother and her children hastened forth.  
She in the sober charms and dignity  
Of womanhood mature, nor verging yet  
Upon decay; in gesture like a queen,  
Such inborn and habitual majesty  
Ennobled all her steps, — or priestess, chosen  
Because, within such faultless work of Heaven,  
Inspiring Deity might seem to make  
Its habitation known — Favilia such.  
In form and stature as the Sea Nymph's son,  
When that wise Centaur from his cave well-pleased  
Beheld the boy divine his growing strength  
Against some shaggy lionet essay,  
And fixing in the half-grown mane his hands,  
Roll with him in fierce dalliance intertwined.  
But like a creature of some higher sphere  
His sister came; she scarcely touched the rock,  
So light was Hermesind's aerial speed.  
Beauty and grace and innocence in her  
In heavenly union shone. One who had held  
The faith of elder Greece, would sure have thought  
She was some glorious nymph of seed divine,  
Oread or Dryad, of Diana's train  
The youngest and the loveliest : yea she seemed  
Angel, or soul beatified, from realms

Of bliss, on errand of parental love  
 To earth re-sent, — if tears and trembling limbs  
 With such celestial natures might consist.

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## RODERICK IN BATTLE.

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My horse!

My noble horse! he cried, with flattering hand  
 Patting his high arched neck! the renegade,  
 I thank him for't, hath kept thee daintily!  
 Orelio, thou art in thy beauty still,  
 Thy pride and strength! Orelio, my good horse,  
 Once more thou bearest to the field thy Lord,  
 He who so oft hath fed and cherished thee,  
 He for whose sake, wherever thou wert seen,  
 Thou wert by all men honoured. Once again  
 Thou hast thy proper master! Do thy part  
 As thou wert wont; and bear him gloriously,  
 My beautiful Orelio, — to the last —  
 The happiest of his fields! — Then he drew forth  
 The scymitar, and waving it aloft,  
 Rode toward the troops; its unaccustomed shape  
 Disliked him; Renegade in all things! cried  
 The Goth, and cast it from him; to the Chiefs  
Then said, if I have done ye service here,  
 Help me, I pray you, to a Spanish sword!  
 The trustiest blade that e'er in Bilbilis  
 Was dipt, would not to-day be misbestowed  
 On this right hand! — Go some one, Gunderick cried,  
 And bring Count Julian's sword. Whoe'er thou art,  
 The worth which thou hast shown avenging him

Entitles thee to wear it. But thou goest  
For battle unequipped; — haste there and strip  
Yon villain of his armour!

Late he spake,

So fast the Moors came on. It matters not,  
Replied the Goth; there's many a mountaineer,  
Who in no better armour cased, this day,  
Than his wonted leathern gipion, will be found  
In the hottest battle, yet bring off untouched  
The unguarded life he ventures—Taking then  
Count Julian's sword, he fitted round his wrist  
The chain, and eyeing the elaborate steel  
With stern regard of joy; the African  
Under unhappy stars was born, he cried,  
Who tastes thy edge! — Make ready for the charge!  
They come—they come! — On, brethren, to the field.  
The word is Vengeance!

Vengeance was the word;

From man to man, and rank to rank it past,  
By every heart enforced, by every voice  
Sent forth in loud defiance, of the foe.  
The enemy in shriller sounds returned  
Their Akbar and the Prophet's trusted name.  
The horsemen lowered their spears, the infantry  
Deliberately with slow and steady step  
Advanced; the bow-strings twang'd, and arrows hissed,  
And javelins hurtled by. Anon the hosts  
Met in the shock of battle, horse and man  
Conflicting: shield struck shield, and sword and mace  
And curtle-axe on helm and buckler rung;  
Armour was riven, and wounds were interchanged,  
And many a spirit from its mortal hold  
Hurried to bliss or bale. Well did the chiefs  
Of Julian's army in that hour support

Their old esteem; and well Count Pedro there  
Enhanced his former praise; and by his side,  
Rejoicing like a bridegroom in the strife,  
Alphonso through the host of infidels  
Bore on his bloody lance dismay and death.  
But there was worst confusion and uproar,  
There widest slaughter and dismay, where, proud  
Of his recovered lord, Orelío plunged  
Through thickest ranks, trampling beneath his feet  
The living and the dead. Where'er he turns,  
The Moors divide and fly. What man is this,  
Appalled they say, who to the front of war,  
Bareheaded, offers thus his naked life?  
Replete with power he is, and terrible,  
Like some destroying Angel! Sure his lips  
Have drank of Kaf's dark fountain, and he comes  
Strong in his immortality! Fly! fly!  
They said, this is no human foe! — Nor less  
Of wonder filled the Spaniards, when they saw  
How flight and terror went before his way,  
And slaughter in his path. Behold, cries one,  
With what command and knightly ease he sits  
The intrepid steed, and deals from side to side  
His dreadful blows! Not Roderick, in his power,  
Bestrode with such command and majesty  
That noble war-horse. His loose robe this day  
Is death's black banner, shaking from its folds  
Dismay and ruin. Of no mortal mold  
Is he, who in that garb of peace affronts  
Whole hosts, and sees them scatter where he turns!  
Auspicious Heaven beholds us, and some saint  
Revisits earth!

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## THE HOLLY TREE.

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19302.

O Reader? hast thou ever stood to see

The Holly Tree?

The eye that contemplates it well perceives

Its glossy leaves

Order'd by an intelligence so wice,

As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen

Wrinkled and keen;

No grazing cattle through their prickly round

Can reach to wound;

But as they grow where nothing is to fear,

Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,

And moralize :

And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree

Can emblems see

Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,

One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear

Harsh and austere,

To those who on my leisure would intrude

Reserved and rude,

Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be

Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,

Some harshness show,

All vain asperities I day by day  
    Would wear away,  
Till the smooth temper of my age should be  
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen  
    So bright and green,  
The Holly leaves their fadeless hues display  
    Less bright than they;  
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,  
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?

So serious should my youth appear among  
    The thoughtless throng,  
So would I seem amid the young and gay  
    More grave than they,  
That in my age as cheerful I might be  
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

## INSCRIPTIONS

### IN A FOREST.

STRANGER! whose steps have reach'd this solitude,  
Know that this lonely spot was dear to one  
Devoted with no unrequited zeal  
To Nature. Here, delighted he has heard  
The rustling of these woods, that now perchance  
Melodious to the gale of summer move;  
And underneath their shade on yon smooth rock,  
With grey and yellow lichens overgrown,  
Often reclined; watching the silent flow  
Of this perspicuous rivulet, that steals  
Along its verdant course, — till all around

Had fill'd his senses with tranquillity,  
 And ever sooth'd in spirit he return'd  
 A happier, better man. Stranger! perchance,  
 Therefore the stream more lovely to thine eye  
 Will glide along, and to the summer gale  
 The woods wave more melodious. Cleanse thou then  
 The weeds and mosses from this letter'd stone.

## FOR A TABLET AT PENSHURST.

Are days of old familiar to thy mind,  
 O reader? Hast thou let the midnight hour  
 Pass unperceived, whilst thou in fancy lived  
 With high-born beauties and enamour'd chiefs,  
 Sharing their hopes, and with a breathless joy  
 Whose expectation touch'd the verge of pain,  
 Following their dangerous fortunes? If such lore  
 Hath ever thrill'd thy bosom, thou wilt tread,  
 As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts,  
 The groves of Penshurst. Sidney here was born,  
 Sidney, than whom no gentler, braver man  
 His own delightful genius ever feign'd,  
 Illustrating the vales of Arcady  
 With courteous courage and with loyal loves.  
 Upon his natal day the acorn here  
 Was planted. It grew up a stately oak,  
 And in the beauty of its strength it stood  
 And flourish'd, when his perishable part  
 Had moulder'd dust to dust. That stately oak,  
 Itself hath moulder'd now, but Sidney's fame  
 Endureth in his own immortal works.

## EPITAPH.

This to a mother's sacred memory  
 Her son hath hallow'd. Absent many a year

Far over sea, his sweetest dreams were still  
 Of that dear voice which sooth'd his infancy :  
 And after many a fight against the Moor  
 And Malabar, or that fierce cavalry  
 Which he had seen covering the boundless plain  
 Even to the utmost limits where the eye  
 Could pierce the far horizon, — his first thought,  
 In safety, was of her, who, when she heard  
 The tale of that day's danger, would retire  
 And pour her pious gratitude to Heaven  
 In prayers and tears of joy. The lingering hour  
 Of his return, long-look'd for, came at length,  
 And full of hope he reach'd his native shore.  
 Vain hope that puts its trust in human life!  
 For ere he came the number of her days  
 Was full. O reader, what a world were this,  
 How unendurable its weight, if they  
 Whom Death hath sunder'd did not meet again!

## ECLOGUE.

### THE OLD MANSION-HOUSE.

#### STRANGER.

Old friend! why you seem bent on parish duty,  
 Breaking the highway stones, — and 'tis a task  
 Somewhat too hard methinks for age like yours!

#### OLD MAN.

Why yes! for one with such a weight of years  
 Upon his back — I've lived here, man and boy,  
 In this same parish, well nigh the full age  
 Of man, being hard upon threescore and ten.

I can remember sixty years ago  
The beautifying of this mansion here,  
When my late Lady's father, the old Squire,  
Came to the estate.

STRANGER.

Why then you have outlasted  
All his improvements, for you see they're making  
Great alterations here.

OLD MAN.

Aye — great indeed!  
And if my poor old Lady could rise up —  
God rest her soul! 'twould grieve her to behold  
The wicked work is here.

STRANGER.

They've set about it  
In right good earnest. All the front is gone;  
Here's to be turf, they fell me, and a road  
Round to the door. There were some yew trees too  
Stood in the court —

OLD MAN.

Ayê, Master! fine old trees!  
My grandfather could just remember back  
When they were planted there. It was my task  
To keep them trimm'd, and 'twas a pleasure to me;  
All straight and smooth, and like a great green wall!  
My poor old Lady many a time would come  
And tell me where to shear, for she had play'd  
In childhood under them, and 'twas her pride  
To keep them in their beauty. Plague, I say,  
On their new-fangled whimsies! we shall have  
A modern shrubbery here stuck full of firs  
And your pert poplar trees; — I could as soon  
Have plough'd my father's grave as cut them down!

## STRANGER.

But 'twill be lighter and more cheerful now;  
 A fine smooth turf, and with a gravel road  
 Round for the carriage,—now it suits my taste.  
 I like a shrubbery too, it looks so fresh;  
 And then there's some variety about it.  
 In spring the lilac and the snow-ball flower,  
 And the laburnum with its golden strings  
 Waving in the wind: and when the autumn comes,  
 The bright red berries of the mountain-ash,  
 With pines enough in winter to look green,  
 And show that something lives. Sure this is better  
 Than a great hedge of yew that makes it look  
 All the year round like winter, and for ever  
 Dropping its poisonous leaves from the under boughs  
 Wither'd and bare!

## OLD MAN.

Ah! so the new Squire thinks,  
 And pretty work he makes of it! what 'tis  
 To have a stranger come to an old house!

## STRANGER.

It seems you know him not?

## OLD MAN.

No, sir, not I.

They tell me he's expected daily now;  
 But in my Lady's time he never came  
 But once, for they were very distant kin.  
 If he had play'd about here, when a child,  
 In that fore court, and eat the yew-berries,  
 And sate in the porch threading the jessamine flowers  
 Which fell so thick, he had not had the heart  
 To mar all thus!

## STRANGER.

Come—come! all is not wrong;

Those old dark windows —

OLD MAN.

They're demolish'd too, —  
As if he could not see through casement glass!  
The very red-breasts, that so regular  
Came to my Lady for her morning crumbs,  
Won't know the window now!

STRANGER.

Nay they were small,  
And then so darken'd round with jessamine,  
Harbouring the vermin; — yet I could have wish'd  
That jessamine had been saved, which canopied  
And bower'd and lined the porch.

OLD MAN.

It did one good  
To pass within ten yards when 'twas in blossom.  
There was a sweet briar too that grew beside;  
My Lady loved at evening to sit there  
And knit; and her old dog lay at her feet  
And slept in the sun; 'twas an old favourite dog, —  
She did not love him less that he was old  
And feeble, and he always had a place  
By the fire-side; and when he died at last  
She made me dig a grave in the garden for him.  
Ah! she was good to all! a woeful day  
'Twas for the poor when to her grave she went!

STRANGER.

They lost a friend then?

OLD MAN.

You're a stranger here,  
Or you wouldn't ask that question. Were they sick?  
She had rare cordial waters, and for herbs  
She could have taught the Doctors. Then at winter  
When weekly she distributed the bread

In the poor old porch, to see her and to hear  
 The blessings on her! and I warrant them  
 They were a blessing to her when her wealth  
 Had been no comfort else. At Christmas, Sir!  
 It would have warm'd your heart, if you had seen  
 Her Christmas kitchen,—how the blazing fire  
 Made her fine pewter shine, and holly boughs  
 So cheerful red,—and as for misseltoe,—  
 The finest bough that grew in the country round  
 Was mark'd for Madam. Then her old ale went  
 So bountiful about! a Christmas cask,  
 And 'twas a noble one!—God help me, Sir!  
 But I shall never see such days again.

STRANGER.

Things may be better yet than you suppose,  
 And you should hope the best.

OLD MAN.

It don't look well,—  
 These alterations, Sir! I'm an old man,  
 And love the good old fashions; we don't find  
 Old bounty in new houses. They've destroy'd  
 All that my lady loved! her favourite walk  
 Grubb'd up,—and they do say that the great row  
 Of elms behind the house, which meet a-top,  
 They must fall too. Well! well! I did not think  
 To live to see all this, and 'tis perhaps  
 A comfort I sha'n't live to see it long.

STRANGER.

But sure all changes are not needs for the worse,  
 My friend?

OLD MAN.

Mayhap they mayn't, Sir;—for all that  
 I like what I've been used to. I remember  
 All this from a child up, and now to lose it,

'Tis losing an old friend. There's nothing left  
 As 'twas ;—I go abroad and only meet  
 With men whose fathers I remember boys ;  
 The brook that used to run before my door,  
 That's gone to the great pond ; the trees I learnt  
 To climb are down ; and I see nothing now  
 That tells me of old times, —except the stones  
 In the church-yard. You are young, Sir, and I hope  
 Have many years in store, —but pray to God  
 You mayn't be left the last of all your friends.

## STRANGER.

Well! well! you've one friend more than you're aware of.  
 If the Squire's taste don't suit with yours, I warrant  
 That's all you'll quarrel with : walk in and taste  
 His beer, old friend! and see if your old lady  
 Ere broach'd a better cask. You did not know me,  
 But we're acquainted now. 'Twould not be easy  
 To make you like the outside; but within,  
 That is not changed, my friend! you'll always find  
 The same old bounty and old welcome there.

## ON MY OWN MINIATURE PICTURE,

TAKEN AT TWO YEARS OF AGE.

AND I was'once like this! that glowing cheek  
 Was mine, those pleasure-sparkling eyes; that brow  
 Smooth as the level lake, when not a breeze  
 Dies o'er the sleeping surface? — Twenty years  
 Have wrought strange alteration! Of the friends  
 Who once so dearly prized this miniature,

And loved it for its likeness, some are gone  
To their last home; and some, estranged in heart,  
Beholding me, with quick-averted glance  
Pass on the other side! But still these hues  
Remain unalter'd, and these features wear  
The look of Infancy and Innocence.  
I search myself in vain, and find no trace  
Of what I was : those lightly arching lines  
Dark and o'erhanging now; and that sweet face  
Settled in these strong lineaments? — There were  
Who formed high hopes and flattering ones of thee,  
Young Robert! for thine eye was quick to speak  
Each opening feeling : should they not have known,  
If the rich rainbow on the morning cloud  
Reflects its radiant dyes, the husbandman  
Beholds the ominous glory, and foresees  
Impending storms! — They augur'd happily,  
That thou didst love each wild and wond'rous tale  
Of faery fiction, and thine infant tongue  
Lisp'd with delight the godlike deeds of Greece  
And rising Rome; therefore they deem'd, forsooth,  
That thou shouldst tread PREFERMENT's pleasant path.  
Ill-judging ones! they let thy little feet  
Stray in the pleasant paths of POESY,  
And when thou shouldst have prest amid the crowd,  
There didst thou love to linger out the day,  
Loitering beneath the laurel's barren shade.  
SPIRIT OF SPENSER! was the wanderer wrong?

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## MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

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Who is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly-fix'd eyes  
Seem a heart overcharg'd to express?  
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;  
She never complains, but her silence implies  
The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek,  
Cold and hunger awake not her care :  
Through the rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak  
On her poor wither'd bosom, half bare, and her cheek  
Has the deathly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,  
Poor Mary, the maniac, has been ;  
The traveller remembers, who journey'd this way,  
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,  
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight,  
As she welcom'd them in with a smile :  
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,  
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night,  
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She lov'd, and young Richard had settled the day,  
And she hop'd to be happy for life ;  
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they  
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say  
That she was too good for his wife.

"Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,  
And fast were the windows and door;  
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,  
And, smoking in silence, with tranquil delight  
They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

" 'Tis pleasant," cried one, " seated by the fire-side,  
To hear the wind whistle without."

" A fine night for the Abbey!" his comrade replied;  
" Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried,  
Who would wander the ruins about.

" I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear  
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;  
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,  
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,  
For this wind might awaken the dead."

" I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,  
" That Mary would venture there now!"  
" Then wager and lose!" with a sneer he replied;  
" I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,  
And faint if she saw a white cow."

" Will Mary this charge on her courage allow!"  
His companions exclaim'd with a smile;  
" I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,  
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough  
From the alder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good-humour did Mary comply,  
And her way to the abbey she bent,  
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,  
And, as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,  
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path, so well known, still proceeded the maid,  
Where the abbey rose dim on the sight;  
Through the gateway she enter'd, she felt not afraid,  
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade  
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast  
Howl'd dismally round the old pile;  
Over weed-cover'd fragments still fearless she pass'd,  
And arriv'd at the innermost ruin at last,  
Where the alder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleas'd did she reach it, and quickly drew near,  
And hastily gather'd the bough;  
When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear —  
She paus'd, and she listen'd, all eager to hear,  
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head :  
She listen'd — nought else could she hear;  
The wind ceas'd, her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,  
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread  
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,  
She crept to conceal herself there :  
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,  
And she saw in the moon-light two ruffians appear,  
And between them a corse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold!  
Again the rough wind hurried by —  
It blew off the hat of the one, and, behold!  
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd :  
She fell — and expected to die.

“Curse the hat!” he exclaims; — “Nay, come on, and  
first hide

The dead body,” his comrade replies —  
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,  
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,  
And fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush’d in at the door,  
She gaz’d horribly eager around,  
Then her limbs could support their faint burthen no  
more,  
And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,  
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,  
For a moment the hat met her view;  
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,  
For, oh, God! what cold horror thrill’d through her  
heart,  
When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by,  
His gibbet is now to be seen —  
Not far from the inn it engages the eye;  
The trav’ller beholds it, and thinks with a sigh  
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

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#### ON A LANDSCAPE OF GASPAR POUSSIN.

POUSSIN! how pleasantly thy pictured scenes  
Beguile the lonely hour! I sit and gaze  
With lingering eye, till charmed FANCY makes  
The lovely landscape live, and the rapt soul

From the foul haunts of herded human-kind  
Flies far away with spirit speed, and tastes  
The untainted air, that with the lively hue  
Of health and happiness illumines the cheek  
Of mountain LIBERTY. My willing soul  
All eager follows on thy faery flights,  
FANCY! best friend; whose blessed witcheries  
With loveliest prospects cheat the traveller  
O'er the long wearying desert of the world.  
Nor dost thou, FANCY! with such magic mock  
My heart, as, demon-born old Merlin knew,  
Or Alquif, old Zârzafeel's sister sage,  
Whose vengeful anguish for so many a year  
Held in the jacinth sepulchre entranced  
Lisuart the Grecian, pride of chivalry.  
Friend of my lonely hours! thou leadest me  
To such calm joys as Nature, wise and good,  
Proffers in vain to all her wretched sons;  
Her wretched sons who pine with want amid  
The abundant earth, and blindly bow them down  
Before the Moloch shrines of WEALTH and POWER,  
AUTHORS of EVIL. Oh, it is most sweet  
To medicine with thy wiles the wearied heart,  
Sick of reality. The little pile  
That tops the summit of that craggy hill  
Shall be my dwelling : craggy is the hill  
And steep; yet through yon hazels upward leads  
The easy path, along whose winding way  
Now close embower'd I hear the unseen stream  
Dash down, anon behold its sparkling foam  
Gleam through the thicket; and ascending on  
Now pause me to survey the goodly vale  
That opens on my vision. Half way up  
Pleasant it were upon some broad smooth rock

To sit and sun myself, and look below,  
And watch the goatherd down yon high-bank'd path  
Urging his flock grotesque; and bidding now  
His lean rough dog from some near cliff go drive  
The straggler; while his barkings loud and quick  
Amid their trembling bleat arising oft,  
Fainter and fainter from the hollow road  
Send their far echoes, till the waterfall,  
Hoarse bursting from the cavern'd cliff beneath,  
Their dying murmurs drown. A little yet  
Onward, and I have gain'd the upmost height.  
Fair spreads the vale below: I see the stream  
Stream radiant on beneath the noontide sky.  
A passing cloud darkens the bordering steep,  
Where the town-spires behind the castle towers  
Rise graceful; brown the mountain in its shade,  
Whose circling grandeur, part by mists conceal'd,  
Part with white rocks resplendent in the sun  
Should bound mine eyes, — aye, and my wishes too,  
For I would have no hope or fear beyond.  
The empty turmoil of the worthless world,  
Its vanities and vices, would not vex  
My quiet heart. The traveller, who beheld  
The low tower of the little pile, might deem  
It were the house of God; nor would he err  
So deeming, for that home would be the home  
Of PEACE and LOVE, and they would hallow it  
To HIM. Oh, life of blessedness! to reap  
The fruit of honourable toil, and bound  
Our wishes with our wants! Delightful thoughts,  
That soothe the solitude of maniac HOPE,  
Ye leave her to reality awaked,  
Like the poor captive, from some fleeting dream  
Of friends and liberty and home restored,

Startled, and listening as the midnight storm  
Beats hard and heavy through his dungeon bars.

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## THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

It is the funeral march. I did not think  
That there had been such magic in sweet sounds!  
Hark! from the blacken'd cymbal that dead tone!...  
It awes the very rabble multitude;  
They follow silently, their earnest brows  
Lifted in solemn thought. 'Tis not the pomp  
And pageantry of death that with such force  
Arrests the sense;... the mute and mourning train,  
The white plume nodding o'er the sable hearse,  
Had past unheeded, or perchance, awoke  
A serious smile upon the poor man's cheek  
At pride's last triumph. Now these measured sounds,  
This universal language, to the heart  
Speak instant, and on all these various minds  
Compel one feeling.

But such better thoughts  
Will pass away, how soon! and these who here  
Are following their dead comrade to the grave,  
Ere the night fall will in their revelry  
Quench all remembrance. From the ties of life  
Unnaturally rent, a man who knew  
No resting place, no dear delights of home,  
Belike who never saw his children's face,  
Whose children knew no father; he is gone,...  
Dropt from existence, like a blasted leaf  
That from the summer tree is swept away,

Its loss unseen. She hears not of his death  
Who bore him, and already for her son  
Her tears of bitterness are shed : when first  
He had put on the livery of blood,  
She wept him dead to her.

We are indeed  
Clay in the potter's hand ! one favour'd mind,  
Scarce lower than the Angels, shall explore  
The ways of Nature, whilst his fellow-man,  
Framed with like miracle, the work of God,  
Must as the unreasonable beast drag on  
A life of labour; like this soldier here,  
His wondrous faculties bestow'd in vain,  
Be moulded by his fate till he becomes  
A mere machine of murder.

And there are  
Who say that this is well! as God has made  
All things for man's good pleasure, so of men  
The many for the few! Court-moralists,  
Reverend lip-comforters, that once a-week  
Proclaim how blessed are the poor, for they  
Shall have their wealth hereafter, and though now  
Toiling and troubled, though they pick the crumbs  
That from the rich man's table fall, at length  
In Abraham's bosom rest with Lazarus,  
Themselves meantime secure their good things here,  
And feast with Dives. These are they, O Lord!  
Who in thy plain and simple Gospel see  
All mysteries, but who find no peace enjoined,  
No brotherhood, no wrath denounced on them  
Who shed their brethren's blood,... blind at noon-day  
As owls, lynx-eyed in darkness!

O my God!  
I thank thee, with no Pharisaic pride

I thank thee, that I am not such as these ;  
 I thank thee for the eye that sees, the heart  
 That feels, the voice that in these evil days ,  
 Amid these evil tongues , exalts itself ,  
 And cries aloud against iniquity.

## HYMN TO THE PENATES.

YET one Song more ! one high and solemn strain ,  
 Ere , Phœbus ! on thy temple's ruin'd wall  
 I hang the silent harp : there may its strings ,  
 When the rude tempest shakes the aged pile ,  
 Make melancholy music. One Song more !  
 PENATES ! hear me ! for to you I hymn  
 The votive lay ; whether , as sages deem ,  
 Ye dwell in the inmost ' Heaven , the COUNSELLORS ' <sup>2</sup>  
 Of JOVE ; or if , SUPREME OF DEITIES ,  
 All things are yours , and in your holy train  
 JOVE proudly ranks , and JUNO , white-arm'd Queen ,  
 And wisest of Immortals , the dread Maid  
 ATHENIAN PALLAS. Venerable Powers !  
 Harken your hymn of praise ! Though from your rites  
 Estranged , and exiled from your altars long ,  
 I have not ceased to love you , HOUSEHOLD GODS !  
 In many a long and melancholy hour  
 Of solitude and sorrow , hath my heart  
 With earnest longings pray'd to rest at length  
 Beside your hallow'd hearth ... for PEACE is there !

<sup>1</sup> Hence one explanation of the name Penates , because they were supposed to reign in the inmost heavens.

<sup>2</sup> This was the belief of the ancient Etruscians , who called them Concertes and Complices.

Yes, I have loved you long! I call on you,  
 Yourselves to witness with what holy joy,  
 Shunning the common herd of human kind,  
 I have retired to watch your lonely fires,  
 And commune with myself. Delightful hours,  
 That gave mysterious pleasure, made me know  
 Mine inmost heart, its weakness and its strength,  
 Taught me to cherish with devoutest care  
 Its strange unwordly feelings, taught me too  
 The best of lessons—to *respect myself*.  
 Nor have I ever ceased to reverence you,  
 DOMESTIC DEITIES! from the first dawn  
 Of reason, through the adventurous paths of youth,  
 Even to this better day, when on mine ear  
 The uproar of contending nations sounds,  
 But like the passing wind, and wakes no pulse  
 To tumult. When a child—(and still I love  
 To dwell with fondness on my childish years,)  
 When first a little one, I left my home,  
 I can remember the first grief I felt,  
 And the first painful smile that clothed my front  
 With feelings not its own: sadly at night  
 I sat me down beside a stranger's hearth;  
 And when the lingering hour of rest was come,  
 First wet with tears my pillow. As I grew  
 In years and knowledge, and the course of Time  
 Develop'd the young feelings of my heart,  
 When most I loved in solitude to rove  
 Amid the woodland gloom; or where the rocks  
 Darken'd old Avon's stream, in the ivied cave  
 Recluse to sit and brood the future song,—  
 Yet not the less, PENATES, loved I then  
 Your altars; not the less, at evening hour,

Delighted by the well-trimm'd fire to sit,  
Absorb'd in many a dear deceitful dream  
Of visionary joys : deceitful dreams, . .  
And yet not vain ; for, painting purest bliss ;  
They form'd to Fancy's mould her votary's heart.

By Cherwell's sedgy side, and in the meads  
Where Isis in her calm clear stream reflects  
The willow's bending boughs, at early dawn,  
In the noon-tide hour, and when the night-mist rose,  
I have remember'd you ; and when the noise  
Of lewd Intemperance on my lonely ear  
Burst with loud tumult, as recluse I sate,  
Pondering on loftiest themes of man redeem'd  
From servitude, and vice, and wretchedness,  
I blest you, HOUSEHOLD GODS ! because I loved  
Your peaceful altars and serener rites.  
Nor did I cease to reverence you, when driven  
Amid the jarring crowd, an unfit man  
To mingle with the world ; still, still my heart  
Sigh'd for your sanctuary, and inly pined ;  
And, loathing human converse, I have stray'd  
Where o'er the sea-beach chilly howl'd the blast,  
And gazed upon the world of waves, and wish'd  
That I were far beyond the Atlantic deep,  
In woodland haunts, a sojourner with PEACE.

Not idly did the poets dream of old,  
Who peopled earth with Deities. They trod  
The wood with reverence where the DRYADS dwelt ;  
At day's dim dawn or evening's misty hour  
They saw the OREADS on their mountain haunts,  
And felt their holy influence ; nor impure . .

Of thought, or ever with polluted hands  
 Touch'd they without a prayer the NAIAD's spring :  
 Yet was their influence transient; such brief awe  
 Inspiring as the thunder's long loud peal  
 Strikes to the feeble spirit. HOUSEHOLD GODS,  
 Not such your empire! in your votaries' breasts  
 No momentary impulse ye awake;  
 Nor fleeting, like their local energies,  
 The deep devotion that your ~~fan~~es impart.  
 O ye whom YOUTH has wilder'd on your way,  
 Or VICE with fair-mask'd foulness, or the lure  
 Of FAME that calls ye to her crowded path  
 With FOLLY's rattle, to your HOUSEHOLD GODS  
 Return; for not in VICE's gay abodes,  
 Not in the unquiet unsafe halls of Fame  
 Doth HAPPINESS abide! O ye who weep  
 Much for the many miseries of Mankind,  
 More for their vices; ye whose honest eyes  
 Frown on OPPRESSION, — ye whose honest hearts  
 Beat high, when FREEDOM sounds her dread alarm;  
 O ye who quit the path of peaceful life  
 Crusading for mankind — a spaniel race  
 That lick the hand that beats them, or tear all  
 Alike in phrensy; to your HOUSEHOLD GODS  
 Return, for by their altars VIRTUE dwells,  
 And HAPPINESS with her; for by their fires  
 TRANQUILLITY, in no unsocial mood,  
 Sits silent, listening to the pattering shower;

Μηδε ποτ' αιναν ποταμων καλλιρροον υδωρ  
 Ποσεισιν σφωραν, πριν γ' ευξη ιδων ες καλα ροσθρα,  
 Χειρας νιψαμενος πολυηρατω υδατι λευκα  
 Ος ποταμον διαβη, κακοτητι δε χειρας ανιπτος,  
 Ταδε θεοι νομισσωσι, και αλγεια δακνυσι οπισσω.

ΗΣΙΟΔΟΣ.

For, so SUSPICION ' sleep not at the gate  
Of WISDOM, Falsehood shall not enter there.

As on the height of some huge eminence,  
Reach'd with long labour, the way-faring man  
Pauses awhile, and gazing o'er the plain  
With many a sore step travell'd, turns him then  
Serious to contemplate the onward road,  
And calls to mind the comforts of his home,  
And sighs that he has left them, and resolves  
To stray no more : I on my way of life  
Muse thus, PENATES, and with firmest faith  
Devote myself to you. I will not quit,  
To mingle with the crowd, your calm abodes,  
Where by the evening hearth CONTENTMENT sits  
And hears the cricket chirp; where Love delights  
To dwell, and on your altars lays his torch  
That burns with no extinguishable flame.

Hear me, ye POWERS benignant ! there is one  
Must be mine inmate, . . . for I may not choose  
But love him. He is one whom many wrongs  
Have sicken'd of the world. There was a time  
When he would weep to hear of wickedness,  
And wonder at the tale; when for the oppress  
He felt a brother's pity, to the oppressor  
A good man's honest anger. His quick eye  
Betray'd each rising feeling, every thought  
Leapt to his tongue. When first among mankind  
He mingled, by himself he judg'd of them,  
And loved and trusted them, to Wisdom deaf,

Oft though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps  
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity  
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill  
Where no ill seems. MILTON.

And took them to his bosom. FALSEHOOD met  
 Her unsuspecting victim, fair of front,  
 And lovely as Apega's<sup>1</sup> sculptured form,  
 Like that false image caught his warm embrace,  
 And gored his open breast. The reptile race  
 Clung round his bosom, and with viper folds  
 Encircling, stung the fool who foster'd them.  
 His mother was SIMPLICITY, his sire  
 BENEVOLENCE; in earlier days he bore  
 His father's name; the world who injured him  
 Call him MISANTHROPY. I may not choose  
 But love him, HOUSEHOLD GODS! for we were nurst  
 In the same school.

PENATES! some there are  
 Who say, that not in the inmost heaven ye dwell,  
 Gazing with eye remote on all the ways  
 Of man, his GUARDIAN GODS; wiselier they deem  
 A dearer interest to the human race  
 Links you, yourselves the SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.  
 No mortal eye may pierce the invisible world,  
 No light of human reason penetrate  
 The depth where Truth lies hid. Yet to this faith  
 My heart with instant sympathy assents;  
 And I would judge all systems and all faiths  
 By that best touchstone, from whose test DECEIT  
 Shrinks, like the Arch-Fiend at Ithuriel's spear,  
 And SOPHISTRY's gay glittering bubble bursts,  
 As at the spousals of the Nereid's son,

<sup>1</sup> One of the ways and means of the tyrant Nabys. If one of his subjects refused to lend him money, he commanded him to embrace his Apega; the statue of a beautiful Woman so formed as to clasp the victim to her breast, in which a pointed dagger was concealed.

When that false Florimel <sup>1</sup>, by her prototype  
 Display'd in rivalry, with all her charms  
 Dissolved away.

Nor can the halls of Heaven  
 Give to the human soul such kindred joy,  
 As hovering o'er its earthly haunts it feels,  
 When with the breeze it wantons round the brow  
 Of one beloved on earth; or when at night  
 In dreams it comes, and brings with it the DAYS  
 And JOYS that are no more; or when, perchance  
 With power permitted to alleviate ill  
 And fit the sufferer for the coming woe,  
 Some strange presage the SPIRIT breathes, and fills  
 The breast with ominous fear, and disciplines  
 For sorrow, pours into the afflicted heart  
 The balm of resignation, and inspires  
 With heavenly hope. Even as a child delights  
 To visit day by day the favourite plant  
 His hand has sown, to mark its gradual growth,  
 And watch all-anxious for the promised flower;  
 Thus to the blessed spirit in innocence  
 And pure affections, like a little child,  
 Sweet will it be to hover o'er the friends  
 Beloved; then sweetest, if, as Duty prompts,  
 With earthly care we in their breasts have sown

Then did he set her by that snowy one,  
 Like the true saint beside the image set,  
 Of both their beauties to make paragone  
 And trial whether should the honour get;  
 Streightway so soone as both together met,  
 The enchaunted damsell vanish'd into nought;  
 Her snowy substance melted as with heat;  
 Ne of that goodly hew remain'd ought  
 But the empty girdle which about her waist was wrought

SPENSER.

The seeds of Truth and Virtue, holy flowers,  
Whose odour reacheth Heaven.

When my sick Heart  
(Sick ' with hope long delay'd, than which no care  
Weighs on the spirit heavier,) from itself  
Seeks the best comfort, often have I deem'd  
That thou didst witness every inmost thought,  
SEWARD! my dear, dead friend! For not in vain,  
O early summon'd on thy heavenly course!  
Was thy brief sojourn here : me didst thou leave  
With strengthen'd step to follow the right path  
Till we shall meet again. Meantime I soothe  
The deep regret of nature, with belief,  
O EDMUND! that thine eye's celestial ken  
Pervades me now, marking with no mean joy  
The movements of the heart that loved thee well!

Such feelings Nature prompts, and hence your rites,  
DOMESTIC GODS! arose. When for his son  
With ceaseless grief Syrophanes bewail'd,  
Mourning his age left childless, and his wealth  
Heapt for an alien, he with obstinate eye  
Still on the imaged marble of the dead  
Dwelt, pampering sorrow. Thither from his wrath,  
A safe asylum, fled the offending slave,  
And garlanded the statue, and implored  
His young lost lord to save : Remembrance then  
Softened the father, and he loved to see  
The votive wreath renew'd, and the rich smoke  
Curl from the costly censer slow and sweet.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. \*

Proverbs.

*Qua non gravior mortalibus addita cura,  
Spes ubi longa venit.*

STATIUS.

From Egypt soon the sorrow-soothing rites  
 Divulging spread; before your idol forms <sup>1</sup>  
 By every hearth the blinded Pagan knelt,  
 Pouring his prayers to these, and offering there  
 Vain sacrifice or impious, and sometimes  
 With human blood your sanctuary defiled:  
 Till the first Brutus, tyrant-conquering chief,  
 Arose; he first the impious rites put down,  
 He fitliest, who for FREEDOM lived and died,  
 The friend of humankind. Then did your feasts  
 Frequent recur and blameless; and when came  
 The solemn festival <sup>2</sup>, whose happiest rites  
 Emblem'd EQUALITY, the holiest truth!  
 Crown'd with gay garlands were your statues seen,  
 To you the fragrant censer smoked, to you  
 The rich libation flow'd : vain sacrifice!  
 For not the poppy wreath, nor fruits nor vine  
 Ye ask, PENATES! nor the altar cleansed  
 With many a mystic form; ye ask the heart  
 Made pure, and by domestic Peace and Love  
 Hallow'd to you.

Hearken your hymn of praise,  
 PENATES! to your shrines I come for rest,  
 There only to be found. Often at eve,  
 Amid my wanderings I have seen far off  
 The lonely light that spake of comfort there;  
 It told my heart of many a joy of home,  
 And my poor heart was sad. When I have gazed  
 From some high eminence on goodly vales,  
 And cots and villages embower'd below,

<sup>1</sup> It is not certainly known under what form the Penates were worshipped. Some assert, as wooden or brazen rods shaped like trumpets; others, that they were represented as young men.

<sup>2</sup> The Saturnalia.

The thought would rise that all to me was strange  
 Amid the scene so fair, nor one small spot  
 Where my tired mind might rest, and call it *home*.  
 There is a magic in that little word:  
 It is a mystic circle that surrounds  
 Comforts and virtues never known beyond  
 The hallowed limit. Often has my heart  
 Ached for that quiet haven! — haven'd now,  
 I think of those in this world's wilderness  
 Who wander on and find no home of rest  
 Till to the grave they go! them POVERTY,  
 Hollow-eyed fiend, the child of WEALTH and POWER,  
 Bad offspring of worse parents, aye afflicts,  
 Cankering with her foul mildews the chill'd heart;...  
 Them WANT with scorpion scourge drives to the den  
 Of GUILT;... them SLAUGHTER for the price of death  
 Throws to her raven brood. Oh, not on them,  
 GOD OF ETERNAL JUSTICE! not on them  
 Let fall thy thunder!

#### HOUSEHOLD DEITIES!

Then only shall be Happiness on earth,  
 When man shall feel your sacred power, and love  
 Your tranquil joys; then shall the city stand  
 A huge void sepulchre, and rising fair  
 Amid the ruins of the palace pile  
 The olive grow, there shall the TREE OF PEACE  
 Strike its roots deep and flourish. This the state  
 Shall bless the race redeem'd of Man, when WEALTH  
 And POWER and all their hideous progeny  
 Shall sink annihilate, and all mankind  
 Live in the equal brotherhood of love.  
 Heart-calming hope, and sure! for hitherward  
 Tend all the tumults of the troubled world,

Its woes, its wisdom, and its wickedness  
Alike : so He hath will'd, whose will is just.

Meantime, all hoping and expecting all  
In patient faith, to you, DOMESTIC GODS!  
I come, studious of other lore than song,  
Of my past years the solace and support :  
Yet shall my Heart remember the past years  
• With honest pride, trusting that not in vain  
Lives the pure song of LIBERTY and TRUTH.

## THE PIG.

### A COLLOQUIAL POEM.

JACOB! I do not love to see thy nose  
Turn'd up in scornful curve at yonder Pig.  
It would be well, my friend, if we, like him,  
Were perfect in our kind!... And why despise  
The sow-born grunter? He is obstinate,  
Thou answerest, ugly, and the filthiest beast  
That banquets upon offal. Now I pray you  
Hear the Pig's Counsel.

Is he obstinate?

We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words,  
By sophist sounds. A democratic beast,  
He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek  
Their profit, and not his. He hath not learnt  
That Pigs were made for man, .. born to be brawn'd  
And baconized; that he must please to give  
Just what his gracious masters please to take;

Perhaps his tusks, the weapons Nature gave  
 For self-defence, the general privilege;  
 Perhaps.... hark Jacob! dost thou hear that horn?  
 Woe to the young posterity of pork!  
 Their enemy is at hand.

Again. Thou say'st  
 The Pig is ugly. Jacob, look at him!  
 Those eyes have taught the Lover flattery.  
 His face, .. nay, Jacob, Jacob! were it fair  
 To judge a Lady in her dishabille?  
 Fancy it drest, and with saltpetre rouged.  
 Behold his tail, my friend; with curls like that  
 The wanton hop marries her stately spouse:  
 So crisp in beauty Amoretta's hair  
 Rings round her lover's soul the chains of love.  
 And what is beauty, but the aptitude  
 Of parts harmonious? give thy fancy scope,  
 And thou wilt find that no imagined change  
 Can beautify this beast. Place at his end  
 The starry glories of the Peacock's pride;  
 Give him the Swan's white breast; for his horn-hoofs  
 Shape such a foot and ankle as the waves  
 Crowded in eager rivalry to kiss,  
 When Venus from the enamour'd sea arose;....  
 Jacob, thou canst but make a monster of him!  
 All alteration man could think would mar  
 His Pig-perfection.

The last charge, .... he lives  
 A dirty life. Here I could shelter him  
 With noble and right-reverend precedents,  
 And show by sanction of authority  
 That 'tis a very honourable thing  
 To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest  
 On better ground the answerable defence.

The Pig is a philosopher, who knows  
 No prejudice. Dirt? Jacob, what is dirt?  
 If matter,.... why the delicate dish that tempts  
 An o'ergorged Epicure to the last morsel,  
 That stuffs him to the throat-gates is no more.  
 If matter be not, but as Sages say,  
 Spirit is all, and all things visible  
 Are one, the infinitely modified,  
 Think, Jacob, what that Pig is, and the mire  
 Wherein he stands knee-deep.

And there! that breeze  
 Pleads with me, and has won thee to the smile  
 That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossom'd field  
 Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.

## LORD WILLIAM.

No eye beheld when William plunged  
 Young Edmund in the stream,  
 No human ear but William's heard  
 Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive all the vassals own'd  
 The murderer for their Lord,  
 And he as rightful heir possess'd  
 The house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford  
 Stood in a fair domain,  
 And Severn's ample waters near  
 Roll'd through the fertile plain.

And often the wayfaring man  
Would love to linger there,  
Forgetful of his onward road,  
To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare  
To gaze on Severn's stream;  
In every wind that swept its waves  
He heard young Edmund scream.

In vain at midnight's silent hour  
Sleep closed the murderer's eyes,  
In every dream the murderer saw  
Young Edmund's form arise.

In vain by restless conscience driven  
Lord William left his home,  
Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,  
In pilgrimage to roam.

To other climes the pilgrim fled,  
But could not fly despair;  
He sought his home again, but peace  
Was still a stranger there.

Slow were all passing hours, yet swift  
The months appear'd to roll;  
And now the day return'd that shook  
With terror William's soul.

A day that William never felt  
Return without dismay;  
For well had conscience kalendar'd  
Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that! the rains  
Fell fast with tempest roar,

And the swollen tide of Severn spread  
Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,  
In vain he quaff'd the bowl,  
And strove with noisy mirth to drown  
The anguish of his soul;

The tempest, as its sudden swell  
In gusty howlings came,  
With cold and death-like feelings seem'd  
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,  
His lonely couch he prest;  
And wearied out, he sunk to sleep,  
To sleep .. but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,  
Lord Edmund seem'd to stand,  
Such and so pale as when in death  
He grasp'd his brother's hand;

Such and so pale his face as when,  
With faint and faltering tongue,  
To William's care, a dying charge,  
He left his orphan son.

"I bade thee with a father's love  
My orphan Edmund guard. . .  
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge!  
Now take thy due reward."

He started up, each limb convulsed  
With agonizing fear;  
He only heard the storm of night,  
'Twas music to his ear.

When lo! the voice of loud alarm  
His inmost soul appals;  
“What ho! Lord William, rise in haste!  
The water saps thy walls!”

He rose in haste, beneath the walls  
He saw the flood appear;  
It hemm'd him round, 'twas midnight now,  
No human aid was near.

He heard the shout of joy, for now  
A boat approach'd the wall,  
And eager to the welcome aid  
They crowd for safety all.

“My boat is small,” the boatman cried,  
“’Twill bear but one away;  
Come in, Lord William, and do ye  
In God’s protection stay.”

Strange feeling fill’d them at his voice,  
Even in that hour of woe,  
That, save their Lord, there was not one  
Who wish’d with him to go.

But William leapt into the boat,  
His terror was so sore;  
“Thou shalt have half my gold,” he cried,  
“Haste . . . haste to yonder shore.”

The boatman plied the oar, the boat  
Went light along the stream;  
Sudden Lord William heard a cry  
Like Edmund’s drowning scream.

The boatman paused, “Methought I heard  
A child’s distressful cry!”

• “ ’Twas but the howling wind of night ,”  
Lord William made reply.

“ Haste . . haste . . ply swift and strong the oar !

“ Haste . . haste across the stream !”

Again Lord William heard a cry

Like Edmund’s drowning scream.

“ I heard a child’s distressful voice ,”

The boatman cried again.

“ Nay hasten on . . the night is dark . .

And we should search in vain .”

“ O God ! Lord William , dost thou know

How dreadful ’tis to die ?

And canst thou without pitying hear

A child’s expiring cry ?

“ How horrible it is to sink

Beneath the closing stream ,

To stretch the powerless arms in vain ,

In vain for help to scream !”

The shriek again was heard : It came

More deep , more piercing loud ;

That instant o’er the flood the moon

Shone through a broken cloud ;

And near them they beheld a child ,

Upon a crag he stood ,

A little crag , and all around

Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the bar , the boat

Approach’d his resting place ;

The moon-beam shone upon the child ,

And show’d how pale his face.

“ Now reach thine hand ! ” the boatman cried ,  
 “ Lord William reach and save ! ”

The child stretch'd forth his little hands  
 To grasp the hand he gave .

Then William shriek'd ; the hand he touch'd  
 Was cold and damp and dead !

He felt young Edmund in his arms  
 A heavier weight than lead .

The boat sunk down , the murderer sunk  
 Beneath the avenging stream ;

He rose , he shriek'd , no human ear  
 Heard William's drowning scream .

## A BALLAD,

SHewing HOW AN OLD WOMAN RODE DOUBLE, AND WHO  
 RODE BEFORE HER. <sup>1</sup>

THE Raven croak'd as she sate at her meal ,  
 And the Old Woman knew what he said ,  
 And she grew pale at the Raven's tale ,  
 And sicken'd and went to her bed .

<sup>1</sup> A. D. 852. Circa dies istos , mulier quædam malefica , in villâ quæ Berkeleia dicitur degens , gulæ amatrix ac petulantia , flagitiis modum usque in senium et auguriis non ponens , usque ad mortem impudica permansit . Hæc die quadam cum sederet ad prandium , cornicula quam pro delitiis pascebat , nescio quid garrire cœpit ; quo audito , mulieris cultellus de manu excidit , simul et facies pallescere cœpit , et emissio rugitu , hodie , inquit , accipiam grande incommodum , hodieque ad sulcum ultimum meum pervenit aratrum . Quo dicto , nuncius doloris intravit ; muliere vero percunctata ad quid veniret , affero , inquit , tibi filii tui obitum et totius

“Now fetch me my children, and fetch them with speed,”  
 The Old Woman of Berkeley said,  
 “The monk my son, and my daughter the nun,  
 Bid them hasten or I shall be dead.”

familiæ ejus ex subitâ ruinâ interitum. Hoc quoque dolore mulier permota, lecto protinus decubuit graviter infirmata; sentiensque morbum subrepere ad vitalia, liberos quos habuit superstites, monachum videlicet et monacham, per epistolam invitavit; advenientes autem voce singultiente alloquitur. Ego, inquit, o pueri, meo miserabili fato dæmoniacis semper artibus inservi; ego omnium vitiorum sentina, ego illecebrarum omnium fui magistra. Erat tamen mihi, inter hæc mala, spes vestræ religionis, quæ meam solidaret animam desperatam; vos expectabam propugnatores contra dæmones, tutores contra sævissimos hostes. Nunc igitur, quoniam ad finem vitæ perveni, rogo vos per materna ubera, ut mea tentetis alleviare tormenta. Insuite me defunctam in corio cervino, ac deinde in sarcophago lapideo supponite, operculumque ferro et plumbo constringite, ac demum lapidem tribus catenis ferreis et fortissimis circumdantes, clericos quinquaginta psalmorum cantores, et tot, per tres dies, præsbyteros missarum celebratores applicate, qui feroces lenigent adversariorum incursus. Ita si tribus noctibus secunda jacuero, quartâ die me infodite humo.

Factumque est ut præceperat illis. Sed, proh dolor! nil preces, nil lacrymæ, nil demum valuere catenæ. Primis enim duabus noctibus, cum chori psallentium corpori assistebant, venientes Dæmones ostium ecclesiæ confregerunt ingenti obice clausum, extremasque catenas negotio levi dirumpunt; media autem quæ fortior erat, illibata manebat. Tertiâ autem nocte, circa gallicinium, strepitu hostium adventantium, omne monasterium visum est a fundamento moveri. Unus ergo dæmonum, et vultu cæteris terribilior et staturâ eminentior, januas Ecclesiæ impetu violento concussas in fragmenta dejecit. Divexerunt clerici cum laicis, metu steterunt omnium capilli, et psalmorum concentus defecit. Dæmon ergo gestu ut videbatur arroganti ad sepulchrum accedens, et nomen mulieris modicum ingeminans, surgere imperavit. Quæ respondente quod nequirit pro vinculis, jam malo tuo, inquit, solveris; et protinus catenam quæ cæterorum ferociam dæmonum deluserat, velut stuppeum vinculum rumpebat. Operculum etiam sepulchri pede depellens, mulierem palam omnibus ab ecclesiâ extraxit, ubi præ foribus niger equus superbe hinniens videbatur, uncis ferreis et clavis undique confixus, super quem misera mulier

The monk her son, and her daughter the nun,  
 Their way to Berkeley went,  
 And they have brought with pious thought  
 The holy sacrament.

The Old Woman shriek'd as they enter'd her door,  
 'Twas fearful her shrieks to hear,  
 "Now take the sacrament away,  
 For mercy, my children dear!"

Her lip it trembled with agony,  
 The sweat ran down her brow,  
 "I have tortures in store for evermore,  
 Oh! spare me, my children, now!"

Away they sent the sacrament,  
 The fit it left her weak,  
 She look'd at her children with ghastly eyes,  
 And faintly struggled to speak.

"All kind of sin I have rioted in,  
 And the judgment now must be,  
 But I secured my children's souls,  
 Oh! pray, my children, for me!"

projecta, ab oculis assistantium evanuit. Audiebantur tamen clamores per quatuor fere milliaria horribiles, auxilium postulantes.

Ista itaque quæ retuli incredibilia non erunt, si legatur beati Gregorii dialogus, in quo refert, hominem in ecclesiâ sepultum a demonibus foras ejectum. Et apud Francos, Carolus Martellus, insignis vir fortitudinis, qui Saracenos Galliam ingressos Hispaniam redire compulit, exactis vitæ suæ diebus, in Ecclesiâ beati Dionysii legitur fuisse sepultus. Sed quia patrimonia, cum decimis omnium fere ecclesiarum Galliæ, pro stipendio commilitonum suorum mutilaverat, miserabiliter a malignis spiritibus de sepulchro corporaliter avulsus, usque in hodiernum diem nusquam comparuit.

MATTHEW OF WESTMINSTER.

This story is also related by Olaus Magnus, and in the Nuremberg Chronicle.

“ I have suck'd the breath of sleeping babes,  
The fiends have been my slaves,  
I have 'nointed myself with infants' fat,  
And feasted on rifled graves.

“ And the Devil will fetch me now in fire,  
My witchcrafts to atone ;  
And I who have rifled the dead man's grave,  
Shall never have rest in my own.

“ Bless, I entreat, my winding sheet,  
My children, I beg of you;  
And with holy water sprinkle my shroud,  
And sprinkle my coffin too.

“ And let me be chain'd in my coffin of stone,  
And fasten it strong, I implore,  
With iron bars, and with three chains  
Chain it to the church floor.

“ And bless the chains and sprinkle them,  
And let fifty priests stand round,  
Who night and day the mass may say,  
Where I lie on the ground.

“ And see that fifty choristers  
Beside the bier attend me,  
And day and night by the taper's light,  
With holy hymns defend me.

“ Let the church bells, all both great and small,  
Be toll'd by night and day,  
To drive from thence the fiends who come  
To bear my body away.

“ And ever have the church 'door barr'd  
After the even song ;

And I beseech you, children dear,  
Let the bars and bolts be strong.

“ And let this be three days and nights,  
My wretched corpse to save,  
Keep me so long from the fiendish throng,  
And then I may rest in my grave.”

The Old Woman of Berkeley laid her down.  
And her eyes grew deadlly dim,  
Short came her breath and the struggle of death  
Did loosen every limb.

They blest the old woman's sheet  
With rites and prayers due,  
With holy water they sprinkled her shroud.  
And they sprinkled her coffin too.

And they chain'd her in her coffin of stone.  
And with iron barr'd it down,  
And in the church, with three strong chains,  
They chain'd it to the ground.

And they blest the chains and sprinkled them,  
And fifty priests stood round,  
By night and day the mass to say,  
Where she lay on the ground.

And fifty sacred choristers  
Beside the bier attend her,  
Who day and night by the taper's light  
Should with holy hymns defend her.

To see the priests and choristers  
It was a goodly sight,  
Each holding, as it were a staff,  
A taper burning bright.

And the church bells, all both great and small,  
Did toll so loud and long,  
And they have barr'd the church door hard,  
After the even song,

And the first night the tapers' light  
Burnt steadily and clear,  
But they without a hideous rout  
Of angry fiends could hear;

A hideous roar at the church door,  
Like a long thunder peal,  
And the priests they pray'd, and the choristers sung  
Louder in fearful zeal.

Loud toll'd the bell, the priests pray'd well,  
The tapers they burnt bright,  
The monk her son, and her daughter the nun,  
They told their beads all night.

The cock he crew, the fiends they flew  
From the voice of the morning away;  
Then undisturb'd the choristers sing,  
And the fifty priests they pray;  
As they had sung and pray'd all night  
They pray'd and sung all day.

The second night the tapers' light  
Burnt dimly and blue,  
And every one saw his neighbour's face  
Like a dead man's face to view.

And yells and cries without arise  
That the stoutest heart might shock,  
And a deafening roaring, like a cataract pouring  
Over a mountain rock.

The monk and nun they told their beads  
As fast as they could tell,  
And aye as louder grew the noise,  
The faster went the bell.

Louder and louder the choristers sung  
As they trembled more and more,  
And the priests, as they pray'd to heaven for aid,  
They smote their breasts full sore.

The cock he crew, the fiends they flew  
From the voice of the morning away;  
Then undisturb'd the choristers sing,  
And the fifty priests they pray;  
As they had sung and pray'd all night  
They pray'd and sung all day.

The third night came, and the tapers' flame  
A hideous stench did make,  
And they burnt as though they had been dipt  
In the burning brimstone lake.

And the loud commotion, like the rushing of ocean,  
Grew momentarily more and more,  
And strokes as of a battering ram,  
Did shake the strong church door.

The bellmen they, for very fear,  
Could toll the bell no longer,  
And still as louder grew the strokes,  
Their fear it grew the stronger.

The monk and nun forgot their beads,  
They fell on the ground in dismay,  
There was not a single saint in heaven  
To whom they did not pray.

And the choristers' song which late was so strong,  
Falter'd with consternation,  
For the church did rock as an earthquake shock  
Uplifted its foundation.

And a sound was heard like the trumpet's blast,  
That shall one day wake the dead,  
The strong church door could bear no more,  
And the bolts and the bars they fled.

And the taper's light was extinguish'd quite,  
And the choristers faintly sung,  
And the priests dismay'd, panted and pray'd,  
And on all Saints in Heaven for aid  
They call'd with trembling tongue.

And in He came with eyes of flame,  
The Devil to fetch the dead,  
And all the church with his presence glow'd  
Like a fiery furnace red.

He laid his hand on the iron chains,  
And like flax they moulder'd asunder,  
And the coffin lid, which was barr'd so firm,  
He burst with his voice of thunder.

And he bade the Old Woman of Berkeley rise,  
And come with her master away,  
And the cold sweat stood on the cold, cold corpse,  
At the voice she was forced to obey.

She rose on her feet in her winding sheet,  
Her dead flesh quiver'd with fear,  
And a groan like that which the Old Woman gave  
Never did mortal hear.

She follow'd the fiend to the church door,  
There stood a black horse there;

His breath was red like furnace smoke,  
His eyes like meteor's glare.

The fiend he flung her on the horse,  
And he leapt up before,  
And away like the lightning's speed they went,  
And she was seen no more.

They saw her no more, but her cries and shrieks  
For four miles round they could hear,  
And children at rest at their mothers' breast,  
Started and screamed with fear.

## ST. GUALBERTO.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

THE work is done, the fabric is complete;  
Distinct the Traveller sees its distant tower,  
Yet ere his steps attain the sacred seat,  
Must toil for many a league and many an hour.  
Elate the Abbot sees the pile and knows,  
Stateliest of convents now, his new Moscera-rose.

Long were the tale that told Moscera's pride,  
Its columns cluster'd strength and lofty state,  
How many a saint bedeck'd its sculptured side,  
What intersecting arches graced its gate;  
Its towers how high, its massy walls how strong,  
These fairly to describe were sure a tedious song.  
Yet while the fane rose slowly from the ground,  
But little store of charity, I ween,

The passing pilgrim at Moscera found ;  
And often there the mendicant was seen  
Hopeless to turn him from the convent-door,  
For this so costly work still kept the brethren poor.

Now all is perfect, and from every side  
They flock to view the fabric, young and old.  
Who now can tell Rodulfo's secret pride,  
When on the Sabbath-day his eyes behold  
The multitudes that crowd his chapel-floor,  
Some sure to serve their God, to see Moscera more.

So chanced it that Gualberto pass'd that way,  
Since sainted for a life of holy deeds.  
He paused the new-rear'd convent to survey,  
And, whilst o'er all its bulk his eye proceeds,  
Sorrows, as one whose holier feelings deem  
That ill so proud a pile did humble monks bescem.

Him, musing as he stood, Rodulfo saw,  
And forth he came to greet the holy guest ;  
For he was known as one who held the law  
Of Benedict, and each severe behest  
So duly kept with such religious care,  
That Heaven had oft vouchsafed its wonders to his prayer.

" Good brother, welcome ! " thus Rodulfo cries,  
" In sooth it glads me to behold you here :  
It is Gualberto ! and mine aged eyes  
Did not deceive me : yet full many a year  
Hath slipt away, since last you bade farewell  
To me, your host, and my uncomfortable cell.

" 'Twas but a sorry welcome then you found,  
And such as suited ill a guest so dear.  
The pile was ruinous old, the base unsound ;  
It glads me more to bid you welcome here,

For you can call to mind our former state!  
Come, brother, pass with me the new Moscera's gate."

So spake the cheerful Abbot, but no smile  
Of answering joy relax'd Gualberto's brow;  
He raised his hand and pointed to the pile,  
"Moscera better pleased me then, than now!  
A palace this, befitting kingly pride!  
Will holiness, my friend, in palace pomp abide?"

"Aye," cries Rodulfo, "'tis a stately place!  
And pomp becomes the house of worship well.  
Nay, scowl not round with so severe a face!  
When earthly kings in seats of grandeur dwell,  
Where art exhausted decks the sumptuous hall,  
Can poor and sordid huts bescem the Lord of all?"

"And ye have rear'd these stately towers on high  
To serve your God?" the monk severe replied.

"It rose from zeal and earnest piety,  
And prompted by no worldly thoughts beside?  
Abbot, to him who prays with soul sincere  
In humble hermit cell, God will incline his ear."

"Rodulfo! while this haughty building rose,  
Still was the pilgrim welcome at your door?  
Did charity relieve the orphans' woes?  
Clothed ye the naked? did ye feed the poor?  
He who with alms most succours the distress,  
Proud Abbot! know he serves his heavenly Father best.

"Did they in sumptuous palaces go dwell,  
Who first abandon'd all to serve the Lord?  
Their place of worship was the desert cell,  
Wild fruits and berries spread their frugal board,  
And if a brook, like this, ran murmuring by,  
They blest their gracious God, and 'thought it luxury.'"

Then anger darken'd in Rodulfo's face ;

“ Enough of preaching , ” sharply he replied ,

“ Thou art grown envious ;... 'tis a common case ,

Humility is made the cloak of pride .

Proud of our home's magnificence are we ,

But thou art far more proud in rags and beggary . ”

With that Gualberto cried in fervent tone ,

“ O , Father , hear me ! if this splendid pile

Was for thine honour rear'd , and thine alone ,

Bless it , O Father , with thy fostering smile !

Still may it stand , and never evil know ,

Long as beside its walls the eternal stream shall flow !

“ But , Lord , if vain and wordly-minded men

Have wasted here the wealth which thou hast lent ,

To pamper wordly pride ; frown on it then !

Soon be thy vengeance manifestly sent !

Let yonder brook , that flows so calm beside ,

Now from its base sweep down the unholy house of pride ! ”

He said ,... and lo , the brook no longer flows !

The waters pause , and now they swell on high ;

High and more high the mass of water grows ;

The affrighted brethren from Moscera fly ,

And on their Saints and on their God they call ,

For now the mountain bulk o'ertops the convent wall .

It falls , the mountain bulk , with thundering sound !

Full on Moscera's pile the vengeance falls !

Its lofty tower now rushes to the ground ,

Prone lie its columns now , its high arch'd walls ,

Earth shakes beneath the onward-rolling tide ,

That from its base swept down the unholy house ' of pride .

.....  
 ' Era amigo de pobreza , en tanto grado , que sentia mucho , que

Were old Gualberto's reasons built on truth,  
 Dear George, or like Moscera's base unsound?  
 This sure I know, that glad am I, in sooth,  
 He only play'd his pranks in foreign ground;  
 For had he turn'd the stream on England too,  
 The Vandal monk had spoilt full many a goodly view.

Then Malmesbury's arch had never met my sight,  
 Nor Battle's vast and venerable pile;  
 I had not traversed then with such delight  
 The hallowed ruins of our Alfred's isle,  
 Where many a pilgrim's curse is well bestow'd  
 On those who rob its walls to mend the turnpike road.

Wells would have fallen, dear George, our country's  
 pride;  
 And Canning's stately church been rear'd in vain,  
 Nor had the traveller Ely's tower descried,  
 Which when thou seest far o'er the fenny plain,  
 Dear George, I counsel thee to turn that way,  
 Its ancient beauties sure will well reward delay.

And we should never then have heard, I think,  
 At evening hour, great Tom's tremendous knell.

los Monasterios se edificasen sumptuosamente; y assi visitando el de Moscera y viendo un edificio grande, y elegante, buuelto a Rodulpho, que era alli Abad, con el rostro ayrado le dixo: Con lo que has gastado, siguiendo tu parecer, en este magnifico edificio, has quitado el sustento a muchos pobres. Puso los ojos en un pequeño arroyo, que corria alli cerca, y dijo: Dios Omnipotente, que sueles hacer grandes cosas de pequeñas criaturas, yo te ruego, que vca por medio de este pequeño arroyo venganza de este gran edificio. Dixo esto, y fuese de alli como abominando el lugar; y siendo oido, el arroyuelo comenzo a crecer, y fue de suerte, que recogiendo un monte de agua, y tomando de atrás la corriente, vino con tan grande impetu, que llevando piedras y arboles consigo, derribo el edificio.

*Flos Sanctorum, por el Maestro ALONSO DE VILLEGAS,*

The fountain streams that now in Christ-church stink,  
 Had niagara'd o'er the quadrangle;  
 But, as 'twas beauty that deserved the flood,  
 I ween, dear George, thy own old Pompey might have  
 stood.

Then had not Westminster, the house of God,  
 Served for a concert-room, or signal-post;  
 Old Thames, obedient to the father's nod,  
 Had swept down Greenwich, England's noblest  
 boast;  
 And, eager to destroy the unholy walls,  
 Fleet-ditch had roll'd up hill to overwhelm St. Paul's.

George, dost thou deem the legendary deeds  
 Of Romish saints a useless medley store  
 Of lies, that he flings time away who reads?  
 And would'st thou rather bid me puzzle o'er  
 Matter and Mind and all the eternal round,  
 Plunged headlong down the dark and fathomless pro-  
 found?

Now do I bless the man who undertook  
 These monks and martyrs to biographize;  
 And love to ponder o'er his ponderous book,  
 The mingle-mangle mass of truth and lies,  
 Where Angels now, now Beelzebubs appear,  
 And blind and honest zeal, and holy faith sincere.

All is not very truth, and yet 'twere hard  
 The fabling Priests for fabling to abuse;  
 What if a monk, from better theme debarr'd,  
 Some pious subject for a tale should chuse,  
 How some good man the flesh and fiend o'ercame,  
 His taste methinks, and not his conscience, were to blame.

In after years, what he, good Christian, wrote,  
 As we write novels to instruct our youth,  
 Went travelling on, its origin forgot,  
 Till at the length it past for gospel-truth.  
 A fair account! and should'st thou like the plea,  
 Thank thou thy valued friend, dear George, who taught  
 it me.

All is not false which seems at first a lie.

Fernan Antolinez <sup>1</sup>, a Spanish knight,  
 Knelt at the mass, when lo! the troops hard by  
 Before the expected hour began the fight.  
 Though courage, duty, honour, summon'd there,  
 He chose to forfeit all, not leave the unfinish'd prayer.

But while devoutly thus the unarm'd knight  
 Waits till the holy service should be o'er,  
 Even then the foremost in the furious fight  
 Was he beheld to bathe his sword in gore,

<sup>1</sup> Acontecio en aquella \* batalla una cosa digna de memoria. Fernan Antolinez, hombre noble y muy devoto, oia misa al tiempo que se dio señal de acometer, costumbre ordinaria suya antes de la pelea; por no dextarla començada, se quedo en el templo quando se toco al arma. Esta piedad quan agradable fuese a Dios, se entendio por un milagro. Estavase primero en la Iglesia, despues escondido en su casa, tenia no le afrentassen como a cobarde. En tanto, otro a el semejante, es a saber su Angel bueno, pelea entre los primeros tan valientemente, que la victoria de aquel dia se atribuyo en gran parte al valor de el dicho Antolinez. Confirmaron el milagro las señales de los golpes, y las manchas de la sangre que se hallaron frescas en sus armas y cavallo. Assi publicado el caso, y sabido lo que passava, quedo mas conocida la inocencia y esfuerço de Antolinez.

MARIANA.

Perhaps this miracle, and its obvious interpretation, may have suggested to Florian the circumstance by which his Gonsalvo is prevented from combating and killing the brother of his mistress. Florian was fond of Spanish literature.

\* Cerca de Santistevan de Gormaz, a la ribera del rio Duero. A. D. 982.

First in the van his plumes were seen to play,  
And Spain to him decreed the glory of the day.

The truth is told, and all at once exclaim,  
His guardian angel Heaven had deign'd to send;  
And thus the tale is handed down to fame.

Now if our good Sir Fernan had a friend  
Who in the hour of danger served him well,  
Dear George, the tale is true, and yet no miracle.

I am not one who scan with scornful eyes  
The dreams which make the enthusiast's best de-  
light;  
Nor thou the legendary lore despise,  
If of Gualberto yet again I write,  
How first impell'd he sought the convent-cell;  
A simple tale it is, but one that pleased me well.

Llamóse el padre Gualberto, y era señor de Valdespesa, que  
estaba entre Sena y Florencia: seguía la milicia; y como le matase  
un su deudo cercano injustamente, indignado así el hijo, que era  
ya hombre, como el padre, con mucho cuydado buscaban ocasion,  
como vengar aquella muerte. Sucedió, que viniendo à Florencia el  
hijo, con un criado suyo, hombre valiente, y los dos bien armados,  
à cavallo, vio à su enemigo, y en lugar que era imposible irsele:  
lo qual considerado por el contrario, y que tenía cierta su muerte,  
descendió de un cavallo, en que venia, y puesto de rodillas le pidió,  
juntas las manos, por Jesu-Christo crucificado, le perdonasse la  
vida. Enternecióse Juan Gualberto, oyendo el nombre de Jesu-  
Christo crucificado; y dixole, que por amor de aquel Señor, que  
rogo en la Cruz por los que le pusieron en ella, el le perdonava.  
Pidióle, que se levantasse, y perdiessse el temor, que ya no por ene-  
migo, sino por amigo le queria, y que de Dios, por quien hacia esto,  
esperava el premio. Passo adelante Gualberto; y viendo una Iglesia  
en un monte cerca de Florencia, llamada de San Miniato, que era  
de Monges negros, entro en ella para dar gracias à Jesu-Christo  
nuestro Señor por la merced, que le havia hecho en favorecerle, de  
que perdonasse, y no tomasse venganza de su enemigo: pusose de  
rodillas delante de un Crucifixo; el qual, viendolo el, y otros que

THE  
**LIVING POETS**  
OF ENGLAND.

VOL. II.

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9 RUE DE VAUGIRARD.

Fortune had smiled upon Gualberto's birth,  
 The heir of Valdespesa's rich domain.  
 An only child, he grew in years and worth,  
 And well repaid a father's anxious pain.  
 Oft had his sire in battle forced success,  
 Vell for his valour known, and known for haughtiness.

It chanced that one in kindred near allied  
 Was slain by his hereditary foe;  
 Much by his sorrow moved and more by pride,  
 The father vow'd that blood for blood should flow,  
 And from his youth Gualberto had been taught  
 That with unceasing hate should just revenge be sought.

Long did they wait; at length the tidings came  
 That through a lone and unfrequented way,  
 Soon would Anselmo (such the murderer's name)  
 Pass on his journey home, an easy prey.  
 "Go," cried the father, "meet him in the wood!"  
 And young Gualberto went, and laid in wait for blood.

When now the youth was at the forest shade  
 Arrived, it drew toward the close of day;  
 Anselmo haply might be long delay'd,  
 And he, already wearied with his way,  
 Beneath an ancient oak his limbs reclined,  
 And thoughts of near revenge alone possess'd his mind.

Slow sunk the glorious sun, a roseate light  
 Spread o'er the forest from his lingering rays;

estavan presentes, desde la Cruz inclino la cabeza a Gualberto, como agradeciendo, y dandole gracias, de que por su amor huviese perdonado la vida a su enemigo. Descubriose el caso, y fue publico y muy celebrado, y el Crucifixo fue tenido en grande reverencia en aquella Iglesia de S. Miniato. Quedo Juan Gualberto de este acaecimiento trocado en otro varon, y determino dexar el mundo, y las cosas perecederas de el.

*Flos Sanctorum.*

The glowing clouds upon Gualberto's sight  
Softened in shade,.. he could not chuse but gaze;  
And now a placid greyness clad the heaven,  
Save where the west retain'd the last green light of even.

Cool breathed the grateful air, and fresher now  
The fragrance of the autumnal leaves arose;  
The passing gale scarce moved the o'erhanging bough,  
And not a sound disturb'd the deep repose,  
Save when a falling leaf came fluttering by,  
Save the near brooklet's stream that murmur'd quietly.

Is there who has not felt the deep delight,  
The hush of soul, that scenes like these impart?  
The heart they will not soften is not right,  
And young Gualberto was not hard of heart.  
Yet sure he thinks revenge becomes him well,  
When from a neighbouring church he heard the vesper-  
bell.

The Catholic who hears that vesper-bell,  
Howe'er employ'd, must send a prayer to Heaven.  
In foreign lands I liked the custom well,  
For with the calm and sober thoughts of even  
It well accords; and wert thou journeying there,  
It would not hurt thee, George, to join that vesper-prayer.

Gualberto had been duly taught to hold  
Each pious duty with religious care,  
And,.. for the young man's feelings were not cold,  
He never yet had mist his vesper-prayer.  
But strange misgivings now his heart invade,  
And when the vesper-bell had ceased, he had not pray'd?

And wherefore was it that he had not pray'd?  
The sudden doubt arose within his mind,

And many a former precept then he weigh'd,  
The words of Him who died to save mankind;  
How 'twas the meek who should inherit heaven,  
And man must man forgive, if he would be forgiven.

Troubled at heart, almost he felt a hope,  
That yet some chance his victim might delay.  
So, as he mused adown the neighbouring slope,  
He saw a lonely traveller on his way;  
And now he knows the man so much abhorr'd,..  
His holier thoughts are gone, he bares the murderous  
sword.

“The house of Valdespesa gives the blow!  
Go, and our vengeance to our kinsman tell!”..  
Despair and terror seized the unarm'd foe,  
And prostrate at the young man's knees he fell,  
And stopt his hand and cried, “Oh, do not take  
A wretched sinner's life! mercy, for Jesus' sake!”

At that most blessed name, as at a spell,  
Conscience, the God within him, smote his heart.  
His hand, for murder raised, unharmed fell;  
He felt cold sweat-drops on his forehead start :  
A moment mute in holy horror stood,  
Then cried, “Joy, joy, my God! I have not shed his blood!”

He raised Anselmo up, and bade him live,  
And bless, for both preserved, that holy name :  
And pray'd the astonish'd foeman to forgive  
The bloody purpose led by which he came.  
Then to the neighbouring church he sped away,  
His over-burden'd soul before his God to lay.

He ran with breathless speed,.. he reach'd the door,  
With rapid throbs his feverish pulses swell,..

He came to crave for pardon, to adore  
For grace vouchsafed; before the cross he fell,  
And raised his swimming eyes, and thought that there  
He saw the imaged Christ smile favouring on his prayer.

A blest illusion! from that very night  
The monk's austerest life devout he led;  
And still he felt the enthusiast's deep delight,  
Seraphic visions floated round his head;  
The joys of heaven foretasted fill'd his soul,  
And still the good man's name adorns the sainted roll.

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# JOHN WILSON.

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## A LITERARY SKETCH ON JOHN WILSON'S POEMS.

**MR.** JOHN WILSON is now a professor of philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.

Professor Wilson, as a poet, is a new recruit to the company of lakists. He has the same predilection, indeed, for engrafting powerful emotion on ordinary occurrences; and the same tendency to push all his emotions a great deal too far—the same disdain of all worldly enjoyments and pursuits, — and the same occasional mistakes, as to energy and simplicity of diction, which characterise the works of his predecessors. But he differs from them in this very important particular, that though he does generally endeavour to raise a train of lofty and pathetic sensations upon very trifling incidents and familiar objects, and frequently pursues them to a great height of exaggeration, he is scarcely ever guilty of the offence of building them upon a foundation that is ludicrous or purely fantastic. He makes more, to be sure, of a sleeping child, or a lonely cataract — and flies into greater raptures about female purity and moonlight landscapes, and fine dreams, and — flowers, and singing birds — than most other poets permit themselves to do, — though it is of the very essence of poetry to be enraptured with such things: — but he does not break out into any ecstasies about spades or sparrows' eggs — or men gathering leeches — or women in duffle cloaks — or plates and porringers — or washing tubs — or any of those baser themes which poetry was always permitted to disdain, without any impeachment of her affability, till Mr. Wordsworth thought fit to force her into an acquaintance with them.

Though Mr. Wilson may be extravagant, therefore, he is not perverse. The objects for which he seeks to interest us, are all objects of natural interest; and the emotions which he connects with them, are in some degree, associated with them in all reflecting minds. It is the great misfortune of Mr. Wordsworth, on the contrary, that he is exceedingly apt to make choice of subjects which are not only unfit in themselves to excite any

serious emotion, but naturally present themselves to ordinary minds as altogether ridiculous. We have the greatest respect for the genius of Mr. Wordsworth, and the most sincere veneration for all we have heard of his character; but it is impossible to contemplate the injury he has done to his reputation by this poor ambition of originality, without a mixed sensation of provocation and regret. We are willing to take it for granted, that the spades and the eggs, and the tubs which he commemorates, actually suggested to him all the emotions and reflexions of which he has chosen to make them the vehicles; but they surely are not the only objects, which have suggested similar emotions; and we really cannot understand why the circumstance of their being quite unfit to suggest them to any other person, should have recommended them as their best accompaniments in an address to the public. We do not want Mr. Wordsworth to write like Pope or Prior, nor to dedicate his muse to subjects which he does not himself think interesting. We are prepared, on the contrary, to listen with a far deeper delight to the songs of his mountain solitude, and to gaze on his mellow pictures of simple happiness and affection, and his lofty sketches of human worth and energy; and we only beg that we may have these nobler elements of his poetry, without the debasement of childish language, mean incidents, and incongruous images.

Mr. Wilson is not free from some of the faults of diction, which we think belong to his school. He is occasionally mystical, and not seldom childish: but he has less of these peculiarities than most of his associates: and there is one more important fault from which, we think, he has escaped altogether. We allude now to the offensive assumption of exclusive taste, judgment and morality which pervades most of the writings of this ~~useful~~ brother-hood. There is a tone of tragic, keen and intolerant reprobation in all the censures they bestow, that is not a little alarming to ordinary sinners. Every thing they do not like is accursed, and pestilent and inhuman; and they can scarcely differ from any body upon a point of criticism, politics or metaphysics, without wondering what a heart he must have; and expressing, not merely dissent, but loathing and abhorrence. Neither is it very difficult to perceive, that they think it barely possible for any one to have any just notion of poetry, any genuine warmth of affection or philanthropy, or any large views as to the true principles of happiness and virtue, who does not agree with them in most of their vagaries, and live a life very nearly akin to that which they have selected for themselves. The inhabitants of towns, therefore, and most of those who

are engaged in the ordinary business or pleasures of society, are cast off without ceremony as demoralized and denaturalized beings; and it would evidently be a considerable stretch of charity in these new apostles of taste, and wisdom, to believe that any one of this description could have a genuine relish for the beauties of nature, could feel any ardent or devoted attachment to another, — or even comprehend the great principles upon which private and public virtue must be founded. — Mr. Wilson, however, does not seem to believe in the necessity of this extraordinary monopoly; but speaks with a tone of indulgence and open sociality, which is as engaging as the jealous and assuming manner of some of his models is offensive. The most striking characteristic, indeed, as well as the great charm, of his poems, is the spirit of warm and unaffected philanthropy which breathes over every page of them — that delighted tenderness with which the writer dwells on the bliss of childhood, and the dignity of female innocence, and that young enthusiasm which leads him to luxuriate in the description of beautiful nature and the joys of a life of retirement. If our readers can contrive to combine these distinguishing features with our general reference of the author to the school of Wordsworth and Southey, they will have as exact a conception of his poetical character as can be necessary to prepare them for a more detailed account of the works offered to their perusal. 'The Isle of Palms' is a strange, wild story of two lovers that were wrecked in the Indian Sea, and marvellously saved on an uninhabited, but lovely Island, when all the rest of the crew were drowned; — of their living there, in peace and blessedness for six or seven years — and being at last taken off, with a lovely daughter, who had come to cheer their solitude — by an English ship of war, and landed in the arms of the lady's mother, who had passed the long interval of their absence in one unremitting agony of hope and despair. This, in point of fact is the whole of the story, — and nearly all the circumstances that we detailed in the four long cantos which cover the first 180 pages of one volume; for never certainly, was there a poem pretending to have a story, in which there was so little narrative, and on which the descriptions and reflections bore such a monstrous proportion to the facts and incidents out of which they arise. This piece is in irregular rhymed verse, like the best parts of Mr. Southey's *Kehama*, to which indeed, it bears a pretty close resemblance, both in the luxuriance of the descriptions, the tenderness of the thoughts, the copiousness of the diction, and the occasional harmony of

the versification, tho' it is perhaps still more diffuse and redundant.

The first canto describes the gallant ship, in the third month of her outward bound voyage, sailing over the quiet sea in a lovely moonlight evening, and the two lovers musing and conversing on the deck. There are great raptures about the beauty of the ship and the moon, — and pretty characters of the youth and the maiden in the same tone of ecstasy. Just as the sky is kindling with the summer dawn, and the freshness of morning rippling over the placid waters, the vessel strikes on a sunken rock, and goes down almost instantly. This catastrophe is described, we think, with great force and effect; — allowance being always made for the peculiarities of the school to which the author belongs.

The second canto begins with a very absurd expostulation to the moon, for having let the good ship be lost after shining so sweetly upon it. After this wild fit, however, has spent itself, we are conducted to a little sea-beat rock, where the unhappy lover finds himself stretched in horrible solitude; and where, in a sort of entranc'd slumber, he has a vision of a blissful land, over which he seems to wander with his beloved. On opening his eyes, he finds her actually leaning over him; and, by and by, the ship's pinnace comes floating alongside, with its oars and sails ready for immediate service. They embark with holy hope and confidence; and, at the close of evening, reach a shady and solitary shore, where they kneel down and return thanks to Providence. — The third canto is filled almost entirely with the description of this enchanted Island, and of the blissful life which these lovers lived in its beautiful seclusion; and, certainly, a more glowing picture of Elysium has not often been brought before us, than is contained in these pages: such shades and flowers — and wooded steeps — and painted birds — and sunny bays and cascades — and dewy vales and thickets — and tufted lawns! —

On the first sabbath day, they take each other for husband and wife; and five or six years pass over, the reader does not well know how; — And still we find them enraptured with their flowers and their birds, and their own prayers, songs, and meditations; — All at once a fairy child comes singing down a mountain, in a frock of peacock's feathers; — and we find they have a lovely daughter. The blessed babe comes to tell of a strange sight she has seen on the sea; and her father soon discovers it to be a ship steering towards their shore.

The fourth and last canto carries us back to England, and to

the woes of the despairing mother, whose daughter had embarked so many years before, in that ill fated ship, of which no tidings had ever reached her home. After pining in agony for years in her native Wales, she had been drawn by an irresistible impulse to take up her abode in the sea-port from which she had seen her beloved child depart, and to gaze daily on the devouring waters in which she believed her to be entombed. As she is lingering one sunny day on the beach, a shout is raised for the approach of a long expected vessel; and multitudes hurry out to meet their returning friends and relations. The unhappy mother flies, sick at heart from the joyful scene of congratulation; but strange murmurs pursue her in her retreat. —

Dark words she hears among the crowd,  
Of a ship that hath on board,  
Three christian souls, who on the coast  
Of some wild land were wreck'd long years ago,  
When all but they were in a tempest lost;  
And they are speaking of a child,  
Who looks more beautifully wild  
Than pictured fairy in Arabian tale;  
Wondrous her foreign garb, they say,  
Adorn'd with starry plumage gay,  
While round her head tall feathers play,  
And dance with every gale! •

She turns in breathless impatience, and sees the sailors rushing eagerly to the embraces of their wives and children but —

— No sailor, he, so fondly pressing  
Yon fair child, in his arms,  
Her eyes, her brow, her bosom kissing,  
And bidding her with many a blessing  
To hush her vain alarms.  
How fair that creature by his side!  
Who smiles with languid glee,  
Slow-kindling from a mother's pride!  
Oh! thou alone may'st be  
The mother of that fairy child,  
Those tresses dark, those eyes so wild,  
That face with spirit beautified,  
She owes them all to thee.

Silent and still the sailors stand,  
To see the meeting strange that now befel:  
Unwilling sighs their manly bosoms swell,  
And o'er their eyes they draw the sun-burnt hand,  
To hide the tears that grace their cheeks so well.

They then all retire to the romantic shades of their native Wales; and the piece concludes with an apostrophe to that fairy child, who seems to have chiefly possessed the raised imagination of the author. — We are rather unwilling to subjoin any remarks

on a poem, of which, even from the slight account we have given of it, we are aware that the opinion of different readers will be so different. To those who delight in wit, sarcasm, and antithesis, the greater part of it will appear mere raving and absurdity; — to such as have an appetite chiefly for crowded incidents and complicated adventures, it will seem diffuse and empty; — and even by those who seek in poetry for the delineation of human feelings and affections; it will frequently be felt as too ornate and ostentatious. The truth is, that it has by far too much of the dreaminess and intoxication of the fancy about it, and is by far too much expanded; and though it will afford great delight to those who are most capable and most worthy of being delighted, there are none whom it will not sometimes dazzle with its glare, and sometimes weary with its repetitions. —

'The Angler's Tent', is a description of an afternoon's visit which the author had the pleasure of receiving from the simple inhabitants around Wast-water, when he and Mr. Wordsworth and some other friends had pitched their tent on the banks of that sequester'd lake, one beautiful Sunday, in the course of a fishing excursion among the mountains. It is one of the boldest experiments we have lately met with, of the possibility of maintaining the interest of a long poem without any extraordinary incident, or any systematic discussion; and, for our own parts, we are inclined to think that it is a successful one. There are few things, at least, which we have lately read, that have pleased or engaged us more than the picture of simple innocence and artless delight which is here drawn, with a truth and modesty of colouring far more attractive, in our apprehension, than the visionary splendours of the Isle of Palms. The novelty of the white tent, gleaming like an evening cloud by the edge of the still waters, had attracted the curiosity of the rustic worshippers, it seems, as they left the little chapel in the dell, and they came in successive groupes, by land and by water, to gaze on the splendid apparition. The kind-hearted anglers received them with all the gentleness and hospitality of Isaac Walton himself: we sincerely compassionate the reader who is not both touched and soothed with the following amiable representation.

'And thus our tent a joyous scene became, etc., etc.'

The picture of the mountain damsels is equally engaging. The delighted guests depart by moonlight; and while they are climbing the shadowy hills, their entertainers raise a splendid

bonfire to light them on their way, and hear new clamours of acclamation ring round all the awakened echoes.

The same tenderness of thought and warmth of imagination are visible in the lines addressed to a sleeping child; Mr. Wilson's blank verse, seems to us to be formed, like that of all his school, on the model of Akenside's, and to combine, with a good deal of his diffuseness, no ordinary share of its richness and beauty. Mr. Wilson has written a sweet and touching monody on the death of Grahame, the much lamented and most amiable author of the "sabbath" and other poems; the moral character of Mr. Wilson's poetry is, throughout, very much the same with that of the friend he here commemorates; and, in this particular piece, he has fallen very much into his manner also.

One lays aside Mr. Wilson's poetry with regret: for though it has many faults, it has a redeeming spirit, both of fancy and of kindness, about it, which will not let them be numbered. It has, moreover, the charm of appearing to be written less from ambition of praise than from the direct and genuine impulse of the feelings which it expresses; and though we cannot undertake to defend it from the scorn of the learned, or the ridicule of the witty, we are very much mistaken if it does not afford a great deal of pleasure to many persons almost as well worth pleasing.

The most important piece of Mr. Wilson's poetry since he published the *Isle of Palms* was the *city of the plague*, (a dramatic poem) by which is meant London, during the great sickness of 1666. There are many dramatic beauties in that work and a very great number of passages that are both pathetic and poetical in a very high degree.

J.....y.

## THE ANGLER'S TENT.

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THE hush of bliss was on the sunny hills,  
The clouds were sleeping on the silent sky,  
We travelled in the midst of melody  
Warbled around us from the mountain-rills.  
The voice was like the glad voice of a friend  
Murmuring a welcome to his happy home;  
We felt its kindness with our spirits blend,  
And said, "This day no farther will we roam!"  
The coldest heart that ever looked on heaven,  
Had surely felt the beauty of that day,  
And, as he paused, a gentle blessing given  
To the sweet scene that tempted him to stay.  
But we, who travelled through that region bright,  
Were joyful pilgrims under Nature's care,  
From youth had loved the dreams of pure delight,  
Descending on us through the lonely air,  
When Heaven is clothed with smiles, and Earth as Heaven  
is fair!

Seven lovely days had like a happy dream  
Died in our spirits silently away,  
Since Grassmere, waking to the morning ray,  
Met our last lingering look with farewell gleam.  
I may not tell what joy our being filled,  
Wand'ring like shadows over plain and steep,  
What beauteous visions lonely souls can build,  
When 'mid the mountain solitude they sleep.  
I may not tell how the deep power of sound

Can back to life long-faded dreams recall,  
When lying 'mid the noise that lives around  
Through the hush'd spirit flows a waterfall.  
To thee, my WORDSWORTH! ' whose inspired song  
Comes forth in pomp from Nature's inner shrine,  
To thee by birth-right such high themes belong,  
The unseen grandeur of the earth is thine!  
One lowlier simple strain of human love be mine.

How leapt our hearts, when from an airy height,  
On which we paused for a sweet fountain's sake,  
With green fields fading in a peaceful lake,  
A deep-sunk vale burst sudden on our sight!  
We felt as if at home; a magic sound,  
As from a spirit whom we must obey,  
Bade us descend into the vale profound,  
And in its silence pass the Sabbath-day.  
The placid lake that rested far below,  
Softly embosoming another sky,  
Still as we gazed assumed a lovelier glow,  
And seem'd to send us looks of amity.  
Our hearts were open to the gracious love  
Of Nature, smiling like a happy bride;  
So following the still impulse from above,  
Down the green slope we wind with airy glide,  
And pitch our snowy tent on that fair water's side.

Ah me! even now I see before me stand,  
Among the verdant holly-boughs half-hid,  
The little radiant airy Pyramid,  
Like some wild dwelling built in Fairy-land.  
As silently as gathering cloud it rose,  
And seems a cloud descended on the earth,

\* Mr. Wordsworth accompanied the author on this excursion.

Disturbing not the Sabbath-day's repose,  
Yet gently stirring at the quiet birth  
Of every short-lived breeze : the sunbeams greet  
The beauteous stranger in the lonely bay;  
Close to its shading tree two streamlets meet,  
With gentle glide, as weary of their play.  
And in the liquid lustre of the lake  
Its image sleeps, reflected far below;  
Such image as the clouds of summer make,  
Clear seen amid the waveless water's glow,  
As slumbering infant still, and pure as April snow.

Wild though the dwelling seem, thus rising fair,  
A sudden stranger 'mid the sylvan scene,  
One spot of radiance on surrounding green,  
Human it is — and human souls are there!  
Look through that opening in the canvas wall,  
Through which by fits the scarce-felt breezes play:  
— Upon three happy souls thine eyes will fall,  
The summer lambs are not more blest than they!  
On the green turf all motionless they lie,  
In dreams romantic as the dreams of sleep,  
The filmy air slow-glimmering on their eye;  
And in their ear the murmur of the deep.  
Or haply now by some wild-winding brook,  
Deep, silent pool, or waters rushing loud,  
In thought they visit many a fairy nook  
That rising mists in rainbow colours shroud,  
And ply the Angler's sport involved in mountain-cloud!

Yes! dear to us that solitary trade,  
'Mid vernal peace in peacefulness pursued,  
Through rocky glen, wild moor, and hanging wood,  
White-flowering meadow, and romantic glade!  
The sweetest visions of our boyish years

Come to our spirits with a murmuring tone  
Of running waters, — and one stream appears,  
Remember'd all, tree, willow, bank, and stone!  
How glad were we, when after sunny showers  
Its voice came to us issuing from the school!  
How fled the vacant, solitary hours,  
By dancing rivulet, or silent pool!  
And still our souls retain in manhood's prime  
The love of joys our childish years that blest;  
So now encircled by these hills sublime,  
We Anglers, wandering with a tranquil breast,  
Build in this happy vale a fairy bower of rest!

Within that bower are strewn in careless guise,  
Idle one day, the angler's simple gear;  
Lines that, as fine as floating gossamer,  
Dropt softly on the stream the silken flies;  
The limber rod that shook its trembling length,  
Almost as airy as the line it threw,  
Yet often bending in an arch of strength,  
When the tired salmon rose at last to view,  
Now lightly leans across the rushy bed,  
On which at night we dream of sports by day;  
And, empty now, beside it close is laid  
The goodly pannier framed of osiers gray;  
And, maple bowl in which we wont to bring  
The limpid water from the morning wave,  
Or from some mossy and sequester'd spring  
To which dark rocks a grateful coolness gave,  
Such as might Hermit use in solitary cave!

And ne'er did Hermit, with a purer breast,  
Amid the depths of sylvan silence pray,  
Than prayed we friends on that mild quiet day,  
By God and man beloved, the day of rest!

All passions in our souls were lull'd to sleep;  
 Ev'n by the power of Nature's holy bliss;  
 While Innocence her watch in peace did keep  
 Over the spirit's thoughtful happiness!  
 We view'd the green earth with a loving look,  
 Like us rejoicing in the gracious sky;  
 A voice came to us from the running brook  
 That seem'd to breathe a grateful melody.  
 Then all things seem'd embued with life and sense,  
 And as from dreams with kindling smiles to wake,  
 Happy in beauty and in innocence;  
 While, pleas'd our inward quiet to partake,  
 Lay hush'd, as in a trance, the scarcely-breathing lake.

Yet think not, in this wild and fairy spot,  
 This mingled happiness of earth and heaven,  
 Which to our hearts this Sabbath-day was given,  
 Think not, that far-off friends were quite forgot.  
 Helm-crag arose before our half-closed eyes  
 With colours brighter than the brightening dove;  
 Beneath that guardian mount a <sup>1</sup> cottage lies  
 Encircled by the halo breathed from Love!  
 And sweet that dwelling <sup>2</sup> rests upon the brow  
 (Beneath its sycamore) of Orest-hill,  
 As if it smiled on Windermere below,  
 Her green recesses and her islands still!  
 Thus gently-blended many a human thought  
 With those that peace and solitude supplied,  
 Till in our hearts the moving kindness wrought  
 With gradual influence, like a flowing tide,  
 And for the lovely sound of human voice we sigh'd.

<sup>1</sup> At that time the residence of Mr. Wordsworth's family.

<sup>2</sup> The author's cottage on the banks of Windermere.

And hark! a laugh, with voices blended, stole  
 Across the water, echoing from the shore!  
 And during pauses short, the beating oar  
 Brings the glad music closer to the soul.  
 We leave our tent; and lo! a lovely sight  
 Glides like living a creature through the air,  
 For air the water seems thus passing bright,  
 A living creature beautiful and fair!  
 Nearer it glides; and now the radiant glow  
 That on its radiant shadow seems to float,  
 Turns to a virgin band, a glorious shew,  
 Rowing with happy smiles a little boat.  
 Towards the tent their lingering course they steer,  
 And cheerful now upon the shore they stand,  
 In maiden bashfulness, yet free from fear,  
 And by our side, gay-moving hand in hand,  
 Into our tent they go, a beauteous sister-band!

Scarce from our hearts had gone the sweet surprise,  
 Which this glad troop of rural maids awoke;  
 Scarce had a more familiar kindness broke  
 From the mild lustre of their smiling eyes,  
 Ere the tent seem'd encircled by the sound  
 Of many voices; in an instant stood  
 Men, women, children, all the circle round,  
 And with a friendly joy the strangers view'd.  
 Strange was it to behold this gladsome crowd  
 Our late so solitary dwelling fill;  
 And strange to hear their greetings mingling loud  
 Where all before was undisturb'd and still.  
 Yet was the stir delightful to our ear,  
 And moved to happiness our inmost blood,  
 The sudden change, the unexpected cheer,

Breaking like sunshine on a pensive mood,  
This breath and voice of life in seeming solitude!

Hard task it was, in our small tent to find  
Seats for our quickly-gather'd company;  
But in them all was such a mirthful glee,  
I ween they soon were seated to their mind!  
Some viewing with a hesitating look  
The panniers that contained our travelling fare,  
On them at last their humble station took,  
Pleased at the thought, and with a smiling air.  
Some on our low-framed beds then chose their seat,  
Each maid the youth that loved her best beside,  
While many a gentle look, and whisper sweet,  
Brought to the stripling's face a gladsome pride.  
The playful children on the velvet green,  
Soon as the first bashfulness was fled,  
Smiled to each other at the wondrous scene,  
And whisper'd words they to each other said,  
And raised in sportive fit the shining, golden head!

Then did we learn that this our stranger tent,  
Seen by the lake-side gleaming like a sail,  
Had quickly spread o'er mountain and o'er vale  
A gentle shock of pleased astonishment.  
The lonely dwellers by the lofty rills,  
Gazed in surprise upon th' unwonted sight,  
The wandering shepherds saw it from the hills,  
And quick descended from their airy height.  
Soon as the voice of simple song and prayer  
Ceased in the little-chapel of the dell,  
The congregation did in peace repair  
To the lake-side, to view our wondrous cell.  
While leaving, for one noon, both young and old,

Their cluster'd hamlets in this deep recess,  
All join the throng, in conscious good-will bold,  
Elate and smiling in their Sabbath-dress,  
A mingled various groupe of homely happiness!

And thus our tent a joyous scene became,  
Where loving hearts from distant vales did meet  
As at some rural festival, and greet  
Each other with glad voice and kindly name.  
Here a pleased daughter to her father smiled,  
With fresh affection in her soften'd eyes;  
He in return look'd back upon his child  
With gentle start and tone of mild surprise :  
And on his little grand-child, at her breast,  
An old man's blessing and a kiss bestow'd,  
Or to his cheek the lisp'ing baby press'd,  
Light'ning the mother of her darling load;  
While comely matrons, all sedately ranged  
Close to their husbands' or their children's side,  
A neighbour's friendly greeting interchanged,  
And each her own with frequent glances eyed,  
And raised her head in all a mother's harmless pride.

Happy were we among such happy hearts!  
And to inspire with kindliness and love  
Our simple guests, ambitiously we strove,  
With novel converse and endearing arts!  
We talk'd to them, and much they loved to hear,  
Of those sweet vales from which we late had come;  
For though these vales are to each other near,  
Seldom do dalesmen leave their own dear home;  
Then would we speak of many a wondrous sight  
Seen in great cities, — temple, tower, and spire,  
And winding streets at night-fall blazing bright  
With many a star-like lamp of glimmering fire.

The grey-hair'd men with deep attention heard,  
Viewing the speaker with a solemn face,  
While round our feet the playful children stirr'd,  
And near their parents took their silent place,  
Listening with looks where wonder breathed a glowing  
grace.

And much they gazed with never-tired delight  
On varnish'd rod, with joints that shone like gold,  
And silken line on glittering reel enroll'd,  
To infant anglers a most wondrous sight!  
Scarce could their chiding parents then controul  
Their little hearts in harmless malice gay,  
But still one, bolder than his fellows, stole  
To touch the tempting treasures where they lay.  
What rapture glistened in their eager eyes,  
When, with kind voice, we bade these children take  
A precious store of well-dissembled flies,  
To use with caution for the strangers' sake!  
The unlook'd-for gift we graciously bestow  
With sudden joy the leaping heart o'erpowers;  
They grasp the lines, while all their faces glow  
Bright as spring-blossoms after sunny showers,  
And wear them in their hats like wreaths of valley-flowers!

Nor could they check their joyance and surprise,  
When the clear crystal and the silver bowl  
Gleamed with a novel beauty on their soul,  
And the wine mantled with its rosy dyes.  
For all our pomp we shew'd with mickle glee,  
And choicest viands, fitly to regale,  
On such a day of rare festivity,  
Our guests thus wondering at their native vale.  
And oft we pledged them, nor could they decline  
The social cup we did our best to press,

But mingled wishes with the joyful wine,  
Warm wishes for our health and happiness.  
And all the while, a low, delightful sound  
Of voice soft-answering voice, with music fill'd  
Our fairy palace's enchanted ground,  
Such tones as seem from blooming tree distill'd,  
Where unseen bees repair their waxen cells to build.

Lost as we were in that most blessed mood  
Which Nature's sons alone can deeply prove,  
We lavish'd with free heart our kindest love  
On all who breath'd, — one common brotherhood.  
Three faithful servants, men of low degree,  
Were with us, as we roamed the wilds among,  
And well it pleased their simple hearts to see  
Their master mingling with the rural throng.  
Oft to our guests they sought to speak aside,  
And, in the genial flow of gladness, told  
That we were free from haughtiness or pride,  
Though scholars all, and rich in lands and gold.  
We smiled to hear our praise thus rudely sung,  
( Well might such praise our modesty offend )  
Yet, we all strove, at once with eye and tongue  
To speak, as if invited by a friend,  
And with our casual talk instruction's voice to blend.

Rumours of wars had reached this peaceful vale,  
And of the Wicked King, whom guilt hath driven  
On earth to wage a warfare against Heaven,  
These sinless shepherds had heard many a tale.  
Encircled as we were with smiles and joy,  
In quietness to Quiet's dwelling brought,  
To think of him whose bliss is to destroy,  
At such a season was an awful thought!  
We felt the eternal power of happiness

And virtue's power; we felt with holy awe  
That in this world, in spite of chance distress,  
Such is the Almighty Spirit's ruling law.  
And joyfully did we these shepherds tell  
To hear all rumours with a tranquil mind,  
For, in the end, that all would yet be well,  
Nor this bad Monarch leave one trace behind,  
More than o'er yonder hills the idly-raving wind.

Then gravely smiled, in all the power of age,  
A hoary-headed, venerable man;  
Like the mild chieftain of a peaceful clan,  
'Mid simple spirits looked on as a sage.  
Much did he praise the holy faith we held,  
Which God, he said, to cheer the soul had given,  
For even the very angels that rebelled,  
By sin performed the blessed work of Heaven.  
The Wicked King, of whom we justly spake,  
Was but an instrument in God's wise hand,  
And though the kingdoms of the earth might quake,  
Peace would revisit every ravaged land.  
Even as the earthquake, in some former time,  
Scatter'd yon rugged mountain far and wide,  
Till years of winter's snow and summer's prime,  
To naked cliffs fresh verdure have supplied,  
—Now troops of playful lambs are bounding on its side

Pleased were the simple groupe to hear the sire  
Thus able to converse with men from far,  
And much did they of vaguely-rumour'd war,  
That long had raged in distant lands, inquire.  
Scarce could their hearts, at peace with all mankind,  
Believe what bloody deeds on earth are done,  
That man of woman born should be so blind  
As walk in guilt beneath the blessed sun

And one, with thoughtful countenance, exprest  
A fear lest on some dark disastrous day,  
Across the sea might come that noisome pest,  
And make fair England's happy vales his prey.  
Short lived that fear! — soon firmer thoughts arise:  
Well could these dalesmen wield the patriot's sword.  
And stretch the foe beneath the smiling skies;  
In innocence they trust, and in the Lord,  
Whom they, that very morn, in gladness had adored!

But soon such thoughts to lighter speech give way;  
We in our turn a willing ear did lend  
To tale of sports, that made them blithely spend  
The winter-evening and the summer-day.  
Smiling they told us of the harmless glee  
That bids the echoes of the mountains wake,  
When at the stated festival they see  
Their new-wash'd flocks come snow-white from the lake,  
And joyful dance at neighbouring village fair,  
Where lads and lasses, in their best attire,  
Go to enjoy that playful pastime rare,  
And careful statesmen shepherds new to hire!  
Or they would tell, how, at some neighbour's cot,  
When nights are long, and winter on the earth,  
All cares are in the dance and song forgot,  
And round the fire quick flies the circling mirth,  
When nuptial vows are pledged, or at an infant's birth!

Well did the roses blooming on their cheek,  
And eyes of laughing light, that glisten'd fair  
Beneath the artless ringlets of their hair,  
Each maiden's health and purity bespeak.  
Following the impulse of their simple will,  
No thought had they to give or take offence;  
Glad were their bosoms, yet sedate and still,

And fearless in the strength of innocence.  
Oft as, in accents mild, we strangers spoke  
To these sweet maidens, an unconscious smile,  
Like sudden sunshine, o'er their faces broke,  
And with it struggling blushes mix'd the while.  
And oft as mirth and glee went laughing round,  
Breath'd in this maiden's ear some harmless jest  
Would make her, for one moment, on the ground  
Her eyes let fall, as wishing from the rest  
To hide the sudden throb that beat within her breast.

Oh ! not in vain have purest poets told,  
In elegies and hymns that ne'er shall die,  
How, in the fields of famous Arcady,  
Lived simple shepherds in the age of gold !  
They fabled not, in peopling rural shades  
With all most beautiful in heart and frame;  
Where without guile swains woo'd their happy maids,  
And love was friendship with a gentler name.  
Such songs in truth and nature had their birth,  
Their source was lofty and their aim was pure,  
And still, in many a favour'd spot of earth,  
The virtues that awoke their voice endure !  
Bear witness thou ! O, wild and beauteous dell,  
To whom my gladden'd heart devotes this strain;  
—O ! long may all who in thy bosom dwell  
Nature's primeval innocence retain,  
Nor e'er may lawless foot thy sanctity profane !

Sweet Maids ! my wandering heart returns to you ;  
And well' the blush of joy, the courteous air,  
Words unrestrained, and open looks declare  
That fancy's day-dreams have not been untrue.  
It was indeed a beauteous thing, to see  
The virgin, while her bashful visage smiled,

As if she were a mother, on her knee  
Take up, with many a kiss, the asking child.  
And well, I ween, she play'd the mother's part;  
For as she bended o'er the infant fair,  
A mystic joy seem'd stirring at her heart;  
A yearning fondness, and a silent prayer.  
Nor did such gentle maiden long refuse  
To cheer our spirits with some favourite strain,  
Some simple ballad, framed by rustic muse,  
Of one who died for love, or, led by gain,  
Sail'd in a mighty ship to lands beyond the main.

And must we close this scene of merriment?  
— Lo! in the lake soft burns the star of eve,  
And the night-hawk hath warn'd our guests to leave,  
Ere darker shades descend, our happy tent.  
The Moon's bright edge is seen above the hill;  
She comes to light them on their homeward way;  
And every heart, I ween, now lies as still  
As on yon fleecy cloud her new-born ray.  
Kindly by young and old our hands are press'd;  
And kindly we the gentle touch return;  
Each face declares that deep in every breast  
Peace, virtue, friendship, and affection burn.  
At last beneath the silent air we part,  
And promise make that shall not be in vain,  
A promise asked and given warm from the heart,  
That we will visit all, on hill and plain,  
If e'er it be our lot to see this land again!

Backward they gaz'd, as slowly they withdrew,  
With step reluctant, from the water-side;  
And oft, with waving hand, at distance tried  
Through the dim light to send a last adieu!  
One lovely groupe still linger'd on the green,

The first to come, the last to go away;  
 While steep'd in stillness of the moonlight scene,  
 Moor'd to a rock their little pinnacle lay.  
 These laughing damsels climb its humble side;  
 Like fairy elves that love the starry sea;  
 Nor e'er did billows with more graceful glide  
 'Mid the wild main enjoy their liberty.  
 Their faces brightening in triumphant hue,  
 Close to each maid their joyful lovers stand;  
 One gives the signal, — all the jovial crew  
 Let go, with tender press, the yielding hand;  
 — Down drop the oars at once, — away they push from  
     hand.

The boat hath left the silent bank, the tone  
 Of the retiring oar escapes the mind;  
 Like mariners some ship hath left behind,  
 We feel, thus standing speechless and alone.  
 One moment lives that melancholy trance —  
 The mountains ring : Oh ! what a joy is there !  
 As hurries o'er their heights, in circling dance,  
 Cave-loving Echo, Daughter of the Air.  
 Is it some spirit of night that wakes the shout,  
 As o'er the cliffs, with headlong speed, she ranges?  
 Is it, on plain and steep, some fairy rout  
 Answering each other in tumultuous changes?  
 There seems amid the hills a playful war;  
 Trumpet and clarion join the mystic noise;  
 Now growing on the ear, now dying far !  
 Great Gabel from his summit sends a voice,  
 And the remotest depths of Ennerdale rejoice !

Oh ! well I know what means this din of mirth !  
 No spirits are they, who, trooping through the sky,

In chorus swell that mountain-melody;  
— It comes from mortal children of the earth!  
These are the voices that so late did cheer  
Our tent with laughter; from the hills they come  
With friendly sound unto our listening ear,  
A jocund farewell to our glimmering home.  
Loth are our guests, though they have linger'd long,  
That our sweet tent at last should leave their sight;  
So with one voice they sing a parting song,  
Ere they descend behind the clouds of night.  
Nor are we mute; an answering shout we wake,  
At each short pause of the long, lengthening sound,  
Till all is silent as the silent lake,  
And every noise above, below, around,  
Seems in the brooding night-sky's depth of slumber  
drown'd!

Soon from that calm our spirits start again  
With blyther vigour; nought around we see  
Save lively images of mirth and glee,  
And playful fancies hurry through our brain.  
Shine not, sweet Moon! with such a haughty light;  
Ye stars! behind your veil of clouds retire;  
For we shall kindle on the earth, this night,  
To drown your feeble rays, a joyous fire.  
Bring the leaves withering in the holly-shade,  
The oaken branches sapless now and hoar,  
The fern no longer green, and whins that fade  
'Mid the thin sand that strews the rocky shore.  
Heap them above that new-awaken'd spark;  
Soon shall a pyramid of flame arise,  
Now the first rustling of the vapour, hark!  
The kindling spirit from its prison flies,  
And in an instant mounts in glory to the skies!

Far gleams the lake, as in the light of day,  
Or when, from mountain-top, the setting sun,  
Ere yet his earth-delighting course is run,  
Sheds on the slumbering wave a purple ray.  
A bright'ning verdure runs o'er every field,  
As if by potent necromancer shed,  
And a dark wood is suddenly reveal'd,  
A glory resting on its ancient head.  
And oh! what radiant beauty doth invest  
Our tent, that seems to feel a conscious pride,  
Whiter by far than any cygnet's breast,  
Or cygnet's shadow floating with the tide.  
A warmer flush unto the moonlight cold,  
Winning its lovely way, is softly given,  
A silvery radiance tinged with vivid gold;  
While thousand mimic stars are gayly driven  
Through the bright glistening air, scarce known from  
those in Heaven.

Amid the flame our lurid figures stand,  
Or, through the shrouding vapour dimly view'd  
To fancy seem, in that strange solitude,  
Like the wild brethren of some lawless band.  
One, snatching from the heap a blazing bough,  
Would, like lone maniac, from the rest retire,  
And, as he waved it, mutter deep a vow,  
His head encircled with a wreath of fire.  
Others, with rushing haste, and eager voice,  
Would drag new victims to the insatiate power,  
That like a savage idol did rejoice,  
Whate'er his suppliants offer'd to devour.  
And aye strange murmurs o'er the mountains roll'd,  
As if from sprite immured in cavern lone,  
While higher rose pale Luna to behold

Our mystic orgies, where no light had shone,  
For many and many a year of silence—but her own.

O! gracious Goddess! not in vain did shine  
Thy spirit o'er the heavens; with reverent eye  
We hail'd thee floating through the happy sky;  
No smiles to us are half so dear as thine!  
Silent we stood beside our dying flame,  
In pensive sadness, born of wild delight,  
And gazing heavenward, many a gentle name  
Bestow'd on her who beautifies the night.  
Then, with one heart, like men who inly mourn'd,  
Slowly we paced towards our fairy cell,  
And e'er we enter'd, for the moment turn'd,  
And bade the silent majesty farewell.

Our rushy beds invite us to repose;  
And while our spirits breathe a grateful prayer,  
In balmy slumbers soon our eyelids close,  
While, in our dreams, the Moon, serenely fair,  
Still bathes in light divine the visionary air!

Methinks, next night, I see her mount her throne,  
Intent with loving smile once more to hail  
The deep, deep peace of this her loneliest vale,  
—But where hath now the magic dwelling flown?

Oh! it hath melted like a dream away,  
A dream by far too beautiful for earth;  
Or like a cloud that hath no certain stay,  
But ever changing, like a different birth.  
The aged holly trees more silently,  
Now we are gone, stand on the silent ground;  
I seem to hear the streamlet floating by  
With a complaining, melancholy sound.  
Hush'd are the echoes in each mountains breast,  
No traces there of former mirth remain;

They all in friendly grandeur lie at rest  
And silent, save where Nature's endless strain,  
From cataract and cave, delights her lonely reign.

Yet, though the strangers and their tent have past  
Away, like snow that leaves no mark behind,  
Their image lives in many a guiltless mind,  
And long within the shepherd's cot shall last.  
Oft when, on winter night, the crowded seat  
Is closely wheel'd before the blazing fire,  
Then will he love with grave voice to repeat  
(He, the grey-headed venerable sire)  
The conversation he with us did hold  
On moral subjects, he had studied long;  
And some will gibe the maid who was so bold  
As sing to strangers readily a song.  
Then they unto each other will recal  
Each little incident of that strange night,  
And give their kind opinion of us all :  
God bless their faces smiling in the light  
Of their own cottage-hearth! O, fair subduing sight!

Friends of my heart! who shared that purest joy,  
And oft will read these lines with soften'd soul,  
Go where we will, let years of absence roll,  
Nought shall our sacred amity destroy.  
We walk'd together through the mountain-calm,  
In open confidence, and perfect trust;  
And pleasure, falling through our breasts like balm,  
Told that the yearnings that we felt were just.  
No slighting tone, no chilling look e'er marr'd  
The happiness in which our thoughts reposed,  
No words save those of gentleness were heard;  
The eye spoke kindly when the lip was closed.  
But chief, on that blest day that wakes my song,

Our hearts eternal truth in silence swore;  
The holy oath is planted deep and strong  
Within our spirits, — in their inmost core, —  
And it shall blossom fair till life shall be no more!

Most hallow'd day! scarce can my heart sustain  
Your tender light by memory made more mild;  
Tears could I shed even like unto a child,  
And sighs within my spirit hush the strain.  
Too many clouds have dimm'd my youthful life,  
These wakeful eyes too many vigils kept;  
Mine hath it been to toss in mental strife,  
When in the moonlight breathing Nature slept.  
But I forget my cares; in bliss forget,  
When, peaceful Valley! I remember thee;  
I seem to breathe the air of joy, and yet  
Thy bright'ning hues with moisten'd eyes I see.  
So will it be, till life itself doth close,  
Roam though I may o'er many a distant clime;  
Happy, or pining in unnoticed woes,  
Oft shall my soul recal that blessed time,  
And in her depths adore the beauteous and sublime!

Time that my rural reed at last should cease  
Its willing numbers; not in vain hath flow'd  
The strain that on my singing heart bestow'd  
The holy boon of undisturbed peace.  
O gentlest Lady! Sister of my friend,  
This simple strain I consecrate to thee;  
Haply its music with thy soul may blend,  
Albeit well used to loftier minstrelsy.  
Nor, may thy quiet spirit read the lay  
With cold regard, thou wife and mother blest!  
For he was with me on that Sabbath-day,  
Whose heart lies buried in thy inmost breast.

Then go my innocent and blameless tale,  
In gladness go, and free from every fear,  
To yon sweet dwelling above Grassmere vale,  
And be to them I long have held so dear,  
One of their fire-side songs, still fresh from year to year!

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### TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

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ART thou a thing of mortal birth,  
Whose happy home is on our earth?  
Does human blood with life imbue  
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,  
That stray along thy forehead fair,  
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?  
Oh! can that light and airy breath  
Steal from a being doom'd to death,  
Those features to the grave be sent  
In sleep thus mutely eloquent;  
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,  
The phantom of a blessed dream?  
A human shape I feel thou art,  
I feel it, at my beating heart,  
Those tremors both of soul and sense  
Awoke by infant innocence!  
Though dear the forms by fancy wove;  
We love them with a transient love;  
Thoughts from the living world intrude  
Even on her deepest solitude:  
But, lovely child! thy magic stole  
At once into my inmost soul,

With feelings as thy beauty fair,  
And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown;  
Glad would they be their child to own!  
And well they must have loved before,  
If since thy birth they loved not more.  
Thou art a branch of noble stem,  
And, seeing thee, I figure them.  
What many a childless one would give,  
If thou in their still home wouldst live!  
Though in thy face no family-line  
Might sweetly say, "This babe is mine!"  
In time thou wouldst become the same  
As their own child, — all but the name!

How happy must thy parents be,  
Who daily live in sight of thee!  
Whose hearts no greater pleasure seek  
Than see thee smile, and hear thee speak,  
And feel all natural griefs beguiled  
By thee, their fond, their duteous child.  
What joy must in their souls have stirr'd,  
When thy first broken words were heard,  
Words, that, inspired by Heaven, express'd  
The transports dancing in thy breast!  
As for thy smile! — thy lip, cheek, brow,  
Even while I gaze, are kindling now.

I called thee duteous; am I wrong?  
No! truth, I feel, is in my song:  
Duteous thy heart's still beatings move  
To God, to Nature, and to Love!  
To God! — for thou a harmless child  
Hast kept his temple undefiled:

To Nature! — for thy tears and sighs  
 Obey alone her mysteries:  
 To Love! — for fiends of hate might see  
 Thou dwell'st in love, and love in thee!  
 What wonder then, though in thy dreams  
 Thy face with mystic meaning beams!

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see  
 Whence burst those gleams of extacy!  
 That light of dreaming soul appears  
 To play from thoughts above thy years.  
 Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring  
 To Heaven, and Heaven's God adoring!  
 And who can tell what visions high  
 May bless an infant's sleeping eye?  
 What brighter throne can brightness find  
 To reign on than an infant's mind,  
 Ere sin destroy, or error dim,  
 The glory of the Seraphim?

But now thy changing smiles express  
 Intelligible happiness.  
 I feel my soul thy soul partake.  
 What grief! if thou should'st now awake!  
 With infants happy as thyself  
 I see thee bound, a playful elf:  
 I see thou art a darling child  
 Among thy playmates, bold and wild.  
 They love thee well; thou art the queen  
 Of all their sports, in bower or green;  
 And if thou livest to woman's height,  
 In thee will friendship, love delight.

And live thou surely must; thy life  
 Is far too spiritual for the strife

Of mortal pain, nor could disease  
Find heart to prey on smiles like these.  
Oh! thou wilt be an angel bright!  
To those thou lovest, a saving light!  
The staff of age, the help sublime  
Of erring youth, and stubborn prime;  
And when thou goest to Heaven again,  
Thy vanishing be like the strain  
Of airy harp, so soft the tone  
The ear scarce knows when it is gone!

Thrice blessed he! whose stars design  
His spirit pure to lean on thine;  
And watchful share, for days and years,  
Thy sorrows, joys, sighs, smiles, and tears!  
For good and guiltless as thou art,  
Some transient griefs will touch thy heart,  
Griefs that along thy alter'd face  
Will breathe a more subduing grace,  
Than ev'n those looks of joy that lie  
On the soft cheek of infancy.  
Though looks, God knows, are cradled there  
That guilt might cleanse, or sooth despair.

Oh! vision fair! that I could be  
Again, as young, as pure as thee!  
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form  
May view, but cannot brave the storm;  
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes  
That paint the bird of paradise,  
And years, so fate hath order'd, roll  
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul.  
Yet, sometimes, sudden sights of grace,  
Such as the gladness of thy face,

'O sinless babe! by God are given  
To charm the wanderer back to Heaven.

No common impulse hath me led  
To this green spot, thy quiet bed,  
Where, by mere gladness overcome,  
In sleep thou dreamest of thy home.  
When to the lake I would have gone,  
A wondrous beauty drew me on,  
Such beauty as the spirit sees  
In glittering fields, and moveless trees,  
After a warm and silent shower,  
Ere falls on earth the twilight hour.  
What led me hither, all can say,  
Who, knowing God, his will obey.

Thy slumbers now cannot be long:  
Thy little dreams become too strong  
For sleep—too like realities:  
Soon shall I see those hidden eyes!  
Thou wakest, and, starting from the ground,  
In dear amazement look'st around;  
Like one who, little given to roam,  
Wonders to find herself from home!  
But when a stranger meets thy view,  
Glistens thine eye with wilder hue.  
A moment's thought who I may be,  
Blends with thy smiles of courtesy.

Fair was that face as break of dawn,  
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn,  
Like a thin veil that half-conceal'd  
The light of soul, and half-reveal'd.  
While thy hush'd heart with visions wrought,  
Each trembling eye-lash moved with thought,

And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,  
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek,  
Such summer-clouds as travel light,  
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright;  
Till thou awak'st, — then to thine eye  
Thy whole heart leapt in extacy!

And lovely is that heart of thine,  
Or sure these eyes could never shine  
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,  
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity!  
Nature has breath'd into thy face  
A spirit of unconscious grace;  
A spirit that lies never still,  
And makes thee joyous 'gainst thy will.  
As, sometimes o'er a sleeping lake  
Soft airs a gentle rippling make,  
Till, ere we know, the strangers fly,  
And water blends again with sky.

Oh! happy sprite! didst thou but know  
What pleasures through my being flow  
From thy soft eyes! a holier feeling  
From their blue light could ne'er be stealing;  
But thou would'st be more loth to part,  
And give me more of that glad heart!  
Oh! gone thou art! and bearest hence  
The glory of thy innocence.  
But with deep joy I breathe the air  
That kiss'd thy cheek, and fann'd thy hair,  
And feel, though fate our lives must sever,  
Yet shall thy image live for ever!

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## THE SCHOLAR'S FUNERAL.

WHY hang the sweet bells mute in Magdalene-Tower,  
Still wont to usher, in delightful May,<sup>1</sup>  
The dewy silence of the morning hour  
Cheering with many a changeful roundelay?  
And those pure youthful voices where are they,  
That hymning far up in the listening sky,  
Seem'd issuing softly through the gates of day,  
As if a troop of sainted souls on high  
Were hovering o'er the earth with angel melody?

This day the pensive Choristers are mute,  
The Tower stands silent in the shades of woe,  
And well that darkness and those shadows suit  
The solemn hush shed o'er the courts below.  
There all is noiseless as a plain of snow,  
Nor wandering footstep stirs th' unechoing wall.  
Hark—hark! the muffled bell is tolling slow!  
Into my mournful soul its warnings fall—  
It is the solemn day of Vernon's funeral.

No sound last night was heard these courts within,  
Save sleepless scholar sobbing in his cell;  
For mirth had seem'd a sacrilegious sin  
Against the dead whom all did love so well.  
Only—at evening-prayer, the holy swell

<sup>1</sup> On the First of May the Choristers ascend the beautiful Tower of Magdalene College, Oxford, and there sing a Latin hymn to the Season.

Of organ, at the close of service, sent  
 ( While on their knees the awe-struck weepers fell,  
 Or on the pillar'd shade in anguish leant )  
 Through the dim echoing aisle a sorrowful lament.

All night the melancholy moonshine slept  
 O'er the lone chamber where his corpse was laid :  
 Amid the sighing groves the cold dews wept,  
 And the sad stars, in glimmering beams array'd,  
 In heaven seem'd mourning o'er the parted shade  
 Of him who knew the nature and the name  
 Of every orb to human ken display'd,  
 Whether on silent throne a stedfast flame,  
 Or roll'd in music round the Universal Frame.

And now the day looks mournful as the night,  
 For all o'er heaven black clouds begin to roll,  
 Through which the dim sun streams a fitful light  
 In sympathy with man's desponding soul.  
 Is nought around but images of dole!  
 The distant towers a kindred sorrow breathe,  
 Struck 'mid their own groves by that dismal toll;  
 And the grey cloisters, coldly stretch'd beneath,  
 Hush'd in profounder calm confess the power of death.

Sad for the glory that hath parted thence,  
 Through spire, tower, temple, theatre, and dome,  
 Mourns Oxford in her old magnificence,  
 Sublimely silent 'mid the sunless gloom.  
 But chief one College weeps her favourite's doom—  
 All hearts turn thither in the calm of morn;  
 Silent she standeth like one mighty tomb,  
 In reverend beauty—desolate—forlorn—  
 For her refulgent star is all-untimely shorn.

Her courts grow darker, as the hour draws near  
When that blest corpse must sink for evermore,  
Let down by loving hands to dungeon drear,  
From the glad world of sunshine cover'd o'er  
By the damp pavement of the silent floor!  
—Sad all around—as when a gentle day  
All dimly riseth o'er a wreck-strewn shore,  
When Love at last hath ceas'd to heaven to pray,  
And Grief hath wept her fill, and Hope turn'd sick away,

Yea, even a careless stranger might perceive  
That death and sorrow rule this doleful place—  
Passing along the grey-hair'd menials grieve,  
Nor is it hard a tender gloom to trace  
On the young chorister's sunshiny face,  
While slow returning from the mournful room  
Of friend, where they were weeping o'er the days  
With Vernon past—profoundly sunk in gloom  
The pale-fac'd scholar walks, still dreaming of the tomb.

Now ghastly sight and lowly-whispering sound  
On every side the sadden'd spirit meet—  
And notice give to all the courts around  
Of doleful preparation—the rude feet  
Of death's hir'd menials through this calm retreat,  
With careless tread, are hurrying to and fro—  
And loving hearts with pangs of anguish beat,  
To see the cloisters blackening all below  
With rueful sable plumes—a ghastly funeral-show.

—Come let us now with silent feet ascend  
The stair that leads up to yon ancient tower—  
—There, lieth in his shroud my dearest friend!  
Oh! that the breath of sighs, the dewy shower  
Stream'd from so many eye-lids had the power

Gently to stir, and raise up from its bed  
The broken stalk of that consummate flower!  
Nought may restore the odours once when shed;  
That sunshine smiles in vain—it wakens not the dead!

Behold! his parents kneeling side by side,  
Still as the body that is sleeping there!  
Far off were they when their sweet Henry died,  
At once they fell from bliss into despair.  
What sorrows slumber in that silvery hair!  
The old man groans, nor dares his face to show  
To the glad day-light—while a sobbing prayer  
Steals from the calmer partner of his woe,  
Who gently lays her hand upon those locks of snow.

He lifts his eyes—quick through a parting cloud  
The sun looks out—and fills the room with light,  
Hath given a purer lustre to the shroud,  
And plays and dances o'er those cheeks so white.  
“Curst be the cruel Sun! who shines so bright  
“Upon my dead boy’s face! one kiss—one kiss—  
“Before thou sink to everlasting night!  
“My child—my child!—oh! how unlike to this  
“The last embrace I gave in more than mortal bliss.”

Pale as a statue bending o’er a tomb,  
The childless mother! as a statue still!  
But Resignation, Hope, and Faith illumine  
Her upward eyes! and her meek spirit fill  
With downy peace, which blasts of earthly ill  
May never ruffle more—a smile appears  
At times to flit across her visage chill,  
More awful rendering every gush of tears  
Shed at the dark eclipse of all life’s sunny years.

The whole path from his cradle to his grave  
She travels back with a bewilder'd brain!  
Bright in the gales of youth his free locks wave,  
As if their burnish'd beauty laugh'd at pain,  
And god-like claim'd exemption from the reign  
Of grief, decay, and death! Her touch doth meet  
Lips cold as ice that ne'er will glow again,  
And lo! from these wan lips unto his feet  
Drawn by the hand of death a ghostly winding-sheet!

She hop'd to have seen him in yon hallow'd grove,  
With gay companions laughing at his side,  
And listening unto him whom all did love!  
For she had heard with pure maternal pride  
How science to his gaze unfolded wide  
Her everlasting gates—but as he trod  
The Temple's inner shrine, he sank and died—  
And all of him that hath not gone to God  
Within her loving clasp lies senseless as the clod.

With tottering steps she to the window goes.  
Oh! what a glorious burst of light is there!  
Rejoicing in his course the river flows,  
And 'neath its coronet of dark-blue air  
The stately Elm-grove rises fresh and fair,  
Blest in the dewy silence of the skies!  
She looks one moment—then in blind despair  
Turns to the coffin where her Henry lies—  
—The green earth laughs in vain before his closed eyes!

The Old Man now hath no more tears to shed—  
Wasted are all his groans so long and deep—  
He looks as if he car'd not for the dead!  
Or thought his Son would soon awake from sleep.  
An agony there is that cannot weep,

That glares not on the visage, but is borne  
Within the ruin'd-spirits dungeon-keep,  
In darkness and in silence most forlorn,  
Hugging the grave-like gloom, nor wishing for the morn.

Lo! suddenly he starteth from his knees!  
And hurrying up and down, all round the walls  
Glances wild looks—and now his pale hands seize,  
Just as the light on its expression falls,  
Yon picture, whose untroubled face recalls  
A smile for ever banish'd from the air!  
“O dark! my Boy! are now thy Father's halls!  
“But I will hang this silent picture there,  
“And morn and night will kneel before it in despair.”

With trembling grasp he lifts the idle gown  
Worn by his Son—then closing his dim eyes,  
With a convulsive start he flings it down,  
Goes and returns, and loads it where it lies  
With hurried kisses! Then his glance espies  
A letter by that hand now icy-cold  
Fill'd full of love, and homebred sympathies;  
Naming familiarly both young and old,  
And blessing that sweet Home he ne'er was to behold.

And now the Father lays his wither'd hand  
Upon a book whose leaves are idly spread:  
Gone—gone is he who well could understand  
The kingly language of the mighty dead!  
—There lies the flute that oft at twilight shed  
Airs that beguil'd the old man of his tears;  
But cold the master's touch—his skill is fled,  
And all his innocent life at once appears  
Like some sweet lovely tune that charm'd in other years.

But now the door is open'd soft and slow :  
 "The hour is come, and all the mourners wait  
 "With heads uncover'd in the courts below!"  
 Stunn'd are the parents with these words of fate,  
 And bow their heads low down beneath the weight  
 Of one soul-sickening moment of despair!  
 Grief cometh deadly when it cometh late,  
 And with a Fury's hand delights to tear  
 From Eld's deep-furrow'd front the thin and hoary hair.

His eyes are open, and with tearless gleam  
 Fix'd on the coffin! ~~but~~ they see it not,  
 Like haunted Guilt blind-walking in a dream,  
 With soul intent on its own secret blot.  
 The coffin moves!—yet rooted to the spot,  
 He sees it born away, with vacant eyes,  
 Unconscious what it means! hath even forgot  
 The name of Her who in a death-fit lies,—  
 His heart is turn'd to stone, nor heeds who lives or dies!

Lo! now the Pall comes forth into the light,  
 And one chill shudder thrills the weeping crowd!  
 There is it 'mid the sunshine black as night,  
 And soon to disappear—a passing cloud!  
 Grief can no longer bear—but bursts aloud!  
 Youth, manhood, age, one common nature sways,  
 And hoary heads across the pall are bowed  
 Near burnish'd locks where youthful beauty plays—  
 For all alike did love the Form that there decays!

List! list! a doleful dirge—a wild death-song!  
 The coffin now is placed upon its bier,  
 And through the echoing cloisters borne along!  
 —How touching ~~these~~ young voices thus to hear  
 Singing of sorrow, and of mortal fear

To their glad innocence as yet unknown!  
 Singing they weep—but transient every tear,  
 Nor may their spirits understand the groan  
 That age or manhood pours above the funeral stone.

Waileth more dolefully that passing psalm,  
 At every step they take towards the cell  
 That calls the coffin to eternal calm!  
 At each swing of the melancholy bell  
 More loud the sighing and the sobbing swell  
 More ghostly paleness whitens every face!  
 Slow the procession moves — slow tolls that knell —  
 But yet the funeral at that solemn pace  
 Alas! too soon will reach its final resting-place.

How Vernon lov'd to walk this cloister'd shade  
 In silent musings, far into the night!  
 When o'er that Tower the rising Moon display'd  
 Not purer than his soul her cloudless light.  
 Still was his lamp-lit window burning bright,  
 A little earthly star that shone most sweet  
 To those in heaven — but now extinguish'd quite —  
 — Fast-chain'd are now those nightly-wand'ring feet  
 In bonds that none may burst — folds of the winding-sheet.

Wide is the chapel-gate, and entereth slow  
 With all its floating pomp that sable pall!  
 Silent as in a dream the funeral show  
 (For grief hath breath'd one spirit into all)  
 Is ranged at once along the gloomy wall!  
 Ah me! what mournful lights athwart the gloom,  
 From yonder richly-pictur'd window fall!  
 And with a transitory smile illumine  
 The dim-discover'd depth of that damp breathless tomb.

All hearts turn shuddering from that gulf profound,  
 And momentary solace vainly seek  
 In gazing on the solemn objects round!  
 Those pictur'd saints with eyes uplifted meek  
 To the still heavens, how silently they speak  
 Of faith untroubled, sanctity divine —  
 While on the paleness of each placid cheek  
 We seem to see a holy lustre shine,  
 O'er mortal beauty breath'd from an immortal shrine!

What though beneath our feet the earthly mould  
 Of virtue, beauty, youth, and genius lie  
 In grim decay! Yet round us we behold  
 The cheering emblems of eternity.  
 What voice divine is theirs! If soul may die,  
 And nought its perishable glory save,  
 Unto yon marble face that to the sky  
 Looks up with humble hope, what feeling gave  
 Those smiles that speak of heaven, though kindling o'er  
 a grave!

O holy image of the Son of God!  
 Bearing his cross up toilsome Calvary!  
 Was that stern path for sinful mortals trod?  
 — Methinks from that calm cheek, and pitying eye  
 Uplifted to that grim and wrathful sky  
 (Dim for our sakes with a celestial tear)  
 Falls a sweet smile where Vernon's relics lie  
 In mortal stillness on the unmoving bier!  
 Seeming the bright spring-morn of heaven's eternal year.

— Down, down within oblivion's darksome brink,  
 With lingering motion, as if every hand

Were loth to let the mournful burden sink,  
The coffin disappears! The weeping band,  
All round that gulf one little moment stand  
In mute and black dismay — and scarcely know  
What dire event has happen'd! the loose sand  
From the vault-stone with dull drop sound below, —  
The grave's low hollow voice hath told the tale of woe!

Look for the last time down that cold damp gloom;  
Of those bright letters take a farewell sight!  
— Down falls the vault-stone on the yawning tomb,  
And all below is sunk in sudden night!  
Now is the chapel-aisle with sunshine bright,  
The upper world is glad, and fresh and fair,  
But that black stone repels the dancing light, —  
The beams of heaven must never enter there,  
Where by the mould'ring corpse in darkness sits Despair!

Where now those tears, smiles, motions, looks and tones,  
That made our Vernon in his pride of place  
So glorious and so fair! these sullen stones,  
Like a frozen sea, lie o'er that beauteous face!  
Soon will there be no solitary trace  
Of him, his joys, his sadness, or his mirth!  
Even now grows dim the memory of that grace  
That halo-like shone round the soul of worth!  
All fading like a dream! all vanishing from earth.

Where now the fancies wild — the thoughts benign  
That rais'd his soul and purified his heart!  
Where now have fled those impulses divine  
That taught that gifted youth the Poet's art,  
Stealing at midnight with a thrilling start  
Into his spirit, wakeful with the pain  
Of that mysterious joy! In darkness part

All the bright hopes, that in a glorious train  
Lay round his soul, like clouds that hail the morning's  
reign!

Ah me! can sorrow such fair image bring  
Before a mourner's eyes! Methinks I see,  
Laden with all the glories of the spring,  
Balm, brightness, music, a resplendent tree,  
Waving its blossom'd branches gloriously  
Over a sunny garden of delight!  
A cold north-wind comes wrathful from the sea,  
And there at dawn of day, a rueful sight!  
As winter brown and sere, the glory once so bright.

I look into the mist of future years,  
And gather comfort from the eternal law  
That yields up manhood to a host of fears,  
To blinded passion, and bewildering awe!  
Th' exulting soul of Vernon never saw  
Hope's ghastly visage by Truth laugh'd to scorn;  
Imagination had not paus'd to draw  
The gorgeous curtains of Life's sunny morn,  
Nor show'd the scenes behind so dismal and forlorn.

To thee, my Friend! as to a shining star,  
Through the blue depths a cloudless course was given;  
There smil'd thy soul, from earthly vapours far,  
Serenely sparkling in its native heaven!  
No clouds at last were o'er its beauty driven —  
But as aloft it burn'd resplendently,  
At once it faded from the face of even,  
As oft before the nightly wanderer's eye  
A star on which he gaz'd drops sudden from the sky!

Who comes to break my dreams? The chapel-door  
Is opening slow, and that old Man appears

With his long floating locks so silvery-hoar !  
 His frame is crouching, as if twenty years  
 Had pass'd in one short day ! There are no tears  
 On his wan wrinkled face, or hollow eyes !  
 At last with pain his humbled head he rears,  
 And asks, while not one grief-chok'd voice replies,  
 "Show me the very stone 'neath which my Henry lies !"

He sees the scatter'd dust — and down he falls  
 Upon that pavement with a shuddering groan —  
 And with a faltering broken voice he calls  
 By that dear name upon his buried Son.  
 Then dumb he lies ! and ever and anon  
 Fixes his eye-balls with a ghastly glow  
 On the damp blackness of that hideous stone,  
 As if he look'd it through, and saw below  
 The dead face looking up as white as frozen snow !

O gently make way for that Lady fair !  
 How calm she walks along the solemn aisle !  
 Beneath the sad grace of that braided hair,  
 How still her brow ! and what a holy smile !  
 One start she gives — and stops a little while,  
 When bow'd by grief her husband's frame appears,  
 With reverend locks which the hard stones defile !  
 Then with the only voice that mourner hears,  
 Lifts up his hoary head and bathes it in her tears !

At last the funeral party melts away,  
 And as I look up from the chapel-floor,  
 No living object can my eyes survey,  
 Save these two childless Parents at the door,  
 Flinging back a wild farewell — then seen no more !  
 And now I hear my own slow footsteps sound  
 Along the echoing aisle — that tread is o'er —



The ancient servants of the House will wait !  
Up to those woe-worn visages afraid  
To lift their gaze ! while on the tower displayed,  
A rueful scutcheon meets the Father's eye,  
Hung out by death when beauty had decayed,  
And sending far into the sunless sky  
The mortal gloom that shrouds its dark emblazonry.

Oh ! black as death yon pine-grove on the hill !  
Yon waterfall hath now a dismal roar !  
Why is that little lake so sadly still,  
So dim the flowers and trees along the shore !  
'Tis not in vernal sunshine to restore  
Their faded beauty, for the source of light  
That warm'd the primrose-bank doth flow no more !  
Vain Nature's power ! for unto Sorrow's sight  
No dewy flower is fair, no blossomy tree is bright.

— Five years have travell'd by — since side by side  
That aged pair were laid in holy ground !  
With them the very name of Vernon died,  
And now it seemeth like an alien sound,  
Where once it shed bright smiles and blessings round !  
Another race dwell in that ancient Hall,  
Nor one memorial of that youth is found  
Save his sweet Picture — now unknown to all —  
That smiles, and long will smile neglected on the wall.

But not forgotten in that lofty clime,  
Where star-like once thy radiant spirit shone,  
Art thou, my Vernon ! 'mid those courts sublime  
The mournful music of thy name is known.  
Oxford still glories in her gifted Son,  
And grey-hair'd men who speak of days gone by  
Recount what noble palms by him were won,

Describe his step, his mien, his voice, his eye,  
Till tears will oft rush in to close his eulogy.

In the dim silence of the Chapel-aisle  
His Image stands! with pale but life-like face!  
The cold white marble breathes a heavenly smile,  
The still locks cluster with a mournful grace.  
O ne'er may time that beauteous bust deface!  
There may it smile through ages far away,  
On those, who, walking through that holy place,  
A moment pause that Image to survey,  
And read with soften'd soul the monumental lay.

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### PICTURE OF A BLIND MAN.

WHY sits so long beside yon cottage-door  
That aged man with tresses thin and hoar?  
Fix'd are his eyes in one continued gaze,  
Nor seem to feel the sun's meridian blaze;  
Yet are the orbs with youth-like colours bright,  
As o'er the Iris falls the trembling light.  
Changeless his mien; not even one flitting trace  
Of spirit wanders o'er his furrow'd face;  
No feeling moves his venerable head:  
— He sitteth there — an emblem of the dead!  
The staff of age lies near him on the seat,  
His faithful dog is slumbering at his feet,  
And yon fair child, who steals an hour for play,  
While thus her father rests upon his way,  
Her sport will leave, nor cast one look behind,  
Soon as she hears his voice, — for he is blind!

List ! as in tones through deep affection mild  
He speaks by name to the delighted child !  
Then, bending mute in dreams of painful bliss  
Breathes o'er her neck a father's tenderest kiss,  
And with light hand upon her forehead fair  
Smooths the stray ringlets of her silky hair !  
A beauteous phantom rises through the night  
For ever brooding o'er his darken'd sight,  
So clearly imaged both in form and limb,  
He scarce remembers that his eyes are dim,  
But thinks he sees in truth the vernal wreath  
His gentle infant wove, that it might breathe  
A sweet restoring fragrance through his breast,  
Chosen from the wild-flowers that he loves the best.  
In that sweet trance he sees the sparkling glee  
That sanctifies the face of infancy ;  
The dimpled cheek where playful fondness lies,  
And the blue softness of her smiling eyes ;  
The spirit's temple unprofaned by tears,  
Where God's unclouded loveliness appears ;  
Those gleams of soul to every feature given,  
When youth walks guiltless by the light of heaven !

And oh ! what pleasures through his spirit burn,  
When to the gate his homeward steps return ;  
When fancy's eye the curling smoke surveys,  
And his own hearth is gaily heard to blaze !  
How beams his sightless visage ! when the press  
Of Love's known hand, with cheerful tenderness,  
Falls on his arm, and leads with guardian care  
His helpless footsteps to the accustomed chair ;  
When the dear voice he joy'd from youth to hear  
With kind enquiry comes unto his ear,

And tremulous tells how lovely still must be  
Those fading beauties that he ne'er must see !

Though ne'er by him his cottage-home be seen,  
Where to the wild brook slopes the daisied green ;  
Though the bee , slowly borne on laden wing ,  
To him be known but by its murmuring ;  
And the long leaf that trembles in the breeze  
Be all that tells him of his native trees ;  
Yet dear to him each viewless object round ,  
Familiar to his soul from touch or sound .  
The stream , 'mid banks of osier winding near ,  
Lulls his calm spirit through the listening ear :  
Deeply his soul enjoys the loving strife  
When the warm summer air is fill'd with life ;  
And as his limbs in quiet dreams are laid ,  
Blest is the oak's contemporary shade .

Happy old Man ! no vain regrets intrude  
On the still hour of sightless solitude .  
Though deepest shades o'er outward Nature roll ,  
Her cloudless beauty lives within thy soul .  
— Oft to yon rising mount thy steps ascend ,  
As to the spot where dwelt a former friend ;  
From whose green summit thou could'st once behold  
Mountains far-off in dim confusion roll'd ,  
Lakes of blue mist , where gleam'd the whitening sail ,  
And many a woodland interposing vale .

Thou seest them still : and oh ! how soft a shade  
Does memory breathe o'er mountain , wood , and glade !  
Each craggy pass , where oft in sportive scorn  
Had sprung thy limbs in life's exulting morn ;  
Each misty cataract , and torrent-flood ,  
Where thou a silent angler oft hast stood ;

Each shelter'd creek where through the roughest day  
Floated thy bark without the anchor's stay;  
Each nameless field by nameless thought endear'd;  
Each little hedge-row that thy childhood rear'd,  
That seems unalter'd yet in form and size,  
Though fled the clouds of fifty summer skies,  
Rise on thy soul, — on high devotion springs  
Through Nature's beauty borne on Fancy's wings,  
And while the blissful vision floats around,  
Of loveliest form, fair hue, and melting sound,  
Thou carest not, though blindness may not roam, —  
For Heaven's own glory smiles around thy home.

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# BYRON AND SCOTT.

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## ON THE COMPARATIVE MERITS

### OF SCOTT AND BYRON, AS WRITERS OF POETRY.

THAT homage which the minds of the rude and the polished alike yield to great talents and exalted genius, is one of the most amiable features in the character of man, and properly to appreciate superior intellectual ability, is one of the noblest exercises of his faculties. Those feelings of "proud humility," with which we worship and prostrate ourselves before the shrine of genius, bear with them something generous and noble—something akin, as it were, to the majesty of that inspiration towards which we bend. The ablest and most highly gifted writers have always been the most ardent in their admiration of the "unforgotten stars of humankind;" indeed, in proportion to the amount of our intellectual power, often seems to be the fervency of that love which we cherish for the eminent in literature and the arts. With the young and the inexperienced, however, this feeling is apt to degenerate into undistinguishing applause; and discrimination is but too frequently neglected or smothered, in the ardour and intensity of an admiration that is destitute of degrees—that possesses no tangible standard—that has no prominencies, no perspective, and no shadowing. Such a feeling exalts mediocrity, while it depresses grandeur; and blunts that keenness of perception, which is the distinguishing mark of the clear-headed and discriminative—of those whose applause is worth the courting, and whose homage is an honour.

The attempt to institute a comparative survey of even a small portion of that surprising developement of intellect and imagination, which, in all their varieties, the literature of the present day presents to us, is, then, although confessedly intricate and difficult, and it may be, somewhat presumptuous on our part, at least *laudable* in the abstract, and may be productive of several advantages, since that sensibility which praises all with equal warmth and fervour, is indicative of any thing rather than

a healthy and vigorous state of our mental powers, or intellectual acquirements.

Towards that, from the contemplation of which we receive the largest sum of pleasure, it is natural in us most frequently to turn; and from what source does a mind of even ordinary cultivation receive a purer or a more exalted happiness, than from the perusal of poetry of a superior kind? What more effectually raises us above all the uniformity and the harsh realities of a life of labour and of toil; what elevates our conceptions, warms our devotions, kindles our love, and even renders amiable our passions and propensities; what teaches us

The fashion of our own estate,  
The secrets of our bosom,

with such vividness and force, such truth and precision, as that heaven-inspired art, — sprung from the gods, and originally devoted to their service? The feelings to which it gives birth dignify alike the Peer and the peasant, add a zest to our pleasures, yield a balm to our griefs, and, like a tried friend, “double our joys, and divide our sorrows.” If literature in the general be a pleasurable refuge from the harassing distractions of business, or the depressing cares of poverty, Poetry, by at once transporting us to an ideal world of its own, is so in the particular. A mind thoroughly imbued with a relish for dignified Poetry, is incapable of meanness; its faults, if it have any, and even its wildest aberrations, will always exhibit some redeeming and reconciling quality. Nor are its effects on the individual mind more surprising or impressive than those which it produces upon the congregated energies of a nation. Its strains have been able to arm a people against their oppressors; to animate the warrior in the day of battle; to fan the flame of expiring patriotism; to refine and elevate the thoughts of a whole kingdom — and to raise up a subject of common interest, and universal attraction. It preserves the memory of the hero, to all classes, and to every rank, “when granite moulders, and when records fail;” and its consecrating strains are among the noblest rewards of heroic valour, and of public virtue.

But this is not the place on which to enter largely into a detail of its powers. They are omniscient — their efficacy has been widely and convincingly displayed, and is now almost universally admitted.

In what then do these powers consist — from whence do they spring — and what is Poetry? These are questions which immediately and instinctively suggest themselves; and it is of much

importance, in attempting to estimate the comparative excellence of the individuals whose abilities are now placed in contrast, that we previously endeavour satisfactorily to answer them.

Although but few are found to agree in their definition of poetry, it is not easily mistaken when actually placed before us. Poets themselves, indeed, have never positively settled in what their art consists; nor is it necessary to their success that they should do so, for many of them have written beautiful verses at an age when they could not possibly analyze their own feelings, or nicely mark their developement and the degrees of their intensity.

To us, poetry appears to be at once the creation of passion — intense passion, and the language of imagination, embodying itself in regular and flowing numbers; the melodious expression of higher thoughts, and deeper feelings, and more vivid impressions than those of ordinary life. It is in no case the tongue of mere reality or of plain business; and cannot and ought not to be tried by the invariable standard of severe truth, or sober and practical common sense.

The offspring of fancy and imagination, and ethereal in its nature and essence, to judge of it by an unbending and uncompromising test is to dissipate the factitious embellishments which it is its business and its chief aim to throw around the realities of life. The fast upspringing gushes of passion cannot be weighed, as in a balance, by the hand of coldness and indifference. The communication of mere truth is not its purpose; it, therefore, cannot be judged of by a standard which it disclaims. Spirit-stirring thoughts, whether allied to joy or to grief, to pleasure or to pain, when vividly, forcibly, and yet elegantly expressed, are essentially poetry — which does not consist merely of words measured out into feet, and carefully arranged accentuations.

The gratification which it affords arises as much from the thoughts which it expresses, as, from the mode in which it does so. It is able to yield that most dignified and intellectual species of pleasure arising from the excitement of emotion and imagination — to occasion which is the noblest of its offices. These feelings it can call forth and give birth to in the bosom of the simple as well as of the refined; for, though to be a critical and nicely-discriminating admirer of poetry be to give evidence of the possession of a heart susceptible of the best emotions, and capable of being swayed and directed by the exercise in that given to its best sensibilities; and of a love for Nature, whether displayed in the wide-spreading landscape, or the mind of “wondrous man,” — the love of poetry is one of the simplest

and least complicated delights of the mind, and there are few but who are influenced by it; though with effects varying according to the sensibilities of the heart and affections upon which it operates.

It would be difficult to name any topic to which poetry does not lend a dignity and a charm; though, at the same time, in proportion as its objects are more refined, or more exalted, so is the language in which its thoughts are embodied. — Its proper and legitimate subjects are nature and its products, and man and his feelings — in all their varieties, and in all their combinations, magnified and modified in their different aspects by the inclination, and previous habits of thought, which influence the writer of it.

Well, indeed, has one said, who, while he was among the greatest of poets, was also one of the most profound among practical philosophers, “much is the force of heavenborn poesy.” To a common subject it can impart grace, and to a noble one sublimity; while, by throwing the halo of its own glittering and vivid radiance around every subject upon which it expatiates, however apparently trivial or mean, it exalts into dignity what, to a transient observer, would appear unworthy of notice; and, while it elevates to grandeur a master-passion or an exalted theme, it also places the most hidden of our feelings within the scope of the observation and remark of those who, without the charm of its influence, would never have been led to the study of their own impelling principles, or those of others, which are too minute for the common gazer’s observation. It smoothes the roughnesses and asperities of plain fact and straight forward detail, and embellishes even truth itself, and the majesty of wisdom, by decking them out in the sparkling, variegated, and sunny hues of fancy, and accompanying them and strengthening their efficacy with the charm of fiction: thus, as it were,

“Lending to life a lustre and perfume.  
We are but weeds without it.”

It represents objects less as they exist in reality than as our minds fix upon them and colour them with the same tints that our predominant feelings at the time display. Its province is to create, not ideas or characters merely, but the combinations of both, before unthought of and unknown.

It is in itself a species of divinity — possessing a mythological code of its own. The favoured of the Nine are still its ministering priests — offering sacrifices on its altars, and by their influence assembling mankind to its worship; like the first bards, who,

uniting in their persons the priestly and poetical characters, employed their talents in animating the devotion of the adoring nations to their gods, and at the same time strung their lyres to their honour, worship, and praise.

Poets, under the different appellations of scalds, chroniclers, bards and minstrels, have in every country been the heralds of refinement and civilization, as they have invariably been the earliest historians clothing their narratives in metrical guise to render them more impressive and more easily remembered. They have among the rudest and most barbarous of savages breathed forth a soothing influence, and refined the fierce and least easily restrained of our emotions — that of love. Love, indeed, is the theme upon which their art chiefly delights to expatiate; and we have the high authority of one experienced in it for saying that —

“Never darst poet touch a pen to write,  
Until his ink were temper’d with love’s sighs;  
And then his lines would ravish savage ears,  
And plant in tyrants mild humanity.”

— There is a fitness in this homage which the first of arts pays to the first and most powerful of passions.

But poetry is a theme upon which its admirers never tire of enlarging; when dilating upon it, they forget how very apt they are, if I may be permitted to play upon the words, to prose — and it may be I have done so. “People write prose without suspecting it,” says a modern author, “but it is at least agreeable to the individual admirer of poesy,” adds another “to embody, though but imperfectly, his sensations upon what engrosses so much of his attention, and interests so powerfully his feelings.”

The titles of epic, dramatic, didactic, lyrical, and romantic, have been given to the great classes into which poetry has been separated. In British history, the ages of Milton and Dryden — of Shakspeare and Otway, were the periods in which the two first, which are by far the noblest species, were produced with a vigour and freshness, a grandeur and sublimity which has never since been equalled, and of late never even attempted.

With Pope, Young and Cowper, much of the taste for, as well as the ability necessary in didactic poetry disappeared. But the present age stands alone in proud pre-eminence above every other era in our literature, as regards the two last divisions. Perhaps the national feeling cannot foster the severe grandeur of the epic muse, and the sparkling vivacity or sober observation of the didactic, and, at the same time, yield popularity and

applause to the less restrained beauties which adorn the pages of romantic, and thrill in the breathings of lyric poetry.

Be that as it may, since the age of Elizabeth, when poetry, deep-toned and fervent poetry, gushed forth in freshness and strength, from minds of a gigantic mould, never has there been a more astonishing exemplification of passion in poetry, or more irresistible appeals made to the feelings and affections of a nation, than those which the works of living writers furnish.

The poetry of the present day is a mighty and heart-stirring ebullition after a long period of tranquillity and calm, and too frequently of tameness and apathy in that branch of our national literature. It has flashed upon the world with an unlooked-for radiance, and has, as in the age of the Troubadours, pervaded the minds of the people to an extent to which that period only can furnish a parallel. The cottage of the peasant has been warmed by its influence, and the lowliest fortunes and the humblest ranks have been embellished and dignified in its strains. *Mind* and *Nature* are what it has dwelt upon with the fondest partiality, and portrayed with the greatest skill. Its distinguishing characteristic is fervency — its result the production of emotion of a more impressive nature than was ever effected by that of almost any age which preceded it; and subjects which were formerly treated with uninspired tranquillity are now emblazoned in the glowing and life-breathing language of the imagination. Its influence is more forceful, and its sway far more widely extended than has ever been the case among a masculine and powerful people, if we except the Athenians. Its triumphs have advanced with education, and are a practical exemplification of the falsity and sophistry of that doctrine which teaches that the march of civilization circumscribes the boundaries of poetry.

Great as are the achievements of modern poetry, the promise which the existing taste and habitudes which these have engendered hold out of future pre-eminence, is incomparably greater; and though its present glory and grandeur make us proud of our country, and proud of the age we live in, I cannot help believing, that the magnificent display which it at present makes, is but the early blossoming, (rich and odoriferous indeed,) which gives surety of an autumnal harvest of poetic excellence, such as even our own annals have never exhibited.

Amidst the dazzling constellations with which our poetical horizon is at present adorned, — in which the names of Wordsworth, Southey, Campbell, Rogers, Crabbe, Moore, Coleridge, Montgomery, Wilson, and Shelley, blaze with unextinguishable

lustre, — there are two individuals, on the comparative merits of whom, popular opinion is much, and pretty nearly equally divided. They are stars of surpassing magnitude and heavenly lustre; but which of them is most so, has not been unanimously decided. SCOTT and BYRON have each their disciples, and have each been followed by a train of imitators. They are the two living bards whose works have been most extensively circulated, and most universally commented upon; and their productions are of nearly equal magnitude. — Though their genius affords almost as many points of contrast as of comparison, the foregoing considerations have induced us to class them together, and to endeavour to satisfy our readers as to which has the highest claims to the character of a great poet.

The most illustrious of poets, who have flourished at various periods, have generally given promise of high ability, even in their infant years. Pope lisped in numbers; Tasso was an infant prodigy; and Byron has been a poet, even “from his youth upward.” The efforts of his “minority” were indeed covered with the sneers of a criticism, almost justifiable in its severity, when we consider the horde of versifiers that at that period forced themselves into notice. His volume was selected, (but with chance-like justice,) as the representative of a class; and ridicule was profusely heaped upon poems which the elegant critic who superintends the work in which his Lordship was most severely handled, would, in a less facetious moment, have rewarded with his warmest praise.

There was surely a promise of high achievements in poetry held out in the following Valedictory Address, written by him when but a boy: —

SHADES of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing  
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!  
Abroad or at home, your remembrance imparting  
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.  
Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,  
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret:  
Far distant he goes with the same emulation;  
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish;  
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown:

Like you will he live, like you will he perish;  
When decayed, may he mingle his dust with your own!

That promise he in part fulfilled, in soon afterwards producing the poem named “Lochnagar,” two stanzas of which we cannot refrain from quoting: —

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!

In you let the minions of luxury rove;

Restore me the rock where the snow-flake reposes,  
 Tho' still, they are sacred to freedom and love.  
 Yet, Caledonia! belov'd are thy mountains:  
 Round their wild summits, the elements war;  
 Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,  
 I sigh for the valley of dark Lochnagar.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd;  
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;  
 On chieftains, long perish'd, my memory ponder'd,  
 As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd shade!  
 I sought not for home, till the day's dying glory  
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;  
 For fancy was woo'd by traditional story,  
 Oft told by the natives of dark Lochnagar.

These, though much above the ordinary standard of juvenile composition, fade, however, before the power and magnificence of his "Address to —." It is one of the noblest pieces in English language.

Oh! had thy fate been joined with mine,  
 As once this pledge appeared a token,  
 These follies had not then been mine,  
 For, then, my pledge had not been broken.

To thee these early faults I owe,  
 To thee, the wise and good reproving;  
 They know my sins, but do not know  
 'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

For once my soul, like thine, was pure,  
 And all its rising fires could smother;  
 But now thy vows no more endure,  
 Bestow'd by thee upon another.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,  
 And spoil the blisses that await him,  
 Yet, let my rival smile in joy, —  
 For thy dear sake, I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,  
 My heart no more can rest with any;  
 But, what it sought in thee alone,  
 Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid!  
 'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;  
 Nor hope, nor memory, lend their aid,  
 But pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,  
 This tiresome round of palling pleasures,  
 These varied loves, these matron fears,  
 These thoughtless strains to passion's measures,

If thou wert mine, had all been hushed;  
 This cheek, now pale from early riot,

## COMPARATIVE MERITS

With passion's hectic ne'er had flushed,  
But bloomed in calm domestic quiet.

Yes; once the rural scene was sweet,  
For Nature seemed to smile before thee;  
And once my heart abhor'd deceit,  
For then it beat but to adore thee.

But now I seek for other joys —  
To think, would drive my soul to madness;  
In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,  
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet even in these, a thought will steal,  
In spite of every vain endeavour;  
And fiends might pity what I feel,  
To think that thou art lost for ever.

This was the production of a youth of twenty! The mightiest efforts of his riper years, scarcely equal it; excel it, they never can.

Almost every peculiarity since observable in his writings, may here be seen. It forms an epitome of his style — a cento, as it were, of all his feelings. It is a cup filled from the fountain head of all his after thoughts. We may trace in it almost all the characteristic traits of his manner — all those peculiar thoughts and methods of expression, which have since placed him on the summit of poetical eminence, and the very pinnacle of popularity; towards which there was never a poet advanced with such rapid and gigantic strides. Of all living authors, Scott alone can dispute with him in superiority in the latter respect; yet even in these minor considerations, the circulation of their works and the remuneration they have received for them, though in both cases princely, Byron will be found as superior as I will now endeavour to show he is, in the higher points of comparison.

Were we asked to state the distinctive qualities of Lord Byron's poetry in a few words, Power, Grandeur, and Abstraction, are those we would unhesitatingly pitch upon.

Byron is a *lofty* spirit. His peculiarities have elevated him far above the herd on whom he looks down with somewhat of scorn. He feels his power, and he expects that homage which is its due. The reveries of his mind are little of this noisy world, but shadowy and sublime." Even when condescending to mix with society, or to refer to its institutions and features, in the progress of his poems, he still stands before us,

In shape and gesture, proudly eminent;

— eminent, but isolated. As his feelings are, so his poetry; for never did a more intimate connection subsist between an

author and his works, than that of which his pages afford evidence. He has, to a great extent, identified his mind with his verses; so much so, indeed, as to lead many to suppose that his heroes were but modified portraiture of himself. Often has he, in a moment of satiated popularity, or moody dissatisfaction, when the voice of gratulation has palled upon his ear, bade adieu to the world, and to publicity as an author; but there was a stream of heaven-born impulse within him, the force of which he could not withstand. This alone is a decisive proof of his genius. His thoughts have forced their way, even against the determinations of his will. Tossed on the stormy sea of passion, his imaginings betray a strange mixture of gaiety and gloom, the latter fearfully preponderating. His mind has been haunted by its own creations; *one* ideal being, possessing the stamp of intellectual energy and grandeur, even when mixed with and debased by the deepest guilt and moral degradation, visible upon its forehead, with an eye a single glance of which seems capable of swaying the multitude, has been its inseparable companion; and a sketch of it from the hands of Byron produces more effect than the most elaborately finished portrait of any other artist.

Glowing and heart-searching thoughts are not the mere elements of his style; they are the very constituents of his poetry, and are lavishly displayed in his pictures, which are sketched out with deepened shades, and sombre magnificence.

His characters are not models of perfection, nor studied exemplifications of virtue: they are the children of frail humanity, in their feelings; but a species of demi-gods in their minds. Passion, however, is their prominent characteristic; and Byron has chosen to illustrate it in all its varieties; not because his mind was depraved, but because to picture out such vivid delineations forms the most difficult of tasks, and calls for the exertion of the mightiest of powers. Indeed, genuine poetry has been found to delight less in portraying perfect and unspotted characters, than in those in which the weaknesses and aberrations of the heart and the will are apparent. That Lord Byron has not often presented us with portraits of the amiable and the mild in his poetry, cannot be attributed to inability. He could have painted *Gertrudes* and *Serenus*, with inimitable ease; but he justly considered, that our literature already abounded to excess with such; and his lofty spirit brooked not to stoop to imitation. Yet the characters of his women are beautiful. Although they are susceptible, they are not the mere creatures of lust, as some would insinuate; but are, as their

situations require, gentle and confiding, or heroic and enduring. They afford a contrast to his heroes, upon which the mind delights to repose itself. They bloom amidst the waste of passion that surrounds them, like sweet and tender flowerets on the beetling rocks, and

*Antres vast and deserts idle.*

Those who look upon him wholly as a gloomy being, must, with singular blindness of perception, shut their eyes, and bar their hearts to the touches of the tender and beautiful which pervade his writings.

Although he has placed many of his scenes in a land "where all but the spirit of man is divine," yet many of his heroes are looked upon with the awe due to a supernatural being. They are painted with a fearful truth and vigour; no petty grovelling passion or regard animates them; their aspirations are exalted, and their desire of excitement fervent and unquenchable. Gifted with minds capable of enduring the greatest emotion, "They loathe the langour of repose." They cannot talk in feeling strains of "Ladye's love and beauty's chain" — children of the sun, they possess "Souls of fire," and their love and their hate, their revenge and their gratitude, all soar above the level of ordinary life. Their blood is

"Like the lava's flood  
That boils in Etna's breast of flame."

Moulded by the hand of a divinity, their inward sensations are their only guides; they look down with scorn on the gratulations of men; and possess no more than dim and undefined hopes of immortality. The captious have urged as an objection to his delineation of character, that the prominent figures in his pictures are a series of fac-similes — that the Giaour, Harôld, Conrad, Lara, Alp, are the same under different appellations; and, consequently, that those great proofs of power, variety of invention, and variety of portraiture are wanting, and thus his pictures, say they, have all an air of sameness. The premises of their position are correct in the main; but I conceive the conclusions they would deduce from them to be radically wrong. I hold the existence of that very sameness complained of by the querulous, to be the highest and most convincing proof of his genius — of the might of that power, that, with all the guilty and repulsive features with which he has chosen to endow his heroes; — in spite of all that tautology of character, has been able to interest the most fickle of all critics — the public voice,

and keep alive his fame in its full vigour, for such a lengthened period as he did. What is here censured as a fault, we consider to be his most distinguishing beauty, and view in the light of his highest excellence. He has deliberately devoted his genius to the delineation of a lofty cast of character and mood of mind, and he has placed a being of his own creation in a multiplicity of shapes and situations, more perfectly to illustrate its peculiarities and waywardnesses. Would the same powerful impressions have been produced, let us ask, had each of his poems been devoted to the illustration of a different variety of motives, and passions, and principles; — of sentiments and actions?

His series of portraits, in which a soul of the same essence is embodied into different shapes, and placed in varied situations; now a young and wandering misanthrope, condemning the institutions and conventional agreements of society in Harold; a being burning for revenge and yet absorbed in the tenderest of emotions in Conrad; a fiery lover roaming at large in the paths of sin and passion in the dark Giaour; an exiled, injured warrior in Alp, and an unbridled slave to love and emotion in Hugo, and young Juan, forms a mighty and enduring contribution from poetry to philosophy — the philosophy of the human mind. If his heroes are of one family, they are a race superior to common mortality, the scions of a noble house, and representatives of a proud lineage. The endless modifications of human thoughts and excitements displayed by this arrangement, are, to a meditative mind, more instructive than the most carefully penned hortatory address or moral exemplification.

From the contemplation of these, it is delightful to turn and repose our deeply agitated feelings, previously held at the utmost stretch by such sublime conceptions, to those in which the well-spring of nature and tenderness existing in his bosom, which he vainly struggles to conceal, gush out in concentrated softness and beauty, as in the filial affection of the brothers Bonnivard: the mingled love and madness of Tasso in his “prisoned solitude,” and the melting tenderness displayed in “Fare thee well.”

By these repeated and spontaneous bursts of feeling and as well as sentiments of placid beauty which seem to escape him unawares, he has evinced how well his lofty spirit could bend to the humbleness of purity and innocence, and by these he ought to have linked the public mind around his fate and circumstances with a strong bond of affection.

Public calumny has been busy with his fame: he has paid largely that tribute which is levied upon the elevated in rank and preeminent in talent. With his private character the public

have little to do; and a multitude are any thing but fit judges of the aberrations, arising from extreme sensibility, of a genuine and lofty poet. Let us appreciate his value while we possess him: a time will come when his majestic harp will be silent, his lyre unstrung, and his voice of melody hushed in the silence of death. — Then will they who have heaped their puny vituperations upon his head, pretend to be the loudest in their regrets, and feel constrained to speak “trumpet-tongued” in praise of that embodied spirit of divinity, on whom they attempted to pour the venom of their angry malice when on earth. ‘ They will pause in the career of contumely, but only when it will be indeed too late.

Scott, less frequently talked of as a poet for some time past, has never been assailed by the insinuations of scandal. He is proof against malice, were it even to defame him. With nothing of the unsocial and meditative abstraction of a high-souled poet — without one haughty or repulsive feature in his character, I would feel it difficult to name any man more universally beloved. The fame of his winning manners has spread as far as his popularity; and party spirit and political rancour fade before his kind-hearted friendship. Yet, although one of the best of husbands and fathers, and one of the best and most generous of men, I cannot concede that he is the greatest of living poets.

That he is a good poet, no one will attempt to deny; I am, however, inclined to suspect he will not be an immortal one. His themes have too much of locality and sameness in them. He has devoted too many lines to the celebration of mere border “forays and prickings.” His harp has too often rung with feudal slogans, and its notes have borne too great a resemblance to those of the martial bugle. He has sung somewhat too much, to use his own words, of

“Shield and lance, and brand, and plume, and scarf,  
Fay, giant, dragon, squire and dwarf,”

to be as popular a hundred years hence as he is now. His genius would have been happier in its earthly abode, had it existed two centuries earlier. The age of chivalry, we have been told, has passed away; and all the efforts of Sir Walter’s muse will not be able to resuscitate it, or revive its withered bones.

The attributes of these high days  
Now only live in minstrel lays;  
For Nature, now exhausted, still  
Was then profuse of good and ill.

‘ How soon has this been realized !

Strength was gigantic, valour high,  
And beauty had such matchless beam  
As lights not on a lover's dream.

Sir Walter Scott was not, as Lord Byron was, a poet in his boyhood; but during that delightful time, as he himself beautifully expresses it,

That age, 'twixt boy and youth,  
When thought is speech, and speech is truth,

he imbibed a taste for romantic and legendary lore which has settled into a passion. —

Still with the chime  
Return the thoughts of early rhyme,

and one of his most beautiful pieces of description is that in which he paints the scene of his early lessons in the lore of olden time. Gifted with genius, his early education turned that, in the progress of years, into a peculiar channel, removed from which its spirit would speedily evaporate, and its buoyancy depart.

He views every object through this particular medium. All his allusions are chivalrous and romantic, in some degree, or refer to antiquity or heraldry: witness the manner in which, in lamenting the death of Mr. Pitt, he crowds — the “beacon-light,” the “trumpet’s silver sound,” and “silent warder” into his *Monody*; and compares that statesman’s name to “*Palinure’s*.”

While Byron’s works abound in classical references, Scott’s allusions of that kind are few, and these few have reference to such as are in any degree connected with his habits and pursuits. In the piece above quoted from, he only refers to the classic shores of Thessaly, because conjoined with “a wizard;” and when the heart of Fitz Eustace bounds at the sight of Edinburgh, his steed is said to make a “*demi-volte*.” He delights to tune his gothic harp “to tell of mysteries half-revealed,” of “*errant maidens*,” “*wandering knights*,” of “*spotless chivalry*,” “*gentle courtesy*,” “*ladye’s love*,” and “*knight’s largess* : ”

Of ancient deeds so long forgot;  
Of feuds whose memory was not;  
Of forests now laid waste and bare;  
Of towers which harbour now the hare;  
Of manners long since gone.

In short, he is a professional bard — the last of the race of minstrels; and he makes a point of perpetually reminding us of his harp and the travelling equipments of his trade.

Though Scott discriminates character with much accuracy,

yet he betrays few marks of deep thought. All his poetry is external; it neither stirs up nor calls forth a train of profound and abstract meditations on "Man and Nature." He possesses a greater command of the machinery of poetry than any of his competitors; but he feels less sympathy with his own productions than Byron. The latter can scarcely refrain (and indeed has not been able to do so) from mixing his own immediate impressions with his delineations — so heartfelt are they, and so intensely does he appreciate all the joys and the sorrows which he relates. Scott is surpassingly skilful, however, in constructing a story; and his plots are the best part of his Tales; nay, some hold that they would be still more interesting, were they related in prose. On their first appearance, his admirers perused and formed their estimate of them, upon the same principles that they would judge of a new Novel. They were anxious to see the work, that they might know the plot; and to finish it, that they might be satisfied *how it ended*. They formed their opinion upon the incidents, more than the versification — the scenery, more than the characters. Their only general drawback, while at the same time it is a recommendation to one class of readers, is the extreme tediousness of their antiquarian details, pushed into promineney on purpose to display the learning of their author. Whole cantos are devoted to the representation of fashions, feelings, and manners, in which few can feel a permanent interest, if we except the professed Antiquarian, or student of feudal history. The most trifling articles in the dress of the heroes are detailed with prosaic minuteness, from the knight's helm or warlike bonnet, to the strings which tie his armour, or the colour of his horse's bridle. Their interest is not built on that great foundation, — the passions of the human heart, but often depends upon the cheap expedient of the relation of incredible adventures, while there is a constant attempt to engraft the refinements of modern poetry upon the body, matter, and manner, of ancient Ballad Romance, — occasionally interposing, indeed, beautiful and appropriate historical touches, but also frequently distracting the reader's attention, by the introduction of lengthy episodes and fearful legends. In short, his paintings resemble those on illuminated manuscripts, or the colouring of stained glass — they are rich and glowing, but vague in outline, and unimpressive in permanent effect.

Dignity of rank is the circumstance which weighs most powerfully in the mind of W. Scott. He never thinks, in his poems, of selecting his heroes from the ordinary walks of life: whatever recommendations men may have, he reckons them nought, unless

they are accompanied with a "scutcheon of honour and pre-tence." He will defer a description of his hero's person, till he has quartered the Martlets upon his shield, and settled whether the field ought to be Argent or Or; and such predilections he himself (ably, it must be owned) defends, in his poetical epistle to Mr. Erskine, as an example of "that secret power, by all obeyed."

The grand point at which the admirers of Scott make their stand, is, his powers of description, confessedly of no ordinary kind. He presents his delineations to the eye with wonderful freshness and reality; but yet he is not a great descriptive poet — one who seizes on the most impressive points, and leaves out the trivial and the unimportant. He bears a greater resemblance to a pains-taking painter. His imagination delights in expanded detail, and laboured minuteness. He appears to look upon Nature less as a subject of contemplation, than as affording topics for the exercise of his particular talent; and seems to care little about a scene, if it is not of such a kind as to shine in his landscape. He regulates his devotions to that Goddess by a rule previously laid down. His attempts at the grand and the impressive are perpetually curbed, and their scope lessened, as if by the terror of violating certain principles. The formation of his mind, in short, is decidedly *picturesque*. He forgets that by far the finest passages of poetry are those where the moral sublime of character is united in the same delineation with the physical sublime of Nature; — that the perfection of description is not to specify every minute particular, but to select the most striking and prominent circumstances, such as will impress the reader most forcibly; — and that poetry, to be really good, should leave something to be imagined. On the contrary, he exhausts a scene, and leaves little or nothing to the conception of the reader.

I need hardly mention how different are the descriptive passages in Byron. With him, all is manly, vigorous, forcible, concise, and simply nervous. Grandeur, and not picturesqueness merely, is what he loves to contemplate, more especially the grandeur of disorder, when allied to power.

Where rose the mountains, — there to him were friends;  
Where roll'd the ocean, — thereon was his home;  
Where a blue sky and glowing clime extends,  
He had the passion and the power to roam.  
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,  
Were unto him companionship; they spake  
A mutual language, clearer than the tone  
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake,  
For nature's pages, glass'd by sunbeams on the Lake.

Society has less attractions to him than Solitude and Nature ;  
and truly as eloquently has he said, —

To sit on rocks, to muse on flood and fell,  
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,  
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;  
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;  
Alone o'er steps and foaming falls to lean ;  
This is not Solitude, 'tis but to hold  
Converse with Nature's charms, and see her stores unrolled.

But 'mid the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,  
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,  
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless,  
Minions of splendour, shrinking from distress ;  
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,  
If we were not, would seem to smile the less  
Of all that flattery followed, sought, and sued ;  
This is to be alone ; this — this is Solitude.

If any one look, with even an uncritical eye, to such descriptive passages in the writings of these bards, as can be most directly brought into contrast — the celebrated moonlight scenes in *Marmion*, and in the siege of Corinth, and the fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, for example — the peculiarities which I have noted as distinguishing each will at once be seen prominently exhibited. Beauty and strength, it is obvious in these passages, are the very *elements* of Byron's poetry ; they are but the *ornaments* of Scott's. Byron draws copiously upon his own resources, and with perfect confidence. He knows the opulence of his mind, and he dreads not exhaustion of his wealth ; he is profuse of vigour. Mere description is not, however, the purpose of Byron's poetry. He never travels out of his way, to enlarge upon a silver stream, or flowing mead, or beetling rock, but when they are naturally and essentially a part of his subject, his strains are worthy of them and that Nature, into which he has looked so fondly and profoundly. A beautiful example of this power occurs in his singular poem, called, "The Vision."

Byron excites the imagination by his sketches ; Scott satiates it by his details. Scott looks with a quiet and happy eye on nature ; Byron delights in its commotions. Byron has studied perspective in his landscapes ; Scott's resemble a Chinese painting, where an attempt is made to give every thing equal prominence, power, and effect.

Such is the case also with regard to the living personages of their Dramas — the figures of their paintings. Scott crowds his

canvas; in all the works of Byron, his own powers and the reader's interest, are concentrated on a few well drawn and skilfully grouped individuals. In *Marmion*, and indeed in every poem of Scott's, the subservient characters of the scene are named and brought forward in a manner equally imposing with the principal personages. In so doing, Scott errs against the very principles he has himself laid down and eloquently illustrated, in his introduction to the *Bridal of Triermain*, where he confesses that to generalize is always to destroy the effect. The heroes of Lord Byron, on the contrary, stand alone, and as far above the minor individuals, as they are above the ordinary race of poetical characters. Two only of the comrades of the *Corsair* are mentioned in that poem, and these but slightly.

Scott has received high praise for devoting his muse to the service of his native country—I had almost said to his native county; and that many of his admirers praise him as a poet for that reason, I think highly probable, judging from their well known exclusive spirit of nationality. — Certainly a poet ought also to be a patriot, — as the first strains of the muse's votaries are always consecrated to love, public spirit may occupy the next step of precedency; but a great one ought to be a citizen of the world — a denizen of every clime — a pupil of humanity, it may be, his first duty is love of country, but it is not his only one.

Scott, by borrowing the aid of our national feelings and partialities, has succeeded in deeply interesting us. — The range which Byron fills is more magnanimous and more exalted. He has fixed the localities of his stories in climes rendered immortal by the birth and nurture of genius — in countries towards which the eyes of all nations are bent with affectionate regard — in sites rendered illustrious by the most perfect works of literature and the arts. He has given another claim to immortality to the countries of Homer and Plato, of Virgil and Dante; — and to 'Clarens, sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep love;' while he has at the same time imparted a charm to his tales, not only from the romantic climes to which they introduced us, and the eastern imagery which he exhibited with such freshness of touch and correctness of painting — but because his wanderings were among the faded, yet still glorious ruins of Athens, and the woods of Parnassus, and by the streams of Pindus.

In the secondary requisites of poetry, those of style and versification, Byron's superiority is even more strikingly evinced than in any other point of view.

The carelessness, diffuseness, and frequent vulgarity of Scott, as when he tells us of a 'wind that blows, and warms itself

against a nose,' have become proverbial. Nor are his descents to the level of doggrel, less conspicuous. His lines descriptive of the palace of Linlithgow, are perhaps the most perfect specimen of the art of *sinking* ever produced.

"Of all the palaces so fair  
Built for a Royal dwelling,  
In Scotland, far beyond compare,  
Linlithgow is excelling."

Indeed, his general style of versification is rambling and weak. The conversational language of the 'olden time,' though unpolished and uncouth, displayed a rich strength and commanding force, as our early plays and diaries, and his own prose writings sufficiently testify; but the interlocutors of Scott's poems, with the garb of antiquity around them, deliver the weak courtesies of fashionable refinement in the language of modern romance. He is a devoted imitator of the ballad style, and relies too much upon his readers' judging of him by that placable standard only. Often have they had too much reason to lament the truth of his own confession, where he says—

"He loves the license all too well,  
In sounds now lowly, and now strong,  
To raise the *desultory* song."

The haste with which his poems were penned, is the excuse constantly urged for faults that cannot be denied; but this is a palliation that posterity will care little for, and when adduced in the comparison betwixt him and Byron, is nothing to the purpose. The latter has written with a speed equally culpable; to produce the *Giaour* was the work of a fortnight, and four days only were occupied in writing the *Bride of Abydos*. Yet Byron, if ever diffuse, never incurs the charge of vulgarity, and seldom that of weakness. All his faults lean to the side of loftiness and originality. His heroic verse is neither that of Pope, nor of Goldsmith. It possesses all the harmony of the one with the grace of the other; and the strength of Dryden connected with a hurrying impetuosity peculiarly his own.

His Spenserian stanza is loftier than Beattie's, and has a wider range, and more varied cadence and modulation than Thomson's. It is abrupt, yet sonorous—melodious, but full of vigour, and peals occasionally upon the enamoured ear with the most swelling majesty.

Let it not be supposed, however, that though I yield the palm to Byron, I am insensible to the manifold beauties of

Scott; notwithstanding that I consider much of his popularity to have arisen from his free use of common topics, images, and expressions level to the capacities of all; — though his characters are such as the lovers of romance are pre-disposed to dwell upon with delight, and nothing above the most ordinary comprehension; — though the mind is never strained, and seldom even considerably exercised in his poetry, and though he has borrowed without scruple both the language and incidents of his predecessors, — yet I consider him to be a noble poet. His appearance was like a meteor. Instantly the eyes of all were attracted to the study of modern poetry, and although his fable regaled many a vulgar appetite, the worthier portion of his song gave an impulse to public taste, for which the literature of his country is much his debtor. Emulous of his fame, many lyres have been strung with a master hand, which, but for his success, would have remained silent, and many a sacrifice has consequently been offered on the altar of poetry which but for his success had never attracted a tithe of the modern worshippers at its shrine.

There is a happiness too in reading his works; he is of a joyous temperament — is happy himself, and delights to see others so; and expatiates with truly heartfelt pleasure on a blythesome festival :

“ England was merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.”

His poem, the Sultan Serendib's search after happiness, and the song of Donald Caird, prove how he excels in good humour and gaiety. Byron is the reverse of all this, — his too prevailing dispositions are misanthropy and gloom; Childe Harold leaves his father's halls, and turns his back with scorn upon the revellers — the joyous and the light-hearted there assembled; — Lara mingles not with the feasters in celebration of his return, and scarcely tastes the banquet spread before him — even previous to his rencontre with Sir Ezzelin.

It was after a lapse of years, from the appearance of his ‘Hours of Idleness,’ not idly spent, and years of mingled joy and sorrow, that Lord Byron flashed unexpectedly upon the public gaze, as ‘The wondrous Childe.’ Unpropitious as his name had before been rendered by an overstrained criticism to the success of a poetical attempt, such was the powerful impression produced by Childe Harold, the most original poem, both in conception and in execution, which the age has yet produced — that he seemed to leap at once to the summit of popularity

and fame. The world saw a work in which the unities of time and place were spurned; where the institutions of society are sneered at; where amiable and tender feelings are expressly disclaimed, and revolting features ostentatiously assumed — command an unwilling meed of applause by its transcendent power, even from those who had formerly reviled its author.

The character of man, the incidents of history, and the aspects of nature in different climates, in it each passes under the poet's glance and review. He excites all the interest we feel for the adventurous traveller, and joins with it the deference we extend to the contemplative philosopher, and the admiration we implicitly yield to the majestic poet. Spain with its chivalrous peasantry — Portugal with its degraded serfs — and Greece, majestic even in ruins, were the scenes through which his pilgrim foot first wandered; and in each of them, subjects of deep and melancholy reflection in rapid succession presented themselves.

In the 3d Canto, in which he has completely identified himself with his hero — his mind torn with conflicting emotions, seeks in the majesty of nature and the grandeur of desolation, the consolations which it refused to receive from society. This portion, if it contains less historical recollections than the former, has more intense passion. The garb of artificial quaintness assumed in the first two Cantos, is here dismissed, and the poet roams unshackled through the valleys and the mountains of the mighty Alps — and by the romantic banks of Lake Lemán, and the flowing Rhine. But perhaps the genius of Byron is seen to greater advantage in the fourth Canto, than in any other part of the whole poem, or indeed than in any part of all his other writings.

He leaves in it the rivalry of his own era at a hopeless and immeasurable distance. His muse there holds converse with the godlike spirits of ancient times, and the remains of Roman pomp and grandeur. He there mourns in strains worthy of the theme, the desolation and the decay of the 'Lone Mother of Dead Empires,' 'The Niobe of Nations.' He commemorates the divine monuments of Grecian art there collected, and all the classical and consecrated localities where the good and great of old — the Brutuses — the Tullys — the bard of Maro, and all that glorious throng of patriots, sages, heroes, orators, and poets, were produced or nurtured.

What eloquence does his contemplation of that image of all female loveliness — the Medicean Venus, and that all but breathing personification of his own patron god, 'The god of life, and

poesy, and light,' call forth! And yet how he heaps such bitter and deserved scorn on the idle dilletanti babblers of

—"The senseless jargon of the marble mart  
Were pedantry gulls folly."

While equally forcible his melody, at the conclusion, becomes more uniform and continuous, and his strain of reverie less gloomy, although overwhelming, and soul-speaking thoughts struggle for expression in every stanza.

Antiquity, I have said; is the almost exclusive province of Scott, as offering materials for poetry. Yet when did he ever bend before a visible relict of the *past*, with such holy awe and intense fervour as the following displays? —

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,  
Thou nameless column with the buried base!  
What are the laurels of the Cesar's brow?  
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling place.  
Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,  
Titus or Trajan's? No! — 'tis that of mine;  
Triumph, arch, pillar — all he doth displace  
Scoffing! And apostolic statues climb  
To crush the imperial urn whose ashes slept sublime.

Or where in the wide compass of his works, with all his pictures of green fields and glassy lakes, does a more exquisite and masterly piece of description than the following occur? —

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods —  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore —  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.  
I love not man the less, but nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll,  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.  
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control  
Stops with the shore: — upon the watery plain  
Thy wrecks are all thy deed — nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan  
Without a grave — unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time  
Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

## COMPARATIVE MERITS

Dark heaving ; — boundless, endless, and sublime,  
 The image of eternity — the throne  
 Of the Invisible : even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
 Obeys thee : thou goest forth, dread-fathomless — alone.

How finely is the influence of literature, and that in which Scott, too, so much excels, the recollections of young and happy days recalled : when speaking of Venice, he says —

I lov'd her from my boyhood — she to me  
 Was as a fairy city of the heart,  
 Rising like water columns from the sea,  
 Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;  
 And Otway, Radcliffe, Shakspeare, Schiller's art,  
 Had stamped her image in me.

But the talents of Byron are as versatile as they are commanding — and even in this particular, Scott does not surpass him. In his lament of Tasso, he has forsaken his customary method of enlarging with fearful force and energy upon the horrors and despair naturally led forth by the 'dungeon's prisoned solitude,' and has breathed out a plaintive air, a low murmuring expression of settled grief and hopeless melancholy, lightened indeed by the remembrance of former triumphs, and the anticipations of an undying fame, which can cheer the gloom of even the 'vast lazaret-house of many woes.'

Long years! — It tries the thrilling soul to bear,  
 And eagle spirit of a child of song;  
 Long years of outrage — calumny and wrong,  
 Imputed madness — prisoned solitude,  
 And the mind's canker in its savage mood,  
 When the impatient thirst of light and air  
 Parches the heart : and the abhorred grate,  
 Marring the sunbeam with its hideous shade,  
 Works through the throbbing eye-ball to the brain,  
 With a hot sense of heaviness and pain.

In Beppo, too, and Don Juan, he asserts at once his claims to the laurel wreath of the tragic and the comic muse; ease, strength, gaiety and vivacity, being compounded in them with the more serious emotions, in a manner the most skilful and surprising. The words seem actually to dance of their own accord into harmony and rhyme. Effort is never for a moment visible, nor indeed can their readers bring themselves to believe that it was ever required, in penning such lines as these.

I love the language, that soft bastard Latin,  
 Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,  
 And sounds as if it should be wrote on satin,  
 With syllables that breathe of the sweet south.

I love the women too, (forgive my folly,)  
 From the rich peasant cheek of ruddy bronze,  
 And large black eyes that flash on you a volley  
 Of rays, that say a thousand things at once,  
 To the high dama's brow more melancholy,  
 But clear, and with a wild and liquid glance,  
 Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,  
 Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

.....

And are you really, — truly, now a Turk?  
 With any other woman did you wive?  
 Is't true they use their fingers for a fork?  
 Well! that's the prettiest shawl! — As I'm alive  
 You'll give it me; — They say you eat no pork,  
 And how so many years did you contrive  
 To — Bless me, did I ever? — No, I never  
 Saw a man grown so yellow. How's your liver?

Some pretend to see in these two poems a savage recklessness and heartless mirth — a detestable and uncontroled scorn for every thing revered by the wise and the good, together with impious railing, and a low buffoonery.

With such I cannot agree. Byron has in them, indeed, wreathed smiles and sneering, and exposed hypocrisy with caustic severity, but so have many done before, and without incurring such heavy censure. Their loose morality I will not defend, precisely because it is indefensible; but I will say, that many of those who have been most forward in censuring them, ought, for consistency's sake, to have been the very last.

The latter of these productions in its early cantos contains passages of the most solemn and redeeming beauty.

What are called the minor pieces of poets are frequently rich in their greatest beauties and most striking characteristics; this is strikingly the case with the two writers so often referred to.

In his Ballads Scott is particularly distinguished; many of the most poetical traditions and events in the history of his country are embodied in them in a manner at once ingenious and powerful. — Cadyow Castle for example is an almost perfect production. — The passage descriptive of the Regent's procession through Linlithgow —

While Knox relaxed his bigot pride  
 And smiled the traitrous pomp to see —

is highly impressive, as are also the lines —

—————'Tis sweet to hear  
 In greenwood shade the bugle blown;  
 But sweeter to Revenge's ear,  
 To drink a tyrant's dying groan!

His war song of the volunteers is quite Tyrtæan ; what of its own kind can excel the following? —

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head  
In freedom's temple born;  
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,  
To hail a master in our isle,  
Or brook a victor's scorn?

Yet even in short lyrical effusions, Byron has still the superiority : beautiful as the foregoing passages are, the succeeding ones from the works of Byron, are still more so. In both, it will be observed, the peculiar mannerisms of their style are as prominent as in their largest works.

My soul is dark — Oh! quickly string  
The harp I yet can brook to hear;  
And let thy gentle fingers fling  
Its melting murmurs on my ear:  
If in this heart a hope be dear,  
That ~~and~~ shall charm it forth again;  
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,  
'Twill ~~flow~~, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,  
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:  
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep  
Or else this heavy heart will burst;  
For it hath been by sorrow nurst,  
And ach'd in sleepless silence long;  
And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,  
And break at once — or yield to song.

Still one obvious point of direct comparison, however, remains, in neglecting which I could not be justified, if I attempt an estimate of their claims; it is their different commemorations of the victory of Waterloo. Well might it be imagined, that Scott, from his poetical predilections and habitual delight in scenes of chivalry and combat, and also from his previous success in battle pictures, would in this respect far transcend his rival, yet such has not been in the remotest degree the case, as is universally admitted.

Let it be recollected, that Scott was animated in the composition of his poem by a visit to the field of battle, while it was as yet scarcely cleared of its encumbering corpses; that he was prompted by that noble feeling of charity, which induced him to devote its profits to the relief of the survivors, and that his ambition to please his political friends must have stirred him to great exertion, — and yet his verses, without unduly depreciating them, as was wantonly done upon their publication, are as

a Satyr to Hyperion compared with those of Byron, who in celebrating what he calls 'the Carnage of Mont St. Jean,' was actually struggling against the influence of his own prejudices.

But it is time that I have done. And having thus treated of these two writers, in detail, I would now (judging of them and their works by the axioms stated at my outset) ask an unbiassed mind, whether Scott or Byron be the greater poet, in the utmost confidence that his answer would not accuse me of prejudice or undue partiality, in assigning the meed of triumph to the latter.

The admirers of the calm and unperturbed excitement of pleasing interest, do now, and in after time will continue to cherish, the chivalrous lays of Scott; — but the Lover, the Enthusiast, the ardent, and the misanthropical, will garner up the burning and heart-piercing strains of Byron, with imperishable fondness, since the human heart has been his subject — man his theme — passion his delight — and storms and tempests his rejoicing.

With Scott, the supernatural has been employed to a great extent; indeed he has interwoven it deeply with his style, and almost all his characters are influenced in some degree by it. In his 'Lay,' the goblin page is the agent who brings forward the denouement, and gives the colour of the story, — passions effect the same purpose in the works of Byron; or, if he introduces spiritual creations, they are not such as tradition informs us of, but such as the heated brain and deeply meditative mind itself produces.

To sum up. If Byron has illustrated one mood of mind in different relations, Scott has luminously displayed one period of character. His poetry is national; and we learn from it less of the manners and external thoughts of its author than of the prevailing opinions and characteristics of his country. It exhibits a portion of the drama of human events and a fragment of the history of nations.

Byron entertains a high contempt for chivalry, "the mummery of the middle ages," as he calls it; whereas it is that upon which Scott dwells longest and with the most complacency. Love and revenge are the passions which Byron excels in delineating; fame and the love of conquest are those which Scott has treated most successfully.

Scott's pictures abound in broad, blazing, and glittering lights, and they often make our hearts feel lighter, and our spirits dance within us; Byron's hues are sombre, and his sha-

dowing but seldom soft or pleasing. He aims at producing great effects, and he attends but little to minor embellishments : the poetry of Scott is sometimes made up of such touches. We can read the works of the latter with unpausing rapidity ; those of the former are dwelt upon with lingering rapture. It is not difficult to copy the manners and imitate the style of Scott — and it has been done with wonderful success ; but few have ventured to tread the paths Byron has made his own, and those that have done so have lagged at an immeasurable distance from their master.

Scott himself is an imitative poet, and frequently unites the various styles of many authors ; Byron bears no direct affinity to any of his predecessors. Scott's amiable and inexpressive countenance bespeaks his virtuous and chastened mind ; Byron's head is the most perfect living model of the outward exemplification of intellectual beauty and isolated majesty. Scott is aristocratic in all his feelings — he lives but in the air of courts and camps, — and the great body of a people are to him but the serfs of a feudal lord ; Byron is the poet of liberty — his works abound in passages devoted to its praise, — and Salamis and Thermopylae awaken in him the noblest and most enthusiastic feelings. Scott may be looked upon with delight — we may cherish for him a tender love and regard ; but to Byron we must yield the adoration of worship. The one may and does receive the homage due to talent ; but profound submission, awe, and admiration are perpetually felt for the other. Scott entices attention ; Byron demands it. Byron sweeps like a tempest through the mind, producing sensations often painful but always lofty ; Scott never excites more than an agreeable interest. He never ruffles the current of our feelings, but he frequently impels them with pleasing speed. His is to rule with the sway of a magician ; Byron with the power of a god. With all his defects the latter stands as pre-eminent above that class of writers of which Scott is the head, as genius does above talent — knowledge above learning. He is to them what Dante was to Ariosto and Tasso — and Milton to Dryden and Spenser. But Scott, if not the greatest poet of the two, is the greatest *Author* ; he is an historian, an antiquary, and a novelist. When his Parnassian wreaths wither and are forgotten, if that should ever be, his matchless romances will have become a centre of attractive admiration to wondering thousands, — and his name will have taken its place in the temple of immortality near to the side of Shakspeare.

G. P.

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## MEMOIR OF LORD BYRON.

EVERY biographer has traced the genealogy of Lord Byron, and given some account of those who preceded him in the title down to the time when it descended to himself. †

George Gordon was born on his mother's estate in Aberdeenshire, on the 22d day of January 1788; and as his mother and himself were soon afterwards deserted by his profligate and dissipated father, the whole care of his infant years devolved upon the mother; and considering the state in which she was left, it is but natural to suppose that she treated the boy with every indulgence within her power. Tenderness and indulgence in his early years were rendered the more necessary, that, besides having one of his feet deformed †, he was of a very weakly constitution. For these reasons, he was not quite so early sent to school as is sometimes the case, but allowed to expand his lungs and strengthen his limbs upon the mountains of the North. This initiatory education was evidently the best adapted for giving strength to his bodily frame; and it was far from the worst for giving tone and vigour to his mind. This period of his life passed unheeded; but we find traces of its influence in many parts of his works. The sublime rock, the dark lake, the dim forest, and the dashing stream which the infant bard was allowed to contemplate, without the foolery of man's accompaniment, have in each of them a lyre strung by the hand of nature herself. The single poem of Loch-na-Gair, which, though of course not written in infancy, is yet a recollection of infant impressions, proves that if the author was not then coaxed and courted by some hireling tutor who was drudging for a benefice, he was much better employed. ‡

† It is a singular circumstance that sir Walter Scott, has got precisely the same deformity.

—When Byron's mother perceived the son she was lying in of was lame, she expressed her grief of such a deformity; but a friend of the family told her not to complain, for it was a very common one for the Lords of Newstead Abbey. It seems many ancestors of our noble author had been lame. (*From the notes of a gentleman who was born in Aberdeenshire.*)

‡ Thus the Scotch bard traversed on foot and on horseback every part of Scotland and acquired an intimate acquaintance with the people and the

When a few years bracing upon the mountains had removed the symptoms of weakness with which George Gordon was born, he was sent to school, and there, though still an infant, he showed that he would one day form a character for himself. A school-fellow says that he was naturally kind hearted and generous, though at the same time dignified and reserved.

William, the fifth Lord Byron, died at Newstead Abbey, may 1798; his only son had preceded him to the tomb, in the same year in which George Gordon was born, and as the descent both of the titles and the estates was to heirs male, George Gordon succeeded to the titles and estates of his grand uncle.

Upon this change in his fortune, Lord Byron was removed from the immediate care of his mother, and placed as a ward under the guardianship of the Earl of Carlisle, who had married Isabella, the sister of the late Lord Byron.

When Byron came under the guardianship of his grand uncle, he was first sent to one of the great public schools; and from that to one of the Universities. Harrow was the school which was chosen; and in less than six months after his unexpected accession to the title, Lord Byron was placed there under the tuition of the Rev. Dr. Drury.

During the six years that Byron remained at Harrow, his poetical powers began to develope themselves a little.

From Harrow he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge; and as he was now considerably older than when he had taken his own way of studying his lessons in Scotland, he seems again to have given offence to the more intolerant part of the doctors, by selecting his own courses of study, as well as his own modes of pursuing them.

When about nineteen years of age, Lord Byron bade adieu to the deans and doctors of the Cam<sup>us</sup>; and took up his residence

scenery of his country. The lameness of Scott and Byron did not prevent them from being capable of much bodily exertion. They have been both even remarkable for their horsemanship. Byron did preserve a dear remembrance of the Scottish scenery :

Restore me the rocks, where the snow-flake reposes,  
Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wandered,  
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid.

(*Loch-na-Gair.*) (*Edit.*)

While a student at Cambridge, Byron had made a young bear the associate of his studies; and on quitting the university, his Lordship left the animal in possession of his chambers, to stand, as he expressed, a candidate for the next vacant fellowship.

It is related of the Duke of Wharton that in his travels he purchased a bear's cub of which he became so extremely fond as to make it his constant attendant both night and day, to the great annoyance of his tutor. On

at the family seat, where, among other and different pursuits, he arranged and had printed at Newark, a small collection of his poems, under the whimsical title of "Hours of Idleness." The apology urged for the appearance of his little volume, was the usual one of the "advice of friends;" and though it has never been stated who those friends were, it is probable that his noble, and as himself says, volunteer guardian was one of them, as the publication is dedicated to him; a circumstance which the noble bard seems afterwards to have regretted. Unpretending however, as was this little volume, and obscure as was the press from which it issued, it appears to have been in a great measure the means of letting his lordship know the vast extent of his powers, and prompting him to the profitable and vigorous use of them, at so early a period of his life.

The Edinburgh Review, which had generally been more anxious to find a victim which it could immolate, than an idol whom it could worship, pounced upon the little volume of the minor Lord, with a fury almost unknown or at any rate seldom evinced even by itself.

But the bard took his own way of avenging himself, and inflicted more heavy and humiliating chastisement upon the critics than if he had horsewhipped them all, or shot half their number. That pen, with which he had been but dallying in his "Hours of Idleness," he sharpened for business to its keenest point; and in brief space appeared "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

Lord Byron, so far from making any boast of this great and happy effort, afterwards suppressed it<sup>1</sup>; and up to the time of his majority he continued to prosecute his fancies alternately at Newstead and in the Metropolis. At the former place he spent much of his time alone, or at least in the society, or rather under the care of a great Newfoundland dog, to which he paid great attention while alive, and raised a monument when dead.

reaching Geneva, the eccentric Duke suddenly departed for Lyons, leaving young Bruin behind him with the following letter to the poor governor:

— "Being no longer able to bear your ill-usage, I have thought proper to be gone from you; however, that you may not want company, I have left you the bear, as the most suitable companion in the world that could be picked up for you."

(Fr. Ed.)

<sup>1</sup> Lord Byron followed up his satire by another poem, bearing the title of "Hints to Horace," which after printing one or two copies he destroyed.

'Tis singular that the first of English romantic poets has rather imitated the classical Pope in his satirical vein. His letter to Murray on Bowles's edition of the Bard of Twickenham is a *levée de bouclier* against his own school of poetry.

(Ed.)

“Ye who perchance behold this simple urn,  
 “Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:  
 “To mark a friend’s remains these stones arise,  
 “Who never knew but one; and here he lies.”

The story of the skull which, about this time, he had mounted, as a drinking cup, is well-known and has been cited by the suffering enemies of the bard, as a proof of early misanthropy.

When the term of his minority had expired, he resolved to improve his knowledge of the earth and of mankind, by travelling abroad; and his thoughts were directed to the classic land of the east, to that land and that people, which, to the shame of christian states, amid all their missions of peace and crusades of war, has been allowed to remain under the usurped and grinding dominion of the slaves of Mahomet. Selecting as his companion John Cam Hobhouse, Esquire, whose love of liberty and literature seemed somewhat congenial with his own, although their powers were of a very different order, he sailed from Falmouth for Lisbon, and having landed there, he first examined all that was worthy of remark in that neighbourhood, and then proceeded, by the southern provinces of Spain, for the Mediterranean, where he landed first on the wild mountains of Albania, whose bold scenery and bolder inhabitants appear to have made a deep and permanent impression upon his mind. Having traversed the classic land of Greece, in almost every direction, and studied its scenery, with the eye of a poet and a painter, — he returned to England, better furnished in all the substantial fruits of travelling than perhaps any other man who ever returned to the shores of the same or of any other country.

Soon after his Lordship’s return from the Continent, the first and second cantos of *Childe-Harold* made their appearance; and never did poetic work excite greater astonishment, or receive more universal attention or more general praise. The Edinburgh Reviewers, finding that their own consciences were in unison with the common feeling, hastened to pay their tribute to the giant intellect which this poem evinced.

From the time of *Harold*’s making its appearance, Lord Byron was, by universal consent, and without so much as an effort or even a wish upon his own part, considered as the first poet of the age.

The keen and scrutinizing glance which Lord Byron had, during his travels, cast upon the scenery and manners of the East, and the deep impression which these had made upon him, were not confined to those touches of exquisite painting,

of indignant anger, of unutterable despair, and of shadowy and almost viewless hope, which burst forth in the novel and terrible strains of *Childe-Harold*; for they soon took a more complete body and a form more perfectly oriental, in the tales and fragments of tales which now followed each other, varied in their style; but rapid in their succession, and having a sort of family likeness in the daring of their sentiments and the dreadful fire of their colouring.

On the second day of January 1815, Lord Byron was married to the only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbank Noel, Bart., in the county of Durham; but this marriage, though it will bring a very considerable addition of fortune to the orphan daughter of the bard,

“Ada, sole daughter of his house and heart.”

brought no substantial or permanent happiness to the bard himself. The cause of their separation has never been fully explained.

The verses which Lord Byron wrote upon this occasion were well known and generally remembered. He left England; traversed the battle scene of Waterloo, contemplated the majesty of the Alps, and the beauty of the lake of Geneva; and soon after, the third canto of the pilgrimage of *Harold* made its appearance.

About this time, he had, besides some minor pieces, favoured the world with the “*Prisoner of Chillon*,” “*Manfred*,” and the “*Lament of Tasso*.”

During his residence in Italy, Byron completed the pilgrimage of the *Childe*, in a poem of the most tender feeling, and the most exquisite taste. Under the genial sky of Italy, his mind became a little playful, and he published in a new and lighter stanza, the tale of *Beppo*, and the more wild and romantic one of *Mazeppa*. Here too, he planned that, which, had he lived to complete it, must have been considered as the most daring and the most wonderful of all his works, — *Don Juan*.

Alternately with *Don Juan*, a new species of writing, or at least one which was new to his Lordship, made its appearance, in the shape of a considerable number of dramatic poems and “mysteries,” — that is, sacred dramas. These, with a continuation of *Don Juan*, as far as sixteen cantos, and sundry communications to “the *Liberal*,” a work begun by Byron and some literary friends of reputation, whom he had formed into a

society in Italy, were the last poetical works of this illustrious bard.

The circumstances which induced him to embark in the Greek cause, it would be idle to investigate.

Lord Byron, while entering with much ardour, and with well organized assistance, into the service of his favourite people, the Greeks, then engaged in a struggle for liberty, to which every well constituted mind wished success, was seized with a rheumatic fever at Missolonghi (a place where he had once before been seriously indisposed) on the ninth day of April 1824, and after ten days of severe indisposition, he yielded to the universal lot of man, upon the 19th day of the same month.

No man could have been more lamented than he was by the leading men among the Greek patriots. C. G.

## A CHARACTER OF BYRON,

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AMIDST the general calmness of the political atmosphere, we have been stunned from another quarter by one of those death-notes which are pealed at intervals, as from an archangel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole people at once. Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. His Lordship died at Missolonghi on the 19th of April. That mighty genius which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether they were of good or of evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant whose ideas never went beyond his daily task. The voice of just blame and of malignant censure are at once silenced; and we feel almost as if the great luminary of heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky, at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which dimmed its brightness. It is not now the question what were Byron's faults, what his mistakes? but how is the blank which he has left in British literature to be filled up? Not, we fear, in one generation, which, among many highly gifted persons, has produced none who approach Byron in originality, the first attribute of genius. Only thirty seven years old: — so

much already done for immortality, — so much time remaining, as it seems to us short-sighted mortals, to maintain and to extend his fame; and to atone for errors in conduct and levities in composition! who will not grieve that such a race has been shortened, though not always keeping the straight path — such a light extinguished, though sometimes flaming to dazzle and to bewilder? One word on this ungrateful subject ere we quit it for ever.

The errors of Lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart, — for nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect moral sense, — nor from feelings dead to the admiration of virtue. No man had ever a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress; and no mind was ever more formed for the enthusiastic admiration of noble actions, providing he was convinced that the actors had proceeded upon disinterested principles. Lord Byron was totally free from the curse and degradation of literature, — its jealousies, we mean, and its envy. But his wonderful genius was of a nature which disdained restraint, even when restraint was most wholesome. When at school, the tasks in which he excelled were those only which he undertook voluntarily; and his situation as a young man of rank, with strong passions, and in the uncontrolled enjoyment of a considerable fortune, added to that impatience of strictures or coercion which was natural to him. As an author, he refused to plead at the bar of criticism; as a man, he would not submit to be morally amenable to the tribunal of public opinion. Remonstrances from a friend, of whose intentions and kindness he was secure, had often great weight with him; but there were few who could venture on a task so difficult. Reproof he endured with impatience, and reproach hardened him in his error, — so that he often resembled the gallant war-steed, who rushes forward on the steel that wounds him. In the most painful crisis of his private life, he evinced this irritability and impatience of censure in such a degree, as almost to resemble the noble victim of the bull-fight, which is more maddened by the squibs, darts, and petty annoyances of the unworthy crowds beyond the lists, than by the lance of his nobler, and, so to speak, his more legitimate antagonist. In a word, much of that in which he erred was in bravado and scorn of his censors, and was done with the motive of Dryden's despot,

“To show his arbitrary power.”

It is needless to say that his was a false and prejudiced view

of such a contest; and if the noble Bard gained a sort of triumph, by compelling the world to read his poetry, though mixed with baser matter, because it was *his*, he gave in return an unworthy triumph to the unworthy, besides deep sorrow to those whose applause, in his cooler moments, he most valued.

It was the same with his politics, which on several occasions assumed a tone menacing and contemptuous to the constitution of his country; while, in fact, Lord Byron was in his own heart sufficiently sensible, not only of his privileges as a Briton, but of the distinction attending his high birth and rank, and was peculiarly sensitive of those shades which constitute what is termed the manners of a gentleman. Indeed, notwithstanding his having employed epigrams, and all the petty war of wit, when such would have been much better abstained from, he would have been found, had a collision taken place between the aristocratic parties in the State, exerting all his energies in defence of that to which he naturally belonged. His own feeling on these subjects he has explained in the very last canto of *Don Juan*; and they are in entire harmony with the opinions which we have seen expressed in his correspondence, at a moment when matters appeared to approach a serious struggle in his native country: —

“He was as independent — aye much more,  
Than those who were not paid for independence;  
As common soldiers, or a common — Shore,  
Have in their several acts or parts ascendance  
O’er the irregulars in lust or gore,  
Who do not give professional attendance.  
Thus on the field all statesmen are as eager  
To prove themselves as footmen to a beggar.”

We are not, however, Byron’s apologists, for *now*, alas! he needs none. His excellencies will *now* be universally acknowledged, and his faults (let us hope and believe) not remembered in his epitaph. It will be recollected what a part he has sustained in British literature, since the first appearance of *Childe-Harold*, — a space of nearly sixteen years. There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels, no living upon the resource of past reputation; none of that *coddling* and petty precaution, which little authors call “taking care of their

‘The hit about *aristocracy* smacks of the Baronet and Courtier; and the quotation upon which he founds it, is exceedingly unfair, since for this one stanza we could quote twenty out of the same poem full of the most contemptuous satire upon the upper orders, if indeed the whole spirit of the poem were not a better authority. (Ed.)

fame." Byron let his fame take care of itself. His foot was always in the arena, his shield hung always in the lists; and although his own gigantic renown increased the difficulty of the struggle, since he could produce nothing, however great, which exceeded the public estimates of his genius, yet he advanced to the honourable contest again and again and again, and came always off with distinction, almost always with complete triumph. As various in composition as Shakspeare himself (this will be admitted by all who are acquainted with his *Don Juan*) he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarce a passion or a situation which has escaped his pen; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the weeping and the laughing Muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been dedicated to Melpomene. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, nay, seemed rather to increase their vigour. Neither *Childe-Harold*, nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales, contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered through the cantos of *Don Juan*, amidst verses which the author appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind. But that noble tree will never more bear fruit or blossom! It has been cut down in its strength, and the past is all that remains to us of Byron. We can scarce reconcile ourselves to the idea — scarce think that the voice is silent for ever, which, bursting so often on our ear, was often heard with rapture and admiration, sometimes with regret, but always with the warmest interest :

"All that's bright must fade,  
"The brightest still the fleetest."

With a strong feeling of awful sorrow, we take leave of the subject. Death creeps upon our most serious as well as upon our most idle employments; and it is a reflection solemn and gratifying, that he found our Byron in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune, and hazarding his life, in behalf of a people only endeared to him by their past glories, and as fellow-creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathen oppressor. To have fallen in a crusade for freedom and humanity, as in olden times it would have been an atonement for the blackest crimes, may in the present be allowed to expiate greater follies than even exaggerated calumny has propagated against Byron.

## THE FATE OF BEAUTY.

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As rising on its purple wing,  
The insect-queen of eastern spring,  
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer  
Invites the young pursuer near,  
And leads him on from flower to flower  
A weary chase and wasted hour,  
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,  
With panting heart and tearful eye—  
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,  
With hue as bright, and wing as wild;  
A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
Begun in folly, closed in tears.  
If won, to equal ills betray'd,  
Woe waits the insect and the maid;  
A life of pain, the loss of peace,  
From infant play, and man's caprice,  
The lovely toy so fiercely sought  
Hath lost its charm by being caught;  
For every touch that wooed its stay  
Hath brushed its brightest hues away,  
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,  
'Tis left to fly or fall alone  
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,  
Ah! where shall either victim rest?  
Can this withered pinion soar  
From rose to tulip as before?  
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,  
Find joy within her broken bower?

No : gayer insects fluttering by  
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die ;  
 And lovelier things have mercy shown  
 To every failing but their own ,  
 And every woe a tear can claim  
 Except an erring sister's shame.

## A SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

THE lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,  
 Thousands on thousands piled are seated round ;  
 Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,  
 No vacant space for lated wight is found :  
 Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,  
 Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye,  
 Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound ;  
 None through their cold disdain are doom'd to die ,  
 As moon-struck bards complain, by love's soft archery.

Hush'd is the din of tongues, on gallant steeds,  
 With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light poised lance,  
 Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,  
 And lowly bending to the lists advance ;  
 Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance :  
 If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,  
 The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,  
 Best prize of better acts, they bear away,  
 And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

In costly sheen, and gaudy cloak array'd,  
 But all afoot, the light-limbed Matadore

Stands in the centre, eager to invade  
 The lord of lowing herds ; but not before  
 The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,  
 Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed :  
 His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more  
 Can man achieve without the friendly steed —  
 Alas ! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

Thrice sounds the clarion ; lo ! the signal falls ,  
 The den expands, and expectation mute  
 Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.  
 Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,  
 And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,  
 The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe :  
 Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit  
 His first attack, wide waving to and fro  
 His angry tail ; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

Sudden he stops ; his eye is fixed : away,  
 Away thou heedless boy ! prepare the spear :  
 Now is thy time, to perish, or display  
 The skill that yet may check his mad career.  
 With well-timed croup the nimble coursers veer ;  
 On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes ;  
 Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear :  
 He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes ;  
 Dart follow dart ; lance, lance ; loud bellowings speak his  
 woes.

Again he comes ; nor dart nor lance avail,  
 Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse ;  
 Though man and man's avenging arms assail,  
 Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.  
 One gallant steed is stretched a mangled corse ;  
 Another, hideous sight ! unseam'd appears ,

His gory chest unveils life's panting source ;  
 Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears ;  
 Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he bears.

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,  
 Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,  
 Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,  
 And foes disabled in the brutal fray :  
 And now the Matadores around him play,  
 Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand :  
 Once more through all he bursts his thundering way —  
 Vain rage ! the mantle quits the conyng hand,  
 Wraps his fierce eye — 'tis past — he sinks upon the sand !

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,  
 Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.  
 He stops — he starts — disdaining to decline :  
 Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,  
 Without a groan, without a struggle dies.  
 The decorated car appears — on high  
 The corse is piled — sweet sight for vulgar eyes —  
 Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,  
 Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

#### CAIN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SLEEPING CHILD.

HE smiles and sleeps ! — Sleep on  
 And smile, thou little, young inheritor  
 Of a world scarce less young : sleep on, and smile !  
 Thine are the hours and days, when both are cheering  
 And innocent ! *thou* hast not pluck'd the fruit —  
 Thou know'st not thou art naked ! Must the time

Come thou shalt be amerced for sins unknown,  
 Which were not thine nor mine ? But now sleep on !  
 His cheeks are reddening into deeper smiles,  
 And shining lids are trembling o'er his long  
 Lashes, dark as the cypress which waves o'er them;  
 Half open, from beneath them the clear blue  
 Laughs out, although in slumber. He must dream—  
 Of what ? Of Paradise ? — Ay ! dream of it,  
 My disinherited boy ! 'tis but a dream ;  
 For never more thyself, thy sons, nor fathers,  
 Shall walk in that forbidden place of joy !

### CAIN ADDRESSED BY HIS WIFE.

SOFT ! he awakes. Sweet Enoch !  
 Oh Cain ! look on him : see how full of life,  
 Of strength, of bloom, of beauty, and of joy,  
 How like to me — how like to thee, when gentle,  
 For *then* we are *all* alike ; is't not so, Cain ?  
 Mother, and sire, and son, our features are  
 Reflected in each other, as they are  
 In the clear waters, when *they* are *gentle*, and  
 When *thou* art *gentle*. Love us, then, my Cain !  
 And love *thyself* for our sakes, for we love thee.  
 Look ! how he laughs and stretches out his arms,  
 And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,  
 To hail his father ; while his little form  
 Flutters as winged with joy. Talk not of pain !  
 The childless cherubs well might envy thee  
 The pleasures of a parent ! Bless him, Cain !  
 As yet he hath no words to thank thee, but  
 His heart will, and *thine* own too.

## THE GIAOUR.

“How name ye yon lone Caloyer?  
His features I have scanned before  
In mine own land: 'tis many a year,  
Since, dashing by the lonely shore,  
I saw him urge as fleet a steed  
As ever served a horseman's need.  
But once I saw that face, yet then  
It was so marked with inward pain,  
I could not pass it by again;  
It breathes the same dark spirit now  
As death were stamp'd upon his brow.”

“'Tis twice three years at summer tide  
Since first among our freres he came;  
And here it soothes him to abide  
For some dark deed he will not name.  
But never at our vesper prayer,  
Nor e'er before confession chair  
Kneels he, nor recks he when arise  
Incense or anthem to the skies,  
But broods within his cell alone,  
His faith and race alike unknown.  
The sea from Paynim land he crost,  
And here ascended from the coast;  
Yet seems he not of Othman race,  
But only Christian in his face:  
I'd judge him some stray renegade,  
Repentant of the change he made,  
Save that he shuns our holy shrine,

Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.  
 Great largess to these walls he brought,  
 And thus our abbot's favour bought;  
 But were I Prior, not a day  
 Should brook such stranger's further stay,  
 Or pent within our penance cell  
 Should doom him there for aye to dwell.  
 Much in his visions mutters he  
 Of maiden whelmed beneath the sea;  
 Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,  
 Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying.  
 On cliff he hath been known to stand,  
 And rave as to some bloody hand  
 Fresh sever'd from its parent limb,  
 Invisible to all but him,  
 Which beckons onward to his grave,  
 And lures to leap into the wave.

. . . . .  
 Dark and unearthly is the scowl  
 That glares beneath his dusky cowl:  
 The flash of that dilating eye  
 Reveals too much of times gone by;  
 Though varying, indistinct its hue,  
 Oft will his glance the gazer rue,  
 For in it lurks that nameless spell  
 Which speaks, itself unspeakable,  
 A spirit yet unquell'd and high,  
 That claims and keeps ascendancy;  
 And, like the bird whose pinions quake,  
 But cannot fly the gazing snake,  
 Will others quail beneath his look  
 Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can brook.  
 From him the half-affrighted Friar,  
 When met alone, could fain retire,

As if that eye and bitter smile  
Transferred to others fear and guile :  
Nor oft to smile descendeth he,  
And when he doth, 'tis sad to see  
That he but mocks at misery.  
How that pale lip will curl and quiver !  
Then fix once more as if for ever ;  
As if his sorrow or disdain  
Forbade him e'er to smile again.  
Well were it so—such ghastly mirth  
From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.  
But sadder still it were to trace  
What once were feelings in that face :  
Time hath not yet the features fix'd,  
But brighter traits with evil mix'd ;  
And there are hues not always faded,  
Which speak a mind not all degraded  
Even by the crimes through which it waded :  
The common crowd but see the gloom  
Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom ;  
The close observer can espy  
A noble soul, and lineage high :  
Alas ! though both bestowed in vain,  
Which grief could change, and guilt could stain,  
It was no vulgar tenement  
To which such lofty gifts were lent,  
And still with little less than dread  
On such the sight is riveted.  
The roofless cot decayed and rent,  
Will scarce delay the passer by ;  
The tower by war or tempest bent,  
While yet may frown one battlement,  
Demands and daunts the stranger's eye ;  
Each ivied arch, and pillar lone,

Pleads haughtily for glories gone!  
His floating robe around him folding,  
    Slow sweeps he through the column'd aisle;  
With dread beheld, with gloom beholding  
    The rites that sanctify the pile.  
But when the anthem shakes the choir,  
And kneel the monks, his steps retire;  
By yonder lone and wavering torch,  
His aspect glares within the porch;  
There will he pause till all is done—  
And hear the prayer, but utter none.  
See—by the half-illumined wall  
His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,  
That pale brow wildly wreathing round,  
As if the Gorgon there had bound  
The sablest of the serpent-braid  
That o'er her fearful forehead stray'd :  
For he declines the convent oath,  
And leaves those locks' unhallowed growth,  
But wears our garb in all beside;  
And, not from piety but pride,  
Gives wealth to walls that never heard  
Of his one holy vow or word.  
Lo!—mark ye, as the harmony  
Peals louder praises to the sky,  
That livid cheek, that stony air  
Of mixed defiance and despair!  
Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine;  
Else may we dread the wrath divine  
Made manifest by awful sign.  
If ever evil angel bore  
The form of mortal, such he wore :  
By all my hope of sins forgiven,  
Such looks are not of earth nor heaven!"

## THE VISION OF THE GIAOUR.

“TELL me no more of fancy’s gleam,  
No, father, no, ’twas not a dream;  
Alas! the dreamer first must sleep,  
I only watched, and wished to weep,  
But could not, for my burning brow  
Throbb’d to the very brain as now :  
I wish’d but for a single tear,  
As something welcome, new, and dear :  
I wish’d it then, I wish it still,  
Despair is stronger than my will.  
Waste not thine orison, despair  
Is mightier than thy pious prayer :  
I would not, if I might, be blest;  
I want no paradise, but rest.  
’Twas then, I tell thee, father, then  
I saw her; yes, she lived again :  
And shining in her white symar,  
As through yon pale grey cloud the star  
Which now I gaze on, as on her,  
Who looked, and looks far lovelier;  
Dimly I view its trembling spark;  
To-morrow’s night shall be more dark;  
And I, before its rays appear,  
That lifeless thing the living fear.  
I wander, father! for my soul  
Is fleeting towards the final goal.  
I saw her, friar! and I rose  
Forgetful of our former woes;

And rushing from my couch, I dart,  
And clasp her to my desperate heart;  
I clasp—what is it that I clasp?  
No breathing form within my grasp,  
No heart that beats reply to mine,  
Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine!  
And art thou, dearest, changed so much,  
As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?  
Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,  
I care not; so my arms enfold  
The all they ever wished to hold.  
Alas! around a shadow prest,  
They shrink upon my lonely breast;  
Yet still 'tis there! In silence stands,  
And beckons with beseeching hands;  
With braided hair, and bright-black eye—  
I knew 'twas false—she could not die!  
But he is dead! within the dell  
I saw him buried where he fell;  
He comes not, for he cannot break  
From earth; why then art thou awake?  
They told me wild waves rolled above  
The face I view, the form I love!  
They told me—'twas a hideous tale!  
I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail:  
If true, and from thine ocean-cave  
Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave,  
Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er  
This brow that then will burn no more;  
Or place them on my hopeless heart:  
But, shape or shade! whate'er thou art,  
In mercy ne'er again depart!  
Or farther with thee bear my soul  
Than winds can waft or waters roll!"

## G R E E C E.

FAIR clime! where every season smiles  
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,  
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,  
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,  
And lend to loneliness delight.  
There, mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek  
Reflects the tints of many a peak,  
Caught by the laughing tides that lave  
These Edens of the eastern wave :  
And if at times the transient breeze  
Break the blue crystal of the seas,  
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,  
How welcome is each gentle air  
That wakes and wafts the odours there!  
For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,  
Sultana of the Nightingale,  
The maid for whom his melody,  
His thousand songs are heard on high,  
Blossoms blushing to her lover's tale :  
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,  
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,  
Far from the winters of the west,  
By every breeze and season blest,  
Returns the sweets by nature given  
In softest incense back to heaven ;  
And grateful yields that smiling sky  
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.  
And many a summer flower is there,

And many a shade that love might share,  
And many a grotto, meant for rest,  
That holds the pirate for a guest;  
Whose bark in shelter'd cove below  
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,  
Till the gay mariner's guitar  
Is heard, and seen the evening star;  
Then stealing with the muffled oar,  
Far shaded by the rocky shore,  
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,  
And turn to groans his roundelay.  
Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,  
As if for gods, a dwelling-place,  
And every charm and grace hath mixed  
Within the paradise she fixed,  
There man, enamoured of distress,  
Should mar it into wilderness,  
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower  
That tasks not one laborious hour,  
Nor claims the culture of his hand  
To bloom along the fairy land,  
But springs as to preclude his care,  
And sweetly woos him—but to spare!  
Strange—that where all is peace beside  
There passion riots in her pride,  
And lust and rapine wildly reign  
To darken o'er the fair domain.  
It is as though the fiends prevail'd  
Against the seraphs they assail'd,  
And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should dwell  
The freed inheritors of hell;  
So soft the scene, so formed for joy,  
So curst the tyrants that destroy!  
He who hath bent him o'er the dead

Ere the first day of death is fled,  
The first dark day of nothingness,  
The last of danger and distress,  
(Before Decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)  
And mark'd the mild angelic air,  
The rapture of repose that's there,  
The fixed yet tender traits that streak  
The languor of the placid cheek,  
And but for that sad shrouded eye,  
    That fires not, wins not, weeps not; now,  
    And but for that chill changeless brow,  
Where cold Obstruction's apathy  
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
As if to him it could impart  
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;  
Yes, but for these, and these alone,  
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,  
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;  
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,  
The first, last look by death revealed!  
Such is the aspect of this shore;  
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!  
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for soul is wanting there.  
Hers is the loveliness in death,  
That parts not quite with parting breath;  
But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
That hue which haunts it to the tomb;  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!  
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,  
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!  
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave  
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!  
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,  
That this is all remains of thee?  
Approach, thou craven, crouching slave :  
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?  
These waters blue that round you lave,  
O servile offspring of the free! —  
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?  
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!  
These scenes, their story not unknown,  
Arise, and make again your own;  
Snatch from the ashes of your sires  
The embers of their former fires;  
And he who in the strife expires  
Will add to theirs a name of fear  
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,  
And leave his sons a hope, a fame;  
They too will rather die than shame :  
For Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,  
Though baffled oft is ever won.  
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,  
Attest it many a deathless age!  
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
Have left a nameless pyramid,  
Thy heroes, though the general doom  
Hath swept the column from their tomb,  
A mightier monument command,  
The mountains of their native land!  
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye  
The graves of those that cannot die!  
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,

Each step from splendour to disgrace ;  
Enough — no foreign foe could quell  
Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;  
Yes! Self-abasement paved the way  
To villain-bonds and despot-sway.

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## SUNSET IN GREECE.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be sun,  
Along Morca's hills the setting sun ;  
Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light !  
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,  
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.  
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,  
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile ;  
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,  
Though there his altars are no more divine.  
Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss  
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis !  
Their azure arches through the long expanse  
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,  
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,  
Mark his gay course — and own the hues of heaven ;  
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,  
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

But lo ! from high Hymettus to the plain,  
The queen of night asserts her silent reign.  
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,  
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form ;

With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,  
There the white column greets her grateful ray,  
And, bright around with quivering beams beset,  
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret :  
The groves of olive scattered dark and wide,  
Where meek Cephissus pours his scanty tide,  
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,  
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,  
And, dun and sombre mid the holy calm,  
Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,  
All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye —  
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,  
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;  
Again his waves in milder tints unfold  
Their long array of sapphire and of gold,  
Mixed with the shades of many a distant isle,  
That frown — where gentler ocean seems to smile.

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## SONG OF A GREEK.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace, —  
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !  
Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
Have found the fame your shores refuse ;

Their place of birth alone is mute  
To sounds which echo further west  
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon —  
And Marathon looks on the sea;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;  
For standing on the Persians' grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
And men in nations; — all were his!  
He counted them at break of day —  
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they! and where art thou,  
My country? On thy voiceless shore  
The heroic lay is tuneless now —  
The heroic bosom beats no more!  
And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
For what is left the poet here?  
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?  
Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.  
Earth! render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead!

Of the three hundred grant but three,  
To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still ? and silent all ?

Ah ! no ; — the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,

And answer : “ Let one living head,  
But one arise — we come, we come ! ”  
’Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain : strike other chords :

Fill high the cup with Samian wine !  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !  
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call —  
How answers each bold bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,

Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone !  
Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one ?  
You have the letters Cadinus gave —  
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !

We will not think of themes like these :  
It made Anacreon's song divine :

He served — but served Polycrates —  
A tyrant ; but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;  
*That* tyrant was Miltiades !

Oh ! that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind !  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,  
Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore;  
And there; perhaps, some seed is sown,  
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —

They have a king who buys and sells;  
In native swords, and native ranks,  
The only hope of courage dwells;  
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,  
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine,

Our virgins dance beneath the shade —  
I see their glorious black eyes shine;  
But gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep —

Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die :  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

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## THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

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THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;

And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:  
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

## THE DEATH OF LARA.

BENEATH a lime, remoter from the scene,  
Where but for him that strife had never been,  
A breathing but devoted warrior lay:  
'Twas Lara, bleeding fast from life away.

His follower once, and now his only guide,  
 Kneels Kaled watchful o'er his welling side,  
 And with his scarf would staunch the tides that rush  
 With each convulsion in a blacker gush;  
 And then, as his faint breathing waxes low,  
 In feebler, not less fatal tricklings flow:  
 He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis vain,  
 And merely adds another throb to pain.  
 He clasps the hand that pang which would assuage,  
 And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page,  
 Who nothing fears, nor feels, nor heeds, nor sees,  
 Save that damp brow which rests upon his knees,  
 Save that pale aspect, where the eye, though dim,  
 Held all the light that shone on earth for him.

The foe arrives, who long had search'd the field,  
 Their triumph nought till Lara too should yield;  
 They would remove him, but they see 'twere vain,  
 And he regards them with a calm disdain,  
 That rose to reconcile him with his fate,  
 And that escape to death from living hate;  
 And Otho comes, and leaping from his steed,  
 Looks on the bleeding foe that made him bleed,  
 And questions of his state; he answers not,  
 Scarce glances on him as on one forgot,  
 And turns to Kaled:—each remaining word,  
 They understood not, if distinctly heard;  
 His dying tones are in that other tongue,  
 To which some strange remembrance wildly clung.  
 They spake of other scenes, but what—is known  
 To Kaled, whom their meaning reached alone;  
 And he replied, though faintly, to their sound,  
 While gazed the rest in dumb amazement round:  
 They seem'd even then—that twain—unto the last

To half forget the present in the past;  
 To share between themselves some separate fate,  
 Whose darkness none but they should penetrate.

Their words though faint were many—from the tone  
 Their import those who heard could judge alone;  
 From this, you might have deduced young Kaled's death  
 More near than Lara's by his voice and breath,  
 So sad, so deep, and hesitating broke  
 The accents his scarce-moving pale lips spoke;  
 But Lara's voice, though low, at first was clear  
 And calm; till murmuring death gasped hoarsely near:  
 But from his visage little could we guess,  
 So unrepentant, dark, and passionless,  
 Save that when struggling nearer to his last,  
 Upon that page his eye was kindly cast;  
 And once as Kaled's answering accents ceased,  
 Rose Lara's hand, and pointed to the East:  
 Whether (as then the breaking sun from high  
 Rolled back the clouds) the morrow caught his eye,  
 Or that 'twas chance, or some remember'd scene  
 That raised his arm to point where such had been,  
 Sense Kaled seem'd to know, but turn'd away,  
 As if his heart abhorred that coming day,  
 And shrunk his glance before that morning light,  
 To look on Lara's brow—where all grew night.  
 Yet sense seem'd left, though better were its loss;  
 For when he near displayed the absolving cross,  
 And proffer'd to his touch the holy bead,  
 Of which his parting soul might own the need,  
 He look'd upon it with an eye profane,  
 And smiled—Heaven pardon! if 'twere with disdain;  
 And Kaled, though he spoke not, nor withdrew  
 From Lara's face his fixed despairing view.

With brow repulsive, and with gesture swift,  
 Flung back the hand which held the sacred gift,  
 As if such but disturb'd the expiring man,  
 Nor seem'd to know his life but *then* began,  
 That life of Immortality, secure  
 To none, save them whose faith in Christ is sure.

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew,  
 And dull the film along his dim eye grew;  
 His limbs stretch'd fluttering and his head drooped o'er  
 The weak yet still untiring knee that bore;  
 He press'd the hand he held upon his heart —  
 It beats no more, but Kaled will not part  
 With the cold grasp, but feels, and feels in vain,  
 For that faint throb which answers not again.  
 "It beats!" — Away, thou dreamer! he is gone —  
 It once was Lara which thou look'st upon.

He gazed, as if not yet had passed away  
 The haughty spirit of that humble clay;  
 And those around have roused him from his trance.  
 But cannot tear from thence his fixed glance;  
 And when in raising him from where he bore  
 Within his arms the form that felt no more,  
 He saw the heart his breast would still sustain,  
 Roll down like earth to earth upon the plain;  
 He did not dash himself thereby, nor tear  
 The glossy tendrils of his raven hair,  
 But strove to stand and gaze, but reel'd and fell,  
 Scarce breathing more than that he loved so well.  
 Than that *he* loved! Oh! never yet beneath  
 The breast of man such trusty love may breathe!  
 That trying moment hath at once reveal'd  
 The secret long, and yet but half-conceal'd;  
 In baring to revive that lifeless breast,

Its grief seemed ended, but the sex confest;  
 And life returned, and Kaled felt no shame—  
 What now to her was Worth, or Fame?

And Lara sleeps not where his fathers sleep,  
 But where he died his grave was dug as deep;  
 Nor is his mortal slumber less profound,  
 Though priest nor blessed nor marble deck'd the mound;  
 And he was mourned by one whose quiet grief  
 Less loud, outlasts a people's for their chief.  
 Pain was all question asked her for the past,  
 And vain even menace—silent to the last;  
 She told nor whence nor why she left behind  
 Her all for one who seemed but little kind.  
 Why did she love him? Curious fool! be still—  
 Is human love the growth of human ill?  
 To her he might be gentleness; the stern  
 Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern,  
 And when they love, your smilers guess not how  
 Beats the strong heart though less the lips avow.  
 They were not common links that formed the chain  
 That bound to Lara Kaled's heart and brain;  
 But wild tale she brooked not to unfold;  
 And sealed is now each lip that could have told.

### MANFRED'S NOCTURNAL SOLILOQUY.

THE stars are forth, the moon above the tops  
 Of the snow-shining mountains—Beautiful!  
 I linger yet with Nature, for the night  
 Hath been to me a more familiar face

Than that of man; and in her starry shade  
 Of dim and solitary love,  
 I learned the language of another world.  
 I do remember me, that in my youth,  
 When I was wandering;—upon such a night  
 I stood within the Coliseum's wall,  
 'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;  
 The trees which grew along the broken arches  
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars  
 Shone through the rents of masonry; from afar  
 The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and  
 More near from out the Cæsars' palace came  
 The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,  
 Of distant sentinels the fitful song  
 Begun and died upon the gentle wind.  
 Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach  
 Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood  
 Within a bow-shot—where the Cæsars dwelt,  
 And dwell the tuneless birds of night; amidst  
 A grove which springs through levelled battlements,  
 And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,  
 Ivy usurps the Laurel's place of growth;—  
 But the gladiator's bloody Circus stands,  
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!  
 While Cæsar's chambers and the Augustan halls  
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.  
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon  
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,  
 Which softened down the hoar austerity  
 Of rugged desolation, and filled up,  
 As 'twere, anew, the gaps of centuries;  
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
 And making that which was not, till the place  
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er

With silent worship of the gods of old! —  
 The dead but scepter'd sovereigns, who still rule  
 Our spirits from their urns.

'Twas such a night!  
 'Tis strange that I recall it at this time;  
 But I have found our thoughts on wildest flight,  
 Even at the moment when they should array  
 Themselves in pensive order.

### A NIGHT SCENE AT THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

'Tis midnight; on the mountains brown  
 The cold round moon shines dimly down;  
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high  
 Bespangled with those isles of light,  
 So wildly, spiritually bright;  
 Who ever gazed upon them shining,  
 And turned to earth without repining,  
 Nor wished for wings to flee away,  
 And mix with that eternal ray?  
 The waves on either shore lay there  
 Calm, clear, and pure as the air;  
 And scarce their ripples the pebbles shook,  
 But murmur'd meekly as the brook.  
 The winds were pillowed on the waves,  
 The banners drooped along their staves.  
 And, as they fell around them furling,  
 Above them shone the crescent curling;  
 And that deep silence was unbroke,  
 Save where the watch his signal spoke,

Save where the steel rang'd off and shrill,  
 And echo answer'd from the hill,  
 And the wide hum of that wild host  
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,  
 As rose the Muezzin's voice in air  
 In midnight call of wonted prayer;  
 It rose, that chanted mournful strain  
 Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain  
 'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,  
 Such as when winds on harp-strings meet,  
 And take a long unmeasured tone,  
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown.  
 It seem'd to those within the wall  
 A cry prophetic of their fall :  
 It struck even the besiegers' ear  
 With something ominous and drear;  
 An undefined and sudden thrill,  
 Which makes the heart a moment still,  
 Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed  
 Of that strange sense its silence framed;  
 Such as a sudden passing-bell  
 Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

## NORMAN ABBEY.

To Norman Abbey whirl'd the noble pair,  
 An old, old monastery once, and now  
 Still older mansion, of a rich and rare  
 Mixed Gothic, such as artists all allow

(Newstead-Abbey). (Ed.)

Few specimens yet left us to compare

Withal : it lies perhaps a little low,  
Because the monks preferred a hill behind,  
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

It stood embosomed in a happy valley,

Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak  
Stood, like Caractacus, in act to rally

His host with broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke;  
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally

The dappled foresters — as day awoke,  
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,  
To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,

Broad as transparent, deep and freshly fed  
By a river, which its soften'd way would take

In currents through the calmer water spread  
Around : the wild fowl nestled in the brake

And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed :  
The woods sloped downward to its brink, and stood  
With their green faces fixed upon the flood.

Its current dashed into a deep cascade

Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding  
Its shriller echoes — like an infant made

Quiet — sank into softer ripples, gliding  
Into a rivulet, and thence would,

Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding  
Its windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,  
According as the skies their shadows threw.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile,

(While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart  
In a grand arch, which once screen'd many an aisle.

These last had disappeared — a loss to Art :

The first yet frown'd sorrowfully o'er the soil,  
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,  
Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march,  
In gazing on that venerable arch.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,  
Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;  
And these had fallen, not when the friars fell,  
But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,  
When each house was a fortress — as tell  
The annals of full many a line undone, —  
The gallant Cavaliers, who fought in vain,  
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,  
The Virgin Mother of the God-born child,  
With her son in her blessed arms, look'd round,  
Spared by some chance when all beside was spoil'd;  
She made the earth below seem holy ground.  
This may be superstition, weak or wild;  
But even the faintest relics of a shrine  
Of any worship, wake some thoughts divine.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre;  
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,  
Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,  
Streaming from off the sun-like seraphs' wings,  
Now yawns all desolate and loud, now fainter,  
The gale sweeps through its fretwork; and oft sings  
The owl his anthem where the silenced quire  
Lie with their hallelujahs quenched like fire.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when  
The wind is winged from one point of heaven,  
There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then  
Is musical — a dying accent driven

Through the huge arch, whither ears and sinks again.

Some deem it but the distant echo given  
Back to the night wind by the waterfall,  
And harmonized by the old choral wall;

Others, that some original shape, or form

Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power  
(Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm

In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fixed hour)  
To this grey ruin, with a voice of charm.

Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower :  
The cause I know not, nor can solve; but such  
The fact : — I've heard it, — once perhaps too much.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play'd,

Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint —  
Strange faces, like to men in masque made,

And here perhaps a monster, there a saint :  
The spring gush'd through grim mouths, of granite made,  
And sparkled into basins, where it spent  
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,  
Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,

With more of the monastic than has been  
Elsewhere preserved; the cloisters still were stable,

The cells too and refectory, I ween :  
An exquisite small chapel had been able,  
Still unimpair'd, to decorate the scene;  
The rest had been reformed, replaced, or sunk  
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

The halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, join'd  
By no quite lawful marriage of the Arts,  
Might shock a connoisseur; but when combined  
Form'd a whole which, irregular in parts,

Yet left a grand impression on the mind ,  
At least of those whose names are in their hearts.  
We gaze upon a giant for his stature ,  
Nor judge at first if all be true to Nature

Steel Barons, molten the next generation  
To silken rows of gay and garter'd Earls,  
Glanced from the walls in goodly preservation ;  
And Lady Marys blossoming into girls,  
With fair long locks, had also kept their station :  
And Countesses mature in robes and pearls :  
Also some beauties of Sir Peter Lely,  
Whose drapery hints we may admire them freely.

Judges in very formidable ermine  
Were there, with brows that did not much invite  
The accused to think their Lordships would determine  
His cause by leaning much from might to right ;  
Bishops who had not left a single sermon ;  
Attorneys-General, awful to the sight ,  
As hinting more (unless our judgments warp us)  
Of the " Star Chamber " than of " Habeas Corpi

Generals, some all in armour, of the old  
And iron time ere Lead had taken the lead ;  
Others in wigs of Marlborough's martial fold,  
Huger than twelve of our degenerate breed ;  
Lordlings, with staves of white or keys of gold ;  
Nimrods, whose canvas scarce contain'd the steed ;  
And here and there some stern high patriot stood ,  
Who could not get the place for which he sued.

But ever and anon, to soothe your vision  
• Fatigued with these hereditary glories ,

There rose a Carlo Dolce of Neapolitan;  
 Or wilder group of savages Salvatore's;  
 There danced Albano's boys, and here the sea shone  
 In Vernet's ocean lights; and there the stories  
 Of martyrs awed, as Spagnoletto tainted,  
 His brush with all the blood of all the sainted.

There sweetly spread a landscape of Loraine;  
 There Rembrandt made his darkness equal light,  
 Or gloomy Caravaggio's gloomier stain  
 Bronzed o'er some lean and stoic Anchorite; —  
 But lo! a Peniers woos, and not in vain,  
 Your eyes to revel in a livelier sight:  
 His bell-mouthed goblet makes me feel quite Danish  
 Or Dutch with thirst — What lo! a flask of Rhenish.

## OCEAN.

Oh, that the Desert were my dwelling-place,  
 With one fair Spirit for my minister,  
 That I might not forget the human race,  
 And, hating no one, love but only her!  
 Ye Elements! — in whose ennobling stir  
 I feel myself exalted — can ye not  
 Accord me such a being? Do I err  
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot?  
 Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.  
 There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,

There is society, where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and in its roar :  
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll !  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;  
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control  
Stops with the shore ; — upon the waters' plain  
The wreckers are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unkenn'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths, — the fields  
Are not a spoil for him — thou dost arise  
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields  
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray  
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies  
His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
And dashest him again to earth — there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
And monarchs tremble in their capitals ;  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;  
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,

They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride, and spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts : — not so thou,  
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play —  
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime —  
The image of Eternity — the throne  
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy  
I wanton'd with thy breakers — they to me  
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea  
Made them a terror — 'twas a pleasing fear,  
For I was as it were a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

## AURORA RABY.

AND then there was — but why should I go on,  
Unless the ladies should go off? — there was  
Indeed a certain fair and fairer one,  
Of the best class, and better than her class, —  
Aurora Raby, a young star who shone  
O'er life, too sweet an image for such glass,  
A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,  
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded;

Rich, noble, but an orphan; left an only  
Child to the care of guardians good and kind;  
But still her aspect had an air so lonely!  
Blood is not water; and where shall we find  
Feelings of youth like those which overthrown lie  
By death, when we are left, alas! behind,  
To feel, in friendless palaces, a home  
Is wanting, and our best ties in the tomb?

Early in years, and yet more infantine  
In figure, she had something of sublime  
In eyes which sadly shone, as seraphs' shine.  
All youth — but with an aspect beyond time;  
Radiant and grave — as pitying man's decline;  
Mournful — but mournful of another's crime,  
She look'd as if she sat by Eden's door,  
And grieved for those who could return no more.

She was a Catholic too, sincere, austere,  
As far as her own gentle heart allow'd.

And deem'd that fallen worship far more dear  
 Perhaps because 'twas fallen, her sires were proud  
 Of deeds and days when they had fill'd the ear  
 Of nations, and had never bent or bow'd  
 To novel power; and as she was the last,  
 She held their old faith and old feelings fast.

She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew,  
 As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,  
 As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,  
 And kept her heart serene within its zone.  
 There was ~~are~~ in the homage which she drew;  
 Her spirit seemed as seated on a throne,  
 Apart from the surrounding world, and strong  
 In its own strength — most strange in one so young!

## ZULEIKA.

FAIR as the first that fell of womankind,  
 When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,  
 Whose image then ~~was~~ stamped upon her mind —  
 But once beguiled — and ever more beguiling;  
 Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendent vision  
 To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,  
 When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian;  
 And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven;  
 Soft, as the memory of buried love,  
 Pure, as the prayer which Childhood wafts above,  
 Was she — the daughter of that rude old Chief  
 Who met the maid with tears — but not of grief.  
 Who hath not proved how feebly words essay

To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?  
 Who doth not feel, until his failing sight  
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,  
 His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess  
 The might — the majesty of Loveliness?  
 Such was Zuleika — such around her shone  
 The nameless charms, unmarked by her alone;  
 The light of love, the purity of grace,  
 The mind, the music breathing from her face,  
 The heart whose softness harmonized the whole —  
 And, oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!  
 Her graceful arms in meekness bending  
     Across her gently budding breast,  
 At one kind word those arms extending  
     To clasp the neck of him who blest  
     His child caressing and carest,  
 Zuleika came — and Giaffir felt  
     His purpose half within him melt:  
     Not that against her fancied weal  
     His heart though stern could ever feel;  
     Affection chained her to that heart;  
     Ambition tore the links apart.

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## SELIM TO ZULEIKA.

"Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch roam,  
 Or only know on land the Tartar's home!  
 My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,  
 Are more than cities and Serais to me:  
 Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,  
 Across the desert, or before the gale,

Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide, my prow!  
But be the star that guides the wanderer, Thou!  
Thou, my Zuleika, shade and bless my bark;  
The dove of peace and promise to mine ark!  
Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,  
Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!  
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,  
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!  
Blest — as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall  
To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call;  
Soft — as the melody of youthful days,  
That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise;  
Dear — as his native song to Exile's ears,  
Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.  
For thee in those bright isles is built a bower  
Blooming as Eden in its earliest hour.  
A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,  
Wait — wave — defend — destroy — at thy command!  
Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,  
The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride.  
The Haram's languid years of listless ease  
Are well resigned for cares — for joys like these:  
Not blind to fate, I see, where'er I rove,  
Unnumber'd perils — but one only love!  
Yet well my toils shall that one breast repay,  
Though fortune frown, or falser friends betray.  
How dear the dream in darkest hours of ill,  
Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still!  
Be but thy soul like Selim's firmly shown;  
To thee be Selim's tender as thine own;  
To soothe each sorrow, share in each delight,  
Blend every thought, do all — but disunité!  
Once free, 'tis mine our horde again to guide,  
Friends to each other, foes to aught beside:

Yet there we follow but the bent assigned  
By fatal Nature to man's warring kind:  
Mark where his carnage and his conquests cease!  
He makes a solitude, and calls it — peace!  
I, like the rest, must use my skill or strength,  
But ask no land beyond my sabre's length:  
Power sways but by division — her resource  
The blest alternative of fraud or force!  
Ours be the last; in time deceit may come,  
When cities cage us in a social home:  
There even thy soul might err — how oft the heart  
Corruption shakes which peril could not part!  
And woman, more than man, when death or woe  
Or even Disgrace would lay her lover low,  
Sunk in the lap of Luxury will shame —  
Away suspicion! — *not* Zuleika's name!  
But life is hazard at the best; and here  
No more remains to win, and much to fear;  
Yes, fear! — the doubt, the dread of losing thee,  
By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree.  
That dread shall vanish with the favouring gale,  
Which Love to-night hath promised to my sail:  
No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,  
Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest.  
With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath charms;  
Earth — sea alike — our world within our arms!  
Ay — let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck,  
So that those arms cling closer round my neck:  
The deepest murmur of this lip shall be  
No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!  
The war of elements no fears impart  
To Love, whose deadliest bane is human art:  
*There* lie the only rocks our course can check;  
*Here* moments menace — *there* are years of wreck!

But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's shape!  
This hour bestows, or ever bars escape.  
Few words remain of mine my tale to close;  
Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes;  
Yea — foes — to me will Giaffir's hate decline?  
And is not Osman, who would part us, thine?

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## THE CATARACT OF VELINO.

THE roar of waters! — from the headlong height  
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice:  
The fall of waters! rapid as the light  
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;  
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss  
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat  
Of their great agony, wrung out from this  
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet  
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again  
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,  
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,  
Is an eternal April to the ground,  
Making it all one emerald: — how profound  
The gulf! and how the giant element  
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,  
Crushing the cliff, which downward worn and rent  
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows  
More like the fountain of an infant sea

Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes  
Of a new world, than only thus to be  
Parent of rivers which flow gushingly,  
With many windings, through the vale:—Look back!  
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,  
As if to sweep down all things in its track,  
Charming the eye with dread, — a matchless cataract,  
Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,  
From side to side beneath the glittering morn,  
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,  
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn  
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn  
By the distracted waters, bears serene  
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:  
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,  
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

# WALTER SCOTT.

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## MEMOIR OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT is descended from one of the most ancient and distinguished families in Scotland, the Scotts of Harden. At this moment there are but a few lines between him and the possession of the estates of the family. The alliances of this family have been for many ages of the highest class. — His father was a writer to the signet, in Edinburgh — i. e. an attorney of what is considered the highest order. He has always been represented as having been a gentleman of perfect probity and honour. — Sir Walter Scott's mother, was a woman of much shrewdness, sagacity, and humour. The stories about her writing poetry etc., are without a particle of truth. She belonged to the family of Ratherford; her father and brother were both of them physicians and professors in the University of Edinburgh. The former was the pupil of Boërhavé and the friend of Pitcairn, and may be ranked with the *founders* of the medical school of the northern Athens. This family was always distinguished for talent. His origin is noble; and the name, like that of Scott of Harden, occurs frequently in the traditional poetry of the Border. — Scott was born in 1771 in the high-street of Edinburgh where his parents then lived. He was one of a family of thirteen brothers and sisters all of whom are now dead but himself. One of them, Thomas Scott, who died last year in Canada, had much of the same talent *for conversation*. — Scott became lame in consequence of a fall from his nurse's arms at two years of age. He was when very young much at *Smaitholm tower* the residence of his paternal grandfather and here he has laid the scene of his fine ballad "the eve of St. John." As he grew up, he became a great wanderer — traversed on foot and on horseback every glen of Scotland, and so acquired an intimate acquaintance with the people and the scenery of his country. His lameness did not prevent him from being capable of much bodily exertion. He was even remarkable for his horsemanship — a hereditary accomplishment of all the race of the Scotts.

He was called to the Bar at the age of 21. As an advocate he

distinguished himself sometimes in criminal trials, but on the whole did not appear to be rising so rapidly in the profession, as might have been expected by those who knew him. He had occasion once to speak before the assembly of the church, and being irritated accidentally poured out a flood of eloquence. The eminent Dr. Blair was present and said. "This will be a great man." This was the earliest perception of any thing like his real power. — He married Miss Carpenter in the year 1799, and shortly afterwards became, through the kindness of the house of Buccleugh, (the head of the Scotts) sheriff of Selkirkshire. This is an office of *L.* 300 per annum, and, his estates lying close to the county of Selkirkshire, he still retains it. He published in 1799 the first productions of his literary exertions — some translations from Bürger's ballads and a version of Goethe von Berlichergen. These brought him to the acquaintance of *Lewis*, author of the strange romance "The Monk." Scott contributed to Lewis's "Tales of wonders," two original ballads "The eve of St. John" and "Glenfinlass." — His first and important publication was the "Minstrelsy of the Scott's border." His lay of the last Minstrel — Marmion — Lady of the lake — Rokeby — and the Lord of the Isles now appeared in rapid succession. Harold the Dauntless and the Bridal of Triermain appeared *anonymously*, but have since been claimed by Sir Walter Scott. At the time, they were generally ascribed to his friend, the late William Erskine, Lord Kinnedder. — Another series of works of quite another sort was all this while proceeding for him — Antiquarian Essays — the editions of Swift and Dryden — the edition of Sir Tristram — articles in the Edinburgh and quarterly reviews — large contributions to the Edinburgh annual register, etc., etc., etc. — Shortly after the publication of Marmion he was made a clerk of the court of session : this office, worth from *L.* 12 to 1500 per annum, being added to his sheriffdom and his patrimony, placed Scott in perfect ease as to his worldly affairs; so he has never written because he wanted money. It is pleasing to state that although a change of ministry took place just after this office had been promised to Scott, and before the grant was formally drawn out, the successors of the former government took a pride in fulfilling their intentions. Mr. Fox is reported to have said. "This is proceeding for a man of *genius* ? The precedent cannot be very dangerous for us." — Sir Walter Scott has been, through life, attached to the Tory party of Scotland — but without bigotry, and above all without the least touch of bitterness. The stories in the newspapers and Hazzlit's essays,

representing him as a savage Ultra are despised by all who know him. Among his most intimate personal friends he has always counted many entirely opposed to him as to politics, and he lives with such at this moment. — Sir Walter Scott had been able, chiefly from his literary success, to lay the foundation of a very handsome fortune. Every body has heard of his recent losses. He possesses a large estate on the banks of the Tweed and has just completed a mansion-house of great extent and elegance, in the taste of the reign of queen Elizabeth. This curious residence is described in Dr. P——t's historical and literary Tour in Scotland, vol. the 3d.

He has two sons and two daughters; his eldest son is lieutenant in the 15th hussars and lately married Miss Jobson of Dundee. — Sir Walter Scott resides more than half the year at Abbotsford his country-seat: while there, his house is crowded with visitors from every part of the world and he *at least appears* to be devoted entirely to them. <sup>1</sup>

The only recent works to which Sir Walter Scott has given his name is a dramatic sketch in verse called "Halidon Hill" published in 1822. He was the first person on whom George IV. conferred the rank of Baronet. Sir Walter Scott has always lived in the first society of his country and is universally esteemed in proportion as he is known.

He is on terms of affectionate intercourse with all the great men of letters in Britain — such as Wordsworth, Southey, Davy, Mackenzie, Jeffrey, Campbell, Wilson, Rose. Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Baillie are among his chief favourites. In earlier days he lived much with Canning, Frere, Ellis and others, in that high and polished circle of wits now dispersed by death and otherwise.

Sir Walter Scott is thoroughly acquainted with German literature and of course French and Italian; he also knows the Spanish and Danish languages. In historical and Antiquarian learning he is probably the first man now in Britain. L.

<sup>1</sup> The authorship of the Scotch novels is no longer a mystery, and the recent journey of Sir Walter's to Paris may be termed an *historical* journey to complete *Napoleon's life*. (EDIT.)

## RETROSPECT OF JUVENILE YEARS.

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THUS, while I ape the measure wild  
Of tales that charmed me yet a child,  
Rude though they be, still with the chime  
Return the thoughts of early time;  
And feelings, roused in life's first day,  
Glow in the line, and prompt the lay.  
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,  
Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour.  
Though no broad river swept along,  
To claim, perchance, heroic song,  
Though sighed no groves in summer gale,  
To prompt of love a softer tale;  
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed  
Claimed homage from a shepherd's reed;  
Yet was poetic impulse given,  
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.  
It was a barren scene, and wild,  
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled :  
But ever and anon between  
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;  
And well the lonely infant knew  
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,  
And honey-suckle loved to crawl  
Up the low crag and ruined wall.  
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade  
The sun in all his round surveyed;  
And still I thought that shattered tower  
The mightiest work of human power;

And marvelled, as the aged hind  
With some strange tale bewitched my mind  
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,  
Down from that strength had spurred their horse,  
Their southern rapine to renew,  
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,  
And, home returning, filled the hall  
With revel, wassell-route, and brawl. —  
Methought that still with trump and clang  
The gate-way's broken arches rang;  
Methought grim features, seamed with scars,  
Glared through the window's rusty bars.  
And ever, by the winter hearth,  
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,  
Of lovers' sleights, of ladies' charms,  
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;  
Of patriot battles, won of old;  
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold;  
Of later fields of feud and fight,  
When, pouring from their Highland height,  
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,  
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.  
While stretched at length upon the floor,  
Again I fought each combat o'er,  
Pebbles and shells, in order laid,  
The mimic ranks of war displayed;  
And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,  
And still the scattered Southrons fled before.

Still, with vain fondness, could I trace,  
Anew, each kind familiar face,  
That brightened at our evening fire;  
From the thatched mansion's gray-haired Sire,  
Wise without learning, plain and good,

And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood;  
Whose eye in age, quick, clear, and keen,  
Shewed what in youth its glance had been;  
Whose doom discording neighbours sought,  
Content with equity unbought;  
To him, the venerable Priest,  
Our frequent and familiar guest,  
Whose life and manners well could paint  
Alike the student and the saint;  
Alas! whose speech too oft I broke  
With gambol rude and timeless joke:  
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,  
A self-will'd imp, a grandame's child;  
But half a plague, and half a jest,  
Was still endured, beloved, carest.

## THE LAST MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,  
The Minstrel was infirm and old;  
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,  
Seemed to have known a better day;  
The harp, his sole remaining joy,  
Was carried by an orphan boy.  
The last of all the bards was he,  
Who sung of Border chivalry.  
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,  
His tuneful brethren all were dead;  
And he, neglected and oppressed,  
Wished to be with them, and at rest.  
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,

He carolled, light as lark at morn;  
No longer courted and caressed,  
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
He poured, to lord and lady gay,  
The unpremeditated lay:  
Old times were changed, old manners gone;  
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;  
The bigots of the iron time  
Had called his harmless art a crime.  
A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,  
He begged his bread from door to door;  
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,  
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower  
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:  
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye —  
No humbler resting-place was nigh.  
With hesitating step, at last,  
The embattled portal-arch he passed,  
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar  
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,  
But never closed the iron door  
Against the desolate and poor.  
The Duchess marked his weary pace,  
His timid mien, and reverend face,  
And bade her page the menials tell,  
That they should tend the old man well:  
For she had known adversity,  
Though born in such a high degree;  
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,  
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.  
When kindness had his wants supplied,  
And the old man was gratified,

Began to rise his minstrel pride :  
And he began to talk anon,  
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,  
And of Earl Walter, rest him God !  
A braver ne'er to battle rode ;  
And how full many a tale he knew,  
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch ;  
And, would the noble Duchess deign  
To listen to an old man's strain,  
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,  
He thought, even yet, the sooth to speak,  
That, if she loved the harp to hear,  
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd ;  
The aged Minstrel audience gained.  
But, when he reached the room of state,  
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,  
Perchance he wished his boon denied :  
For, when to tune his harp he tried,  
His trembling hand had lost the ease,  
Which marks security to please ;  
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,  
Came wildering o'er his aged brain —  
He tried to tune his harp in vain.  
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,  
And gave him heart, and gave him time,  
Till every string's according glee  
Was blended into harmony.  
And then, he said, he would full fain  
He could recall an ancient strain,  
He never thought to sing again.  
It was not framed for village churls,  
But for high dames and mighty earls ;

He had played it to King Charles the Good,  
When he kept court in Holyrood;  
And much he wished, yet feared, to try,  
The long-forgotten melody.  
Amid the strings his fingers strayed,  
And an uncertain warbling made,  
And oft he shook his hoary head.  
But when he caught the measure wild,  
The old man raised his face, and smiled;  
And lightened up his faded eye,  
With all a poet's ecstasy!  
In varying cadence, soft or strong,  
He swept the sounding chords along :  
The present scene, the future lot,  
His toils, his wants, were all forgot :  
Cold diffidence and age's frost,  
In the full tide of song were lost;  
Each blank, in faithless memory void,  
The poet's glowing thought supplied;  
And, while his harp responsive rung,  
'Twas thus the Latest Minstrel sung.

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DELORAINÉ GOES TO THE GRAVE  
OF MICHAEL SCOTT.

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If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moon-light;  
For the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.  
When the broken arches are black in night,

And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;  
When the cold light's uncertain shower  
Streams on the ruined central tower ;  
When buttress and buttress , alternately,  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;  
When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;  
When distant Tweed is heard to rave ,  
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave ,  
Then go — but go alone the while —  
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile ;  
And , home returning , soothly swear ,  
Was never scene so sad and fair !

Short halt did Deloraine make there ;  
Little recked he of the scene so fair :  
With dagger's hilt , on the wicket strong ,  
He struck full loud , and struck full long.  
The porter hurried to the gate —  
“ Who knocks so loud , and knocks so late ? —  
“ From Branksome I , ” the warrior cried ;  
And strait the wicket opened wide ;  
For Branksome's chiefs had in battle stood ,  
    To fence the rights of fair Melrose ;  
And lands and livings , many a rood ,  
    Had gifted the shrine for their soul's repose.

Bold Deloraine his errand said ;  
The porter bent his humble head ;  
With torch in hand , and feet unshod ,  
And noiseless step , the path he trod :  
The arched cloisters , far and wide ,  
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride ;  
Till , stooping low his lofty crest ,  
He entered the cell of the ancient priest ,

And lifted his barred aventayle,  
To hail the monk of St. Mary's aisle.

“ The Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me ;  
Says that the fated hour is come ,  
And that to-night I shall watch with thee ,  
To win the treasure of the tomb.” —  
From sackcloth couch the monk arose ,  
With toil his stiffened limbs he reared ;  
A hundred years had flung their snows  
On his thin locks and floating beard.

And strangely on the knight looked he ,  
And his blue eyes gleamed wild and wide ;  
“ And , dar’st thou , warrior ! seek to see  
What heaven and hell alike would hide ?  
My breast , in belt of iron pent ,  
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn ,  
For threescore years , in penance spent ,  
My knees those flinty stones have worn ;  
Yet all too little to atone  
For knowing what should ne’er be known.  
Would’st thou thy every future year  
In ceaseless prayer and penance drie ,  
Yet wait thy latter end with fear —  
Then , daring warrior , follow me ! ” —

“ Penance , father , will I none ;  
Prayer know I hardly one ;  
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry ,  
Save to patter an Ave Mary ,  
When I ride on a Border foray :  
Other prayer can I none ;  
So speed me my errand , and let me be gone.” —

Again on the knight looked the churchman old,  
 And again he sighed heavily;  
 For he had himself been a warrior bold,  
 And fought in Spain and Italy,  
 And he thought on the days that were long since by,  
 When his limbs were strong, and his courage was high:—  
 Now slow, and faint, he led the way,  
 Where, cloistered round, the garden lay;  
 The pillared arches were over their head,  
 And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,  
 Glistened with the dew of night;  
 Nor herb, nor floweret, glistened there,  
 But was carved in the cloister arches as fair.

The monk gazed long on the lovely moon.

Then into the night he looked forth;  
 And red and bright the streamers light  
 Were dancing in the glowing north.

So had he seen, in fair Castile;

The youth in glittering squadrons start;  
 Sudden the flying jennet wheel,

And hurl the unexpected dart.

He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,  
 That spirits were riding the northern light.

By a steel-clenched postern door,

They entered now the chancel tall;

The darkened roof rose high aloof

On pillars, lofty, and light, and small;

The key-stone, that locked each ribbed aisle,

Was a fleur-de-lis, or a quatre-feuille;

The corbells were carved grotesque and grim;

And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,

With base and with capital flourished around,  
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

Full many a scutcheon and banner, riven,  
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,

Around the screened altar's pale;  
And there the dying lamps did burn,  
Before thy low and lonely urn,  
O gallant chief of Otterburne!

And thine, dark knight of Liddesdale!  
O fading honours of the dead!  
O high ambition, lowly laid!

The moon on the east oriel shone  
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,

By foliated tracery combined;  
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand  
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,  
In many a freakish knot, had twined;  
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,  
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone.

The silver light, so pale and faint,  
Shewed many a prophet, and many a saint,  
Whose image on the glass was dyed;  
Full in the midst, his cross of red  
Triumphant Michael brandished,  
And trampled the apostate's pride.  
The moon-beam kissed the holy pane,  
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

They sate them down on a marble stone;

A Scottish monarch slept beneath  
Thus spoke the monk, in solemn tone —

“I was not always a man of woe;  
For Paynim countries I have trod,

And fought beneath the cross of God :  
Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,  
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

“ In these far climes, it was my lot  
To meet the wond’rous Michael Scott ;  
A wizard of such dreaded fame,  
That when, in Salamanca’s cave,  
Him listed his magic wand to wave,  
The bells would ring in Notre Dame .  
Some of his skill he taught to me;  
And, Warrior, I could say to thee  
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,  
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone.  
But to speak them were a deadly sin ;  
And for having but thought them my heart within,  
A triple penance must be done.

“ When Michael lay on his dying bed,  
His conscience was awakened ;  
He bethought him of his sinful deed,  
And he gave me a sign to come with speed :  
I was in Spain when the morning rose,  
But I stood by his bed ere evening close.  
The words may not again be said,  
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid ;  
They would rend this Abbaye’s massy nave,  
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

“ I swore to bury his mighty book,  
That never mortal might therein look ;  
And never to tell where it was hid,  
Save at his Chief of Branksome’s need ;  
And when that need was past and o’er,  
Again the volume to restore.

I buried him on St. Michael's night,  
 When the bell tolled one, and the moon was bright,  
 And I dug his chamber among the dead,  
 When the floor of the chancel was stained red,  
 That his patron's cross might over him wave,  
 And scare the fiends from the wizard's grave.

"It was a night of woe and dread,  
 When Michael in the tomb I laid!  
 Strange sounds along the chancel past,  
 The banners waved without a blast" —  
 — Still spoke the monk, when the bell tolled one! —  
 I tell you, that a braver man  
 Than William of Deloraine, good at need,  
 Against a foe ne'er spurred a steed:  
 Yet somewhat was he daunted with dread,  
 And his hair did bristle upon his head.

"Lo, warrior! now, the cross of red  
 Points to the grave of the mighty dead;  
 Within it burns a wonderful light,  
 To chase the spirits that love the night:  
 That lamp shall burn unquenchably,  
 Until the eternal doom shall be." —  
 Slow moved the monk to the broad flag-stone,  
 Which the bloody cross was traced upon:  
 He pointed to a secret nook;  
 An iron bar the warrior took;  
 And the monk made a sign, with his withered hand,  
 The grave's huge portal to expand.

With beating heart to the task he went;  
 His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent;  
 With bar of iron heaved amain,  
 Till the toil-drops fell from his brows, like rain.

It was by dint of passing strength,  
 That he moved the massy stone at length.  
 I would you had been there to see  
 How the light broke forth so gloriously,  
 Streamed upward to the chancel roof,  
 And through the galleries far aloof!

No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright :  
 It shone like heaven's own blessed light ;  
 And, issuing from the tomb,  
 Shewed the monk's cowl, and visage pale ;  
 Danced on the dark-browed warrior's mail,  
 And kissed his waving plume.

Before their eyes the wizard lay,  
 As if he had not been dead a day.  
 His hoary beard in silver rolled ;  
 He seemed some seventy winters old ;

A palmer's amice wrapped him round,  
 With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,  
 Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea :  
 His left hand held his book of might ;  
 A silver cross was in his right ;

The lamp was placed beside his knee :  
 High and majestic was his look,  
 At which the fellest fiends had shook,  
 And all unruffled was his face ;  
 They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

Often had William of Deloraine  
 Rode through the battle's bloody plain,  
 And trampled down the warriors slain,  
 And neither known remorse or awe ;  
 Yet now remorse and awe he owned ;  
 His breath came thick, his head swam round,  
 When this strange scene of death he saw.

Bewildered and unnerved he stood,  
And the priest prayed fervently, and loud :  
With eyes averted prayed he ;  
He might not endure the sight to see,  
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

And when the priest his death-prayer had prayed,  
Thus unto Deloraine he said : —

“ Now speed thee what thou hast to do,  
Or, warrior, we may dearly rue ;  
For those, thou may'st not look upon,  
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone ! ”  
Then Deloraine, in terror, took  
From the cold hand the mighty book,  
With iron clasped, and with iron bound :  
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frowned ;  
But the glare of the sepulchral light,  
Perchance, had dazzled the warrior's sight.

When the huge stone had sunk o'er the tomb,  
The night returned in double gloom,  
For the moon had gone down, and the stars were few ;  
And as the knight and priest withdrew,  
With wavering steps and dizzy brain,  
They hardly might the postern gain.  
'Tis said, as through the aisles they past,  
They heard strange noises on the blast ;  
And through the cloister-galleries small,  
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,  
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,  
And voices unlike the voice of man ;  
As if the fiends kept holiday,  
Because these spells were brought to day. —  
I cannot tell how the truth may be ;  
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

## A BRIDAL.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned,

From wandering on a foreign strand!  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;  
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentered all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child!  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band,  
That knits me to thy rugged strand!  
Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
Think what is now, and what hath been,  
Seems, as to me, of all bereft,  
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;

And thus I love them better still,  
 Even in extremity of ill. •  
 By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,  
 Though none should guide my feeble way;  
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
 Although it chill my withered cheek;  
 Still lay my head by Teviot stone;  
 Though there, forgotten and alone,  
 The Bard may draw his parting groan.

Not scorned like me! to Branksome Hall  
 The Minstrels came, at festive call;  
 Trooping they came, from near and far,  
 The jovial priests of mirth and war:  
 Alike for feast and fight prepared,  
 Battle and banquet both they shared.  
 Of late, before each martial clan,  
 They blew their death-note in the van,  
 But now, for every merry mate,  
 Rose the portcullis' iron grate;  
 They sound the pipe, they strike the string,  
 They dance, they revel, and they sing,  
 Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

Me lists not at this tide declare  
 The splendour of the spousal rite,  
 How mustered in the chapel fair  
 Both maid and matron, squire and knight;  
 Me lists not tell of owches rare,  
 Of mantles green, and braided hair,  
 And kirtles furred with miniver;  
 What plumage waved the altar round,  
 How spurs, and ringing chainlets, sound:  
 And hard it were for Bard to speak  
 The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek,

That lovely hue which comes and flies,  
As awe and shame alternate rise.

Some bards have sung the Ladye high  
Chapel or altar came not nigh;  
Nor durst the rights of spousal grace,  
So much she feared each holy place.  
False slanders these : — I trust right well  
She wrought not by forbidden spell :  
For mighty words and signs have power  
O'er sprites in planetary hour :  
Yet scarce I praise their venturous part,  
Who tamper with such dangerous art.

But this for faithful truth I say,

The Ladye by the altar stood,  
Of sable velvet her array,

And on her head a crimson hood,  
With pearls embroidered and entwined,  
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined;  
A merlin sat upon her wrist,  
Held by a leash of silken twist.

The spousal rites were ended soon ;  
'Twas now the merry hour of noon,  
And in the lofty arched hall  
Was spread the gorgeous festival.  
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,  
Marshalled the rank of every guest ;  
Pages, with ready blade, were there,  
The mighty meal to carve and share ;  
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,  
And princely peacock's gilded train,  
And o'er the boar-head, garnished brave,  
And cygnet from St. Mary's wave,  
O'er ptarmigan and venison,

The priest had spoke his benison.  
Then rose the riot and the din,  
Above, beneath, without, within!  
For, from the lofty balcony,  
Rang trumpet, shalm, and psaltery;  
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaffed;  
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laughed;  
Whispered young knights, in tone more mild,  
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.  
The hooded hawks, high perched on beam,  
The clamour joined with whistling scream,  
And flapped their wings, and shook their bells,  
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.  
Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,  
From Bourdeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine;  
Their tasks the busy sewers ply,  
And all is mirth and revelry.

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## THE TRIAL OF CONSTANCE.

In low dark rounds the arches hung,  
From the rude rock the side-walls sprung;  
The grave-stones, rudely sculptured o'er,  
Half sunk in earth, by time half-wore,  
Were all the pavement of the floor;  
The mildew drops fell one by one,  
With tinkling splash, upon the stone.  
A cresset, in an iron chain,  
Which served to light this drear domain,  
With damp and darkness seemed to strive,  
As if it scarce might keep alive;

And yet it dimly served to shew  
The awful conclave met below.

There, met to doom in secrecy,  
Were met the heads of convents three;  
All servants of Saint Benedict,  
The statutes of whose order strict

On iron table lay;  
In long black dress, on seats of stone,  
Behind were these three judges shewn,

By the pale cresset's ray:  
The Abbess of Saint Hilda's, there,  
Sate for a space with visage bare,  
Until, to hide her bosom's swell,  
And tear-drops that for pity fell,

She closely drew her veil:  
Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,  
By her proud mien and flowing dress,  
Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,

And she with awe looks pale:  
And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight  
Has long been quenched by age's night,  
Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,  
Nor ruth, nor mercy's place is shewn,  
Whose look is hard and stern, —  
Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his stile;  
For sanctity called, through the isle,  
The saint of Lindisfarn.

Before them stood a guilty pair;  
But, though an equal fate they share,  
Yet one alone deserves our care.  
Her sex a page's dress belied;  
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,  
Obscured her charins, but could not hide.

Her cap down o'er her face, she drew;  
 And, on her doublet-breast,  
 She tried to hide the badge of blue,  
 Lord Marmion's falcon crest.  
 But, at the Prioress' command,  
 A monk undid the silken band,  
 That tied her tresses fair,  
 And raised the bonnet from her head,  
 And down her slender form they spread,  
 In ringlets rich and rare.  
 Constance de Beverley they know,  
 Sister profess'd of Fonteyraud,  
 Whom the church numbered with the dead,  
 For broken vows, and convent fled.

When thus her face was given to view  
 (Although so pallid was her hue,  
 It did a ghastly contrast bear  
 To those bright ringlets glittering fair)  
 Her look composed, and steady eye,  
 Bespoke a matchless constancy.  
 And there she stood, so calm and pale,  
 That, but her breathing did not fail,  
 And motion slight of eye and head,  
 And of her bosom, warranted  
 That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,  
 You might have thought a form of wax,  
 Wrought to the very life, was there;  
 So still she was, so pale, so fair.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,  
 Such as does murder for a meed;  
 Who, but of fear, knows no controul;  
 Because his conscience, sear'd and foul,  
 Feels not the import of his deed;

One, whose brute feeling ne'er aspires  
Beyond his own more brute desires.  
Such tools the Tempter ever needs  
To do the savagest of deeds;  
For them no vision'd terrors daunt,  
Their nights no fancied spectres haunt;  
One fear with them, of all most base,  
The fear of death, — alone finds place.  
This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,  
And shamed not loud to moan and howl,  
His body on the floor to dash,  
And crouch, like hound beneath the lash;  
While his mute partner, standing near,  
Waited her doom without a tear.  
Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,  
Well might her paleness terror speak!  
For there were seen in that dark wall  
Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall; —  
Who enters at such griesly door,  
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.  
In each a slender meal was laid,  
Of roots, of water, and of bread:  
By each, in Benedictine dress,  
Two haggard monks stood motionless;  
Who, holding high a blazing torch,  
Shew'd the grim entrance of the porch:  
Reflecting back the smoky beam,  
The dark-red walls and arches gleam.  
Hewn stones and cement were display'd,  
And building tools in order laid.

These executioners were chose,  
As men who were with mankind foes,  
And, with despite and envy fired,

Into the cloister had retired;  
 Or who, in desperate doubt of grace,  
 Strove, by deep penance, to efface  
 Of some foul crime the stain;  
 For, as the vassals of her will,  
 Such men the church selected still,  
 As either joy'd in doing ill,  
 Or thought more grace to gain,  
 If, in her cause, they wrestled down  
 Feelings their nature strove to own.  
 By strange device were they brought there,  
 They knew not how, and knew not where.

And now that blindfold Abbot rose,  
 To speak the Chapter's doom,  
 On thence the wall was to inclose,  
 Alive, within the tomb:  
 But stopp'd, because that woeful maid,  
 Gathering her powers, to speak essay'd.  
 Twice she essay'd, and twice in vain;  
 Her accents might no utterance gain;  
 Nought but imperfect murmurs slip  
 From her convulsed and quivering lip:  
 'Twixt each attempt all was so still;  
 You seem'd to hear a distant rill —  
 'Twas ocean's swells and falls;  
 For though this vault of sin and fear  
 Was to the sounding surge so near,  
 A tempest there you scarce could hear,  
 So massive were the walls.

At length, an effort sent apart  
 The blood that curdled at her heart,  
 And light came to her eye,

And colour dawn'd upon her cheek,  
 A hectic and a flutter'd streak,  
 Like that left on the Cheviot peak,  
     By Autumn's stormy sky;  
 And when her silence broke at length,  
 Still as she spoke she gathered strength,  
     And arm'd herself to bear; —  
 It was a fearful sight to see  
 Such high resolve and constancy,  
     In form so soft and fair.

“ I speak not to implore your grace;  
 Well know I for one minute's space  
     Successful might I sue:  
 Nor do I speak your prayer to gain;  
 For if a death of lingering pain  
 To cleanse my sins be penance vain,  
     Vain are your masses too. —  
 I listened to a traitor's tale,  
 I left the convent and the veil;  
 For three long years I bow'd my pride,  
 A horse-boy in his train to ride;  
 And well my folly's meed he gave,  
 Who forfeited, to be his slave,  
 All here, and all beyond the grave.  
 He saw young Clara's face more fair,  
 He knew her of broad lands the heir,  
 Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,  
 And Constance was beloved no more.  
     'Tis an old tale, and often told;  
     But, did my fate and wish agree,  
     Ne'er had been read, in story old,  
     Of maiden true betray'd for gold,  
     That loved, or was avenged like me!

“The King approved his favourite’s aim;  
 In vain a rival barr’d his claim,  
 Whose faith with Clare’s was plight,  
 For he attaints that rival’s fame  
 With treason’s charge—and on they came,  
 In mortal lists to fight.

    Their oaths are said,  
 Their prayers are pray’d,  
 Their lances in the rest are laid,  
 They meet in mortal shock;  
 And hark! the throng, with thundering cry,  
 Shout “Marmion, Marmion!” to the sky,  
 “De Wilton to the block!”

Say ye, who preach, heaven shall decide,  
 When in the lists two champions ride,

    Say, was heaven’s justice here?  
 When, loyal in his love and faith,  
 Wilton found overthrow or death,  
 Beneath a traitor’s spear.

How false the charge, how true he fell,  
 This guilty packet best can tell” —  
 Then drew a packet from her breast,  
 Paused, gather’d voice, and spoke the rest.

“Still was false Marmion’s bridal said;  
 To Whitby’s convent fled the maid;  
 The hated match to shun.

‘Ho! shifts she thus?’ king Henry cried,  
 ‘Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,  
 If she were sworn a nun.’

One way remained—the king’s command  
 Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:  
 I linger’d here, and rescue plann’d  
 For Clara and for me:

This caitiff Monk, for gold, did swear  
He would to Whitby's shrine repair,  
And, by his drugs, my rival fair  
A saint in heaven should be.  
But ill the dastard kept his oath,  
Whose cowardice has undone us both.

“ And now my tongue the secret tells,  
Not that remorse my bosom swells,  
But to assure my soul that none  
Shall ever wed with Marmion.  
Had fortune my last hope betray'd,  
This packet, to the king convey'd,  
Had given him to the headsman's stroke,  
Although my heart that instant broke. —  
Now, men of death, work forth your will,  
For I can suffer and be still;  
And come he slow, or come he fast,  
It is but Death who comes at last.

“ Yet dread me, from my living tomb,  
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!  
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,  
Full soon such vengeance will he take,  
That you shall wish the fiery Dane  
Had rather been your guest again.  
Behind, a darker hour ascends!  
The altars quake, the crosier bends,  
The ire of a despotic King  
Rides forth upon destruction's wing.  
Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,  
Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep;  
Some traveller then shall find my bones,  
Whitening amid disjointed stones,

And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,  
Marvel such relics here should be."

Fix'd was her look, and stern her air;  
Back from her shoulders stream'd her hair;  
The locks that wont her brows to shade,  
Stared up erectly from her head;  
Her figure seem'd to rise more high;  
Her voice, despair's wild energy  
Had given a tone of prophecy.  
Appall'd the astonished conclave sate;  
With stupid eyes, the men of fate  
Gazed on the light inspired form,  
And listen'd for the avenging storm;  
The judges felt the victim's dread;  
No hand was moved, no word was said,  
Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,  
Raising his sightless balls to heaven: —  
"Sister, let thy sorrows cease;  
Sinful brother, part in peace!" —

From that dire dungeon, place of doom,  
Of execution too, and tomb,  
Paced forth the judges three;  
Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell  
The butcher-work that there befell,  
When they had glided from the cell  
Of sin and misery.

An hundred winding steps convey  
That conclave to the upper day;  
But ere they breathed the fresher air  
They heard the shriekings of despair,  
And many a stifled groan:  
With speed their upward way they take,

(Such speed as age and fear can make,)  
And cross'd themselves for terror's sake,  
    As hurrying, tottering on,  
Even in the vesper's heavenly tone,  
They seem'd to hear a dying groan,  
And bade the passing knell to toll  
For welfare of a parting soul.  
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,  
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;  
To Warkworth cell the echoes roll'd,  
His beads the wakeful hermit told;  
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,  
But slept ere half a prayer he said;  
So far was heard the mighty knell,  
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,  
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,  
Listed before, aside, behind,  
Then couch'd him down beside the hind,  
And quaked among the mountain fern,  
To hear that sound, so dull and stern.

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## COURT OF JAMES OF SCOTLAND.

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OLD Holy-Rood rung merrily  
That night, with wassal, mirth, and glee :  
King James within her princely bower  
Feasted the chiefs of Scotland's power,  
Summon'd to spend the parting hour;  
    For he had charged, that his array  
    Should southward march by break of day.  
Well loved that splendid monarch eye

The banquet and the song,  
By day the tourney, and by night  
The merry dance, traced fast and light,  
The masquers quaint, the pageant bright,  
The revel loud and long.  
This feast outshone his banquets past;  
It was his blithest, — and his last.  
The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,  
Cast on the court a dancing ray;  
Here to the harp did minstrels sing;  
There ladies touch'd a softer string;  
With long-ear'd cap, and motley vest,  
The licensed fool retail'd his jest;  
His magic tricks the juggler plied;  
At dice and draughts the gallants vied;  
While some, in close recess apart,  
Court'd the ladies of their heart,  
Nor court'd them in vain;  
For often, in the parting hour,  
Victorious love asserts his power  
O'er coldness and disdain;  
And flinty is her heart, can view  
To battle march a lover true —  
Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,  
Nor own her share of pain.

Through this mix'd crowd of glee and game  
The King to greet Lord Marmion came,  
While, reverent, all made room.  
An easy task it was, I trow,  
King James's manly form to know,  
Although, his courtesy to show,  
He doff'd, to Marmion bending low,  
His broider'd cap and plume.

For royal were his garb and mien ,  
His cloak of crimson velvet piled ,  
Trimm'd with the fur of martin wild ;  
His vest of changeful satin sheen  
The dazzled eye beguiled ;  
His gorgeous collar hung adown ,  
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown ,  
The thistle brave , of old renown ;  
His trusty blade , Toledo right ,  
Descended from a baldrick bright ;  
White were his buskins , on the heel  
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel ;  
His bonnet , all of crimson fair ,  
Was button'd with a ruby rare :  
And Marmion deem'd he ne'er had seen  
A prince of such a noble mien .

The Monarch's form was middle size ;  
For feat of strength , or exercise ,  
Shaped in proportion fair ;  
And hazle was his eagle eye ,  
And auburn of the darkest dye  
His short curled beard and hair .  
Light was his footstep in the dance ,  
And firm his stirrup in the lists ;  
And , oh ! he had that merry glance  
That seldom lady's heart resists .  
Lightly from fair to fair he flew ,  
And loved to plead , lament , and sue ; —  
Suit lightly won , and short-lived pain ,  
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain .

I said he joy'd in banquet-bower ;  
But , mid his mirth , 'twas often strange ,  
How suddenly his cheer would change ,

His look o'ercast and lower,  
If, in a sudden turn he felt  
The pressure of his iron belt,  
That bound his breast in penance pain,  
In memory of his father slain.  
Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,  
Soon as the passing pang was o'er,  
Forward he rush'd, with double glee,  
Into the stream of revelry :  
Thus, dim-seen object of affright  
Startles the courser in his flight, •  
And half he halts, half springs aside;  
But feels the quickening spur applied,  
And, straining on the tighten'd rein,  
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,  
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway :  
To Scotland's court she came,  
To be a hostage for her lord,  
Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,  
And with the King to make accord,  
Had sent his lovely dame.  
Nor to that lady free alone  
Did the gay King allegiance own;  
For the fair Queen of France  
Sent him a turquois ring, and glove,  
And charged him, as her knight and love,  
For her to break a lance;  
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand.  
And march three miles on southern land,  
And bid the banners of his band  
In English breezes dance.  
And thus, for France's Queen he drest

His manly limbs in mailed vest ;  
And thus admitted English fair  
His inmost counsels still to share ;  
    And thus , for both , he madly plann'd  
    The ruin of himself and land !  
    And yet , the sooth to tell ,  
    Nor England's fair , nor France's Queen ,  
    Were worth one pearl-drop bright and sheen ,  
    From Margaret's eyes that fell , —  
His own Queen Margaret , who , in Lithgow's bower ,  
All lonely sat , and wept the weary hour.

The Queen sits lone in Lithgow pile ,  
    And weeps the weary day ,  
The war against her native soil ,  
Her Monarch's risk in battle broil ; —  
And in gay Holy-Rood , the while ,  
Dame Heron rises with a smile  
    Upon the harp to play.  
Fair was her rounded arm , as o'er  
    The strings her fingers flew ;  
And as she touch'd and tuned them all ,  
Ever her bosom's rise and fall  
    Was plainer given to view ;  
For all , for heat , was laid aside ,  
Her wimple , and her hood untied.  
And first she pitch'd her voice to sing ,  
Then glanced her dark eye on the King ,  
And then around the silent ring ;  
And laugh'd , and blush'd , and oft did say  
Her pretty oath , by yea , and nay ,  
She could not , would not , durst not play !  
At length , upon the harp , with glee ,  
Mingled with arch simplicity ,

A soft yet lively air she rung,  
While thus the wily lady sung.

## LOCHINVAR.

### LADY HERON'S SONG.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;  
And save his good broad-sword he weapons had none.  
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,  
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;  
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
Among bride's men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and al  
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)  
"O come ye in peace, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—  
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up,  
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.

She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —  
“ Now tread we a measure ! ” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely his face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and  
plume;  
And the bride-maidens whisper, “ ’Twere better by far  
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar. ”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood  
near ;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !  
“ She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow, ” quoth young  
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;  
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they  
ran :

There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see,  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar !

• The Monarch o'er the syren hung,  
And beat the measure as she sung ;  
And, pressing closer, and more near,  
He whisper'd praises in her ear.  
In loud applause the courtiers vied ;  
And ladies wink'd, and spoke aside.

The witching dame to Marmion threw  
A glance, where seem'd to reign  
The pride that claims applauses due,  
And of her royal conquest, too,  
A real or feign'd disdain :  
Familiar was the look, and told,  
Marmion and she were friends of old.

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## THE BATTLE.

AND why stands Scotland idly now,  
Dark Flodden ! on thy airy brow,  
Since England gains the pass the while,  
And struggles through the deep defile?  
What checks the fiery soul of James?  
Why sits that champion of the dames  
Inactive on his steed,  
And sees, between him and his land,  
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,  
His host Lord Surrey lead?  
What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand?  
—O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!  
Fierce Randolph, for thy leading wand!  
O for one hour of Wallace wight,  
Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule the fight,  
And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"  
Another sight had seen that morn,  
From fate's dark book a leaf been torn,  
And Flodden had been Bannock-bourne!  
The precious hour has pass'd in vain,  
And England's host has gain'd the plair;

Wheeling their march, and circling still,  
Around the base of Flodden-hill.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,  
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,—

“Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!  
And see ascending squadrons come  
Between Tweed's river and the hill,  
Foot, horse, and cannon:—hap what hap,  
My basnet to a prentice cap,

Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!—

Yet more! yet more!—how fair array'd  
They file from out the hawthorn shade,  
'And sweep so gallant by!

With all their banners bravely spread,

And all their armour flashing high,  
Saint George might waken from the dead,  
To see fair England's standards fly.”—

“Stint in thy prate,” quoth Blount; “thou'dst best  
And listen to our lord's behest.”—

With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,—

“This instant be our band array'd;

The river must be quickly cross'd,

That we may join Lord Surrey's host.

If fight King James,—as well I trust

That fight he will, and fight he must,—

The Lady Clare behind our lines

Shall tarry, while the battle joins.”—

• Himself he swift on horseback threw,  
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu.

Far less would listen to his prayer,

To leave behind the helpless Clare.

Down to the Tweed his band he drew,

And mutter'd, as the flood they view,

“The pheasant in the falcon’s claw,  
He scarce will yield to please a daw :  
Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,  
So Clare shall bide with me.”

Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,  
Where to the Tweed Leat’s eddies creep,

He ventured desperately :  
And not a moment will he bide,  
Till squire, or groom, before him ride ;  
Headmost of all he stems the tide,

And stems it gallantly.  
Eustace held Clare upon her horse,  
Old Hubert led her rein,  
Stoutly they braved the current’s course,  
And though far downward driven per force,

The southern bank they gain ;  
Behind them, straggling, came to shore,  
As best they might, the train :

Each o’er his head his yew-bow bore,

A caution not in vain ;  
Deep need that day that every string,  
By wet unharm’d, should sharply ring.  
A moment then Lord Marmion staid,  
And breath’d his steed, his men array’d,

Then forward moved his band,  
Until, Lord Surrey’s rear-guard won,  
He halted by a cross of stone,  
That, on a hillock standing lone,

Did all the field command.

Hence might they see the full array  
Of either host, for deadly fray ;  
Their marshall’d lines stretch’d east and west  
And fronted north and south,

And distant salutation past

From the loud cannon mouth;  
Not in the close successive rattle,  
That breathes the voice of modern battle,  
But slow and far between.—

The hillock gain'd, Lord Marmion staid :

“ Here, by this cross,” he gently said,

“ You well may view the scene.

Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare :

O! think of Marmion in thy prayer!—

Thou wilt not?—well,—no less my care  
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—

You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,

With ten pick'd archers of my train;

With England if the day go hard,

To Berwick speed amain.

But, if we conquer, cruel maid!

My spoil shall at your feet be laid,

When here we meet again.”—

He waited not for answer there,

And would not mark the maid's despair,

Nor heed the discontented look

From either squire; but spurr'd amain,

And, dashing through the battle-plain,

His way to Surrey took.

“——The good Lord Marmion, by my life!

Welcome to dangers hour!—

• Short greeting serves in time of strife:—

Thus have I ranged my power :

Myself will rule this central host,

Stout Stanley fronts their right,

My sons command the vaward post,

With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;

Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,  
Shall be in rearward of the fight,  
And succour those that need it most.  
Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,  
Would gladly to the vanguard go;  
Edmund, the admiral, Tunstall there,  
With thee their charge will blithely share;  
There fight thine own retainers too,  
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true." —  
"Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said,  
Nor further greeting there he paid;  
But, parting like a thunderbolt,  
First in the vanguard made a halt,  
Where such a shout there rose  
Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry  
Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,  
Startled the Scottish foes.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still  
With Lady Clare upon the hill;  
On which, (for far the day was spent,)  
The western sunbeams now were bent.  
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,  
Could plain their distant comrades view;  
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,  
"Unworthy office here to stay!  
No hope of gilded spurs to day. —  
But, see! look up — on Flodden bent  
The Scottish foe has fired his tent." —

And sudden, as he spoke,  
From the sharp ridges of the hill,  
All downward to the banks of Till,  
Was wreath'd in sable smoke;  
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,

The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,  
As down the hill they broke;  
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,  
Announced their march; their tread alone,  
At times one warning trumpet blown,  
At times a stifled hum,  
Told England, from his mountain-throne  
King James did rushing come.—  
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,  
Until at weapon-point they close.—  
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,  
With sword-sway, and with lances thrust;  
And such a yell was there,  
Of sudden and portentous birth,  
As if men fought upon the earth,  
And fiends in upper air;  
O life and death were in the shout,  
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,  
And triumph and despair.  
Long look'd the anxious squires; their eye  
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast  
Aside the shroud of battle cast;  
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears  
Above the brightening cloud appears;  
And in the smoke the pennons flew,  
As in the storm the white sea-mew,  
Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,  
The broken billows of the war,  
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,  
Floating like foam upon the wave;  
But nought distinct they see:  
Wide raged the battle on the plain;

Spears shook, and faulchions flash'd amain;  
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;  
 Crest rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,  
 Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high  
 They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:  
 And stainless Tunstall's banner white,  
 And Edmund Howard's lion bright,  
 Still bear them bravely in the fight:

Although against them come  
 Of gallant Gordons many a one,  
 And many a stubborn Highlandman,  
 And many a rugged border clan,  
 With Huntley, and with Home.

## THE DEATH OF RODERICK DHU—

WITH THE CONCLUSION OF THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

Thus, motionless, and moanless, drew  
 His parting breath, stout Rhoderick Dhu!—  
 Old Allan-bane look'd on aghast,  
 While grim and still his spirit pass'd;  
 But when he saw that life was fled,  
 He pour'd his wailing o'er the dead.

### LAMENT.

“And art thou cold and lowly laid,  
 Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,  
 Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!  
 For thee shall none a requiem say?”

—For thee, — who loved the minstrel's lay,  
 For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,  
 The shelter of her exiled line,  
 E'en in this prison-house of thine,  
 I'll wail for Alpine's honour'd pine!

“What groans shall yonder vallies fill!  
 What shrieks of grief shall rend you hill!  
 What tears of burning rage shall thrill,  
 When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,  
 Thy fall before the race was won,  
 Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!  
 There breathes not clansman of thy line,  
 But would have given his life for thine. —  
 O woe for Alpine's honour'd pine!

“Sad was thy lot on mortal stage! —  
 The captive thrush may brook the cage,  
 The prison'd eagle dies for rage,  
 Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!  
 And, when its notes awake again,  
 Even she, so long beloved in vain,  
 Shall with my harp her voice combine,  
 And mix her woe and tears with mine,  
 To wail Clan-Alpine's honoured pine.” —

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart,  
 Remain'd in lordly bower apart,  
 Where play'd, with many-colour'd gleams,  
 Through storied pane the rising beams.  
 In vain on gilded roof they fall,  
 And lighten'd up a tapestried wall,  
 And for her use a menial train  
 A rich collation spread in vain.  
 The banquet proud, the chamber gay,

Scarce drew one curious glance astray ;  
 Or, if she look'd, 'twas but to say,  
 With better omen dawn'd the day  
 In that lone isle, where waved on high  
 The dun deer's hide for canopy ;  
 Where oft her noble father shared  
 The simple meal her care prepared,  
 While Lufra, crouching by her side,  
 Her station claim'd with jealous pride,  
 And Douglas, bent on woodland game,  
 Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme,  
 Whose answer, oft at random made,  
 The wandering of his thoughts betray'd. —  
 Those, who such simple joys have known,  
 Are taught to prize them when they're gone.  
 But sudden, see, she lifts her head !  
 The window seeks with cautious tread.  
 What distant music has the power  
 To win her in this woeful hour !  
 'Twas from a turret that o'erhung  
 Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

#### LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

“ My hawk is tired of perch and hood,  
 My idle greyhound loathes his food,  
 My horse is weary of his stall,  
 And I am sick of captive thrall.  
 I wish I were as I have been,  
 Hunting the hart in forest green,  
 With bended bow and blood-hound free,  
 For that's the life is meet for me.  
 “ I hate to learn the ebb of time,  
 From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,

Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,  
 Inch after inch, along the wall.  
 The lark was wont my matins ring,  
 The sable rook my vespers sing;  
 These towers, although a king's they be,  
 Have not a hall of joy for me.

"No more at dawning morn I rise,  
 And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,  
 Drive the fleet deer the forest through,  
 And homeward wend with evening dew;  
 A blithesome welcome blithely meet,  
 And lay my trophies at her feet,  
 While fled the eve on wing of glee, —  
 That life is lost to love and me ! —

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,  
 The list'ner had not turn'd her head,  
 It trickled still, the starting tear,  
 When light a footstep struck her ear,  
 And Snowdoun's graceful knight was near.  
 She turn'd the hastier, lest again  
 The prisoner should renew his strain.

"O welcome, brave Fitz-James !" she said;

"How may an almost-orphan maid  
 Pay the deep debt" — "O say not so !

To me no gratitude you owe.

Not mine, alas ! the boon to give,

And bid thy noble father live;

I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,

With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.

No tyrant he, though ire and pride

May lead his better mood aside.

Come, Ellen, come ! — 'tis more than time,

He holds his court at morning prime. " —

With beating heart, and bosom wrung,  
As to a brother's arm she clung.  
Gently he dried the falling tear,  
And gently whisper'd hope and cheer;  
Her faltering steps half led, half staid,  
Through gallery fair and high arcade,  
Till, at his touch, its wings of pride  
A portal arch unfolded wide.

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,  
A thronging scene of figures bright;  
It glow'd on Ellen's dazzled sight,  
As when the setting sun has given  
Ten thousand hues to summer even,  
And, from their tissue, fancy frames  
Aerial knights and fairy dames.  
Still by Fitz-James her footing staid;  
A few faint steps she forward made,  
Then slow her drooping head she raised,  
And fearful round the presence gazed;  
For him she sought, who own'd this state,  
The dreaded prince whose will was fate! —  
She gazed on many a princely port,  
Might well have ruled a royal court;  
On many a splendid garb she gazed, —  
Then turn'd bewild'rd and amazed,  
For all stood bare; and, in the room,  
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.  
To him each lady's look was lent;  
On him each courtier's eye was bent;  
Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen;  
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,  
The centre of the glittering ring. —  
And Snowdown's knight is Scotland's king!

As wreath of snow, on mountain-breast,  
 Slides from the rock that gave it rest,  
 Poor Ellen glided from her stay,  
 And at the monarch's feet she lay;  
 No word her choaking voice commands; —  
 She show'd the ring — she clasp'd her hands.  
 O! not a moment could he brook,  
 The generous prince, that suppliant look!  
 Gently he raised her, — and, the while,  
 Check'd with a glance the circle's smile;  
 Graceful, but grave, her brow he kiss'd,  
 And bade her terrors be dismiss'd: —  
 “Yes, Fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James  
 The fealty of Scotland claims.  
 To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring;  
 He will redeem his signet ring.  
 Ask nought for Douglas; — yester even,  
 His prince and he have much forgiven;  
 Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,  
 I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.  
 We would not to the vulgar crowd  
 Yield what they craved with clamour loud;  
 Calmly we heard and judg'd his cause,  
 Our council aided, and our laws.  
 I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern,  
 With stout De Vaux and grey Glencairn  
 And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own  
 The friend and bulwark of our throne —  
 But, lovely infidel, how now?  
 What clouds thy misbelieving brow?  
 Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;  
 Thou must confirm this doubting maid.”

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,

And on his neck his daughter hung.  
 The monarch drank, that happy hour,  
 The sweetest, holiest draught of power, —  
 When it can say with godlike voice,  
 Arise, sad virtue, and rejoice !  
 Yet would not James the general eye  
 On nature's raptures long should pry ;  
 He stepp'd between — “ Nay, Douglas, nay,  
 Steal not my proselyte away !  
 The riddle 'tis my right to read  
 That brought this happy chance to speed.  
 Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray  
 In life's more low but happier way,  
 'Tis under name which veils my power,  
 Nor falsely veils — for Stirling's tower  
 Of yore the name of Snowdon claims,  
 And Normans call me James Fitz-James.  
 Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,  
 Thus learn to right the injured cause.”  
 Then, in a tone apart and low,  
 — “ Ah, little trait'ress ! none must know  
 What idle dream, what lighter thought,  
 What vanity full dearly bought,  
 Join'd to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew  
 My spell-bound steps to Benvenue,  
 In dangerous hour, and all but gave  
 Thy monarch's life to mountain glaive ! ” —  
 Aloud he spoke — “ Thou still dost hold  
 That little talisman of gold,  
 Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring —  
 What seeks ~~for~~ Ellen of the king ” —

Full well the conscious maiden guess'd,  
 He probed the weakness of her breast;

But, with that consciousness, there came  
 A lightning of her fears for Græme,  
 And more she deem'd the monarch's ire  
 Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire,  
 Rebellious broad-sword boldly drew;  
 And, to her generous feeling true,  
 She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu. —  
 "Forbear thy suit : — the King of kings  
 Alone can stay life's parting wings.  
 I know his heart, I know his hand,  
 Have shared his cheer, and proved his hand : —  
 My fairest earldom would I give  
 To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live! —  
 Hast thou no other boon to crave?  
 No other captive friend to save?" —  
 Blushing, she turn'd her from the King,  
 And to the Douglas gave the ring,  
 As if she wish'd her sire to speak  
 The suit that stain'd her glowing cheek. —  
 "Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,  
 And stubborn justice holds her course.  
 Malcolm, come forth!" — And, at the word,  
 Down kneel'd the Græme to Scotland's lord.  
 "For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,  
 From thee may vengeance claim her dues,  
 Who nurtured underneath our smile,  
 Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,  
 And sought, amid thy faithful clan,  
 A refuge for an outlaw'd man,  
 Dishonouring thus thy loyal name. —  
 Fetters and warder for the Græme! —  
 His chain of gold the King unstrung,  
 The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,

Then gently drew the glittering band,  
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

Harp of the north, farewell! the hills grow dark,  
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;  
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,  
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.  
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,  
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;  
Thy numbers sweet, with nature's vespers blending,  
With distant echo from the fold and lea,  
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou minstrel harp!

Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,  
And little reck I of the censure sharp

May idly cavil at an idle lay.

Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,

Through secret woes the world has never known,  
When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,  
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.

That I o'er live such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,

Some spirit of the air has waked thy string!

'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,

'Tis now the brush of fairy's frolic wing.

Receding now, the dying numbers ring

Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,  
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring

A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—

And now, 'tis silent all! — Enchantress, fare thee well!

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WILFRID'S SONG.

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THE blood left Wilfrid's ashen cheek ;  
Matilda sees , and hastes to speak . —  
“ Happy in friendship's ready aid ,  
Let all my murmurs here be staid !  
And Rokeby's maiden will not part  
From Rokeby's hall with moody heart .  
This night at least , for Rokeby's fame  
The hospitable hearth shall flame ,  
And , ere its native heir retire ,  
Find for the wanderer rest and fire ,  
While this poor harper , by the blaze ,  
Recounts the tale of other days .  
Bid Harpool ope the door with speed ,  
Admit him , and relieve each need . —  
Meantime , kind Wycliffe , wilt thou try  
Thy minstrel skill ! — nay , no reply —  
And look not sad ! — I guess thy thought ,  
Thy verse with laurels would be bought ;  
And poor Matilda , landless now ,  
Has not a garland for thy brow .  
True , I must leave sweet Rokeby's glades ,  
Nor wander more in Greta shades ;  
But sure , no rigid jailor , thou  
Wilt a short prison-walk allow ,  
Where summer flowers grow wild at will ,  
On Marwood-chace and Toller-hill ;  
Then holly green and lily gay  
Shall twine in guerdon of thy lay . ” —

The mournful youth, a space aside,  
 To tune Matilda's harp applied;  
 And then a low sad descant rung,  
 As prelude to the lay he sung.

#### THE CYPRESS WREATH.

O Lady, twine no wreath for me,  
 Or twine it of the cypress tree!  
 Too lively glow the lilies light,  
 The varnish'd holly's all too bright,  
 The May-flower and the eglantine  
 May shade a brow less sad than mine :  
 But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,  
 Or weave it of the cypress tree!

Let dimpled mirth his temples twine  
 With tendrils of the laughing vine;  
 The manly oak, the pensive yew,  
 To patriot and to sage be due;  
 The myrtle bough bids lovers live,  
 But that Matilda will not give;  
 Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me,  
 Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Let merry England proudly rear  
 Her blended roses, bought so dear;  
 Let Albin bind her bonnet blue  
 With heath and hare-bell dipped in dew;  
 On favour'd Erin's crest be seen  
 The flower she loves of emerald green —  
 But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,  
 Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare  
 The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;

And, while his crown of laurel-leaves  
With bloody hand the victor weaves,  
Let the loud trump his triumph tell;  
But when you hear the passing bell,  
Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me,  
And twine it of the cypress tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;  
But, O Matilda, twine not now!  
Stay till a few brief months are past,  
And I have look'd and loved my last!  
When villagers my shroud bestrew  
With pansies, rosemary, and rue, —  
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,  
And weave it of the cypress tree.

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## HUNTING SONG.

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WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,  
On the mountain dawns the day,  
All the jolly chace is here,  
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear;  
Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,  
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,  
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
The mist has left the mountain gray,  
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;

And foresters have busy been,  
To track the buck in thicket green;  
Now we come to chaunt our lay,  
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
To the green-wood haste away;  
We can shew you where he lies,  
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;  
We can shew the marks he made,  
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;  
You shall see him brought to bay,  
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder chaunt the lay,  
Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,  
Run a course as well as we.  
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,  
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk?  
Think of this, and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

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## THE VIOLET.

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THE violet in her green-wood bower,  
Where birchen boughs with hazles mingle,  
May boast itself the fairest flower  
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,  
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining,

I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,  
 More sweet through wat'ry lustre shining.  
 The summer sun that dew shall dry,  
 Ere yet the day be past its morrow;  
 Nor longer in my false love's eye,  
 Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

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## TO A LADY.

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.

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TAKE these flowers, which, purple waving,  
 On the ruin'd rampart grew,  
 Where, the sons of freedom braving,  
 Rome's imperial standards flew.  
 Warriors from the breach of danger  
 Pluck no longer laurels there :  
 They but yield the passing stranger  
 Wild-flower wreaths for beauty's hair.

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## THE BARD'S INCANTATION.

WRITTEN UNDER THE THREAT OF INVASION, IN THE  
 AUTUMN OF 1804.

---

THE forest of Glenmore is drear,  
 It is all of black pine, and the dark oak-tree;  
 And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,  
 Is whistling the forest lullaby :

The moon looks through the drifting storm,  
 But the troubled lake reflects not her form,  
 For the waves roll whitening to the land,  
 And dash against the shelvy strand.

There is a voice among the trees

That mingles with the groaning oak,—

That mingles with the stormy breeze,

And the lake-waves dashing against the rock;—

There is a voice within the wood,

The voice of the Bard in fitful mood;

His song was louder than the blast,

As the Bard of Glenmore through the forest past.

“Wake ye from your sleep of death,

Minstrels and Bards of other days!

For the midnight wind is on the heath,

And the midnight meteors dimly blaze!

The spectre with his bloody hand

Is wandering through the wild woodland;

The owl and the raven are mute for dread,

And the time is meet to awake the dead!

“Souls of the mighty, wake, and say

To what high strain your harps were strung,

When Lochlin plough'd her billowy way,

And on your shores her Norsemen hung?—

Her Norsemen train'd to spoil and blood,

Skill'd to prepare the raven's food,

All by your harpings doom'd to die

On bloody Largs and Luncarty.

“Mute are ye all? No murmurs strange

Upon the midnight breeze sail by;

Nor through the pines with whistling change

Mimic the harp's wild harmony!

Mute are ye now? — Ye ne'er were mute,  
 When Murder with his bloody foot,  
 And Rapine with his iron hand,  
 Were hovering near yon mountain strand.

“O yet awake the strain to tell,  
 By every deed in song enroll'd,  
 By every chief who fought or fell  
 For Albion's weal in battle bold;  
 From Coilgach, first who roll'd his car  
 Through the deep ranks of Roman war,  
 To him, of veteran memory dear,  
 Who victor died on Aboukir.

“By all their swords, by all their scars,  
 By all their names, a mighty spell!  
 By all their wounds, by all their wars,  
 Arise, the mighty strain to tell!  
 For fiercer than fierce Hengist's strain,  
 More impious than the heathen Dane,  
 More grasping than all-grasping Rome,  
 Gaul's ravening legions hither come!”

The wind is hush'd, and still the lake —  
 Strange murmurs fill my tingling ears,  
 Bristles my hair, my sinews quake.  
 At the dread voice of other years —  
 “When targets clash'd, and bugles rung,  
 And blades round warriors' heads were flung,  
 The foremost of the band were we,  
 And hymn'd the joys of liberty!”

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# THOMAS MOORE.

## AN ESSAY ON MOORE'S LIFE AND POETRY.

THOMAS MOORE, Esq. late of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. This celebrated writer is a native of Ireland, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, after which he came to London, with a view of making the law his profession. During his residence at the Temple, as a student, he employed himself in a poetical version of Anacreon, which experienced a very favorable reception from the public, Mr. Moore's Muse is another Ariel, as light, as tricky, as indefatigable, and as humane a spirit. His fancy is for ever on the wing, flutters in the gale, glitters in the sun. Every thing lives, moves, and sparkles in his poetry, while over all Love waves his purple light. His thoughts are as restless, as many, and as bright as the insects that people the sun's beam. "So work the honeybees," extracting liquid sweets from opening buds, so the butterfly expands its wings to the idle air; so the whistle's silver down is wafted over summer seas. An airy voyager on life's stream, his mind inhales the fragrance of a thousand shores, and drinks of endless pleasures under halcyon skies. Wherever his footsteps tend over the enamelled ground of fairy fiction—

"Around him the bees in play flutter and cluster,  
And gaudy butterflies frolic around."

The fault of Mr. Moore is an exuberance of involuntary power. His facility of production lessens the effect of, and hangs, as a

His works are: The Odes of Anacreon, translated into English verse, with notes, 4to. 1800. 8th Edition, 2 v. foolsc. 8vo. 1813. — A Candid Appeal to Public Confidence, or Considerations on the Dangers of the Present Crisis, 8vo. 1803. — Poems by the late Thomas Little, Esq. 8vo. 1808. 11th edition, 1813. — A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin, 8vo. 1810. — Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post Bag, by Thomas Brown the younger, 8vo. 1812. Of this there have been no less than fourteen editions. — Irish Melodies, fol. — Poems from the Portuguese of Camoens, 8vo. 1813. — Mr. Moore completed the translation of Sallust which had been left unfinished by Mr. Arthur Murphy, and he superintended the printing of the work for the purchaser, Mr. Carpenter. 12mo. Rookh. Loves of the Angels. Fables of the Holy Alliance. Life of Sheridan.

dead weight upon, what he produces. His levity at last oppresses. The infinite delight he takes in such an infinite number of things, produces indifference in minds less susceptible of pleasure than his own. He exhausts attention by being inexhaustible. His variety cloy; his rapidity dazzles and distracts the sight. The graceful ease with which he lends himself to every subject, the genial spirit with which he indulges in every sentiment, prevents him from giving their full force to the masses of things, from connecting them into a whole. He wants intensity, strength, and grandeur. His mind does not brood over the great and permanent; it glances over the surfaces, the first impressions of things, instead of grappling with the deep-rooted prejudices of the mind, its inveterate habits, and that "perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart." His pen, as it is rapid and fanciful, wants momentum and passion. It requires the same principle to make us thoroughly like poetry, that makes us like ourselves so well, the feeling of continued identity. The impressions of Mr. Moore's poetry are detached, desultory, and physical. Its gorgeous colours brighten and fade like the rainbow's. Its sweetness evaporates like the effluvia exhaled from beds of flowers! His gay laughing style, which relates to the immediate pleasures of love or wine, is better than his sentimental and romantic vein. His Irish melodies are not free from affectation and a certain sickliness of pretension. His serious descriptions are apt to run into flowery tenderness. His pathos sometimes melts into a mawkish sensibility, or crystallizes into all the prettiness of allegorical language, and glittering hardness of external imagery. But he has wit at will, and of the first quality. His satirical and burlesque poetry is his best: it is first-rate. His *Twopenny Post-Bag* is a perfect "nest of spicery;" where the *Cayenne* is not spared. The politician there sharpens the poet's pen. In this too, our bard resembles the bee—he has its honey and its sting.

Lalla Rookh is not what people wanted to see whether Mr. Moore could do; namely, whether he could write a long epic poem. It is four short tales. The interest, however, is often high-wrought and tragic, but the execution still turns to the effeminate and voluptuous side. Fortitude of mind is the first requisite of a tragic or epic writer. Happiness of nature and felicity of genius are the pre-eminent characteristics of the bard of Erin. If he is not perfectly contented with what he is, all the world beside is. He had no temptation to risk any thing in adding to the love and admiration of his age, and more than one country.

"Therefore to be possessed with double pomp,

To guard a title that was rich before ,  
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily ,  
 To throw a perfume on the violet ,  
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper light  
 To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish ,  
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess. "

The same might be said of Mr. Moore's seeking to bind an epic crown, or the shadow of one, round his other laurels.

H.....t.

One of the prominent imputations which the English bring against the French, is that of reckoning Parny among the number of their poets; without going farther back, the French may reply, that Moore, his contemporary, has given a Parny to English poetry. After perusing the amorous trifles published under the fictitious name of Little, and the very free paraphrase of Anacreon, dedicated to the Prince Regent, who, at that time, performed the part of Polycrates to the Irish Anacreon, and after surveying, in some drawing-room, the *mignonne* physiognomy of the poet, one would be tempted to depict him in the midst of the beauties of the court of Windsor, or rather in one of the boudoirs of Madame de Pompadour, canvassing for the smile of some favourite or powerful libertine, with his melodious voice and somewhat effeminate verses; but it would occasion some surprise to observe this little poet of the bedchamber, while luxuriously reclined upon a sofa, suddenly passing from a languishing sonnet, or an eulogium upon Lalage, or a brimming goblet of wine, to a coarse satire against legitimacy and priestcraft. Let us, however, do him the justice to say, that he instantly breaks off his amorous descant when called upon to pour forth a nobler effusion in the cause of liberty, or a daring protest, in favour of oppressed Ireland; at such times, he resembles Parny, composing national odes in the manner of Beranger.

For some time, therefore, Thomas Moore has become moral and almost chaste. Let us follow him through the history of his various writings; we shall find him more superficial than profound, more tender than pathetic, more graceful than energetic; addressing the heart rather than the mind; but still on all occasions an amiable poet, sometimes a great poet, and almost always imbued with imagination, wit, and taste. Diderot affirms, that in order to write well on the subject of females, it would be requisite to dip the pen in the dyes of the rainbow, and dry the paper with powder borrowed from the wings of the

butterfly. It might be imagined, that Thomas Moore had employed this recipe, in order to compose his oriental imagery, and depict his Peris, or not less brilliant mortal fairies; there is so prodigious a luxury of metaphors and ornaments lavished on his verses, that they may be styled a selection of poetical arabesques.

The Grand Nazir of the Mogul Princess might have added to the above noticed critique, that the elements of Thomas Moore's poetry consist in the ingenious distribution of divers butterfly wings, angel plumes, beams of light, pearls, precious stones, perfumes, etc. All these fictitious appendages do not always adorn perfect beauties; but, as paste and false diamonds produce enchanting metamorphoses at the opera, with the aid of singing and music, the poet operates an illusion by the magic of his pictures and the melody of his verses. He has carried this melody farther than any English poet since Chaucer : Thomas Moore's poetry is almost Italian. This melody was already conspicuous in his first pieces, addressed to Julia, Rose, Jessy, Bessy, Mary, and to thirty others, whom the discreet Mr. Little designates by three asterisks.

With his charming social verses, and his amiable manners, Mr. Moore succeeded, not only in winning the ear of the ladies, but also of some influential noblemen. He was appointed to a situation in the Vice Admiralty Court at Bermudas, and he embarked for that island, which Shakspeare makes the birth-place of his sylph Ariel. During his leisure moments Mr. Moore did not neglect the muses, and the beauties of the Azores; and on his return to England published a collection of odes, epistles, and fugitive poems, in which he celebrates the enchantments of a climate well calculated to seduce, by its various features, the poet's imagination. Of these pieces, some are rich with brilliant descriptions, while others reproduce the tender emotions with which Mr. Moore delights to inspire himself. He had, however, found the ladies of the Bermudas more fond than beautiful; he treats their husbands still less favourably, telling us that the ancient philosopher, who held that after this life, the men are changed into mules, and the women into turtles, might have seen this metamorphosis nearly accomplished at Bermudas. But it is in the United States that Mr. Moore meets with the greatest disappointments; it is more especially the United States which have reason to complain of his Epistles, dated from Washington City, and Lake Erie. Mr. Moore affirms that he departed for America with favourable prepossessions. He had pictured American liberty to himself as the

divinity of a Republican Utopia. He was shocked to find nothing but coarse tradesmen among the democrats, and citizens almost as vulgar among the federalists : a new proof that Mr. Moore is only a drawing-room liberal, a boudoir demagogue. American liberty springing from commerce, plain, consequently, and somewhat plebeian, appeared to his eyes in the light of vulgar company. He would have wished to find her a polite and even capricious fair; and then he would have considered her worthy of his devotions; but, alas!

“ Like the nymphs of her own withering clime,  
She is olden in youth, she is blasted in prime.”

*Epistle to Lord Forbes.*

According to him, she is cold, avaricious, and possesses all the vices of old maids; not to mention, that in consequence of being corrupted by French philosophy, she is a driveller, who utters nothing but sophisms.

The poor Americans are nothing but merchants, who have made themselves free, in order to make their sovereign a bankrupt, and to support the allegation, is brought the forced quotation of Montesquieu, of which, with Mr. Moore's permission, England may appropriate a portion to herself. It seems that the president of that day, or some other magistrate of the Union, had a favourite negress; and accordingly Mr. Moore sets about turning into ridicule the American Pericles, and his African Aspasia, in the lines commencing,

“ The weary statesman,” etc.

*Epistle to Mr. Hume.*

The spotless glory of Washington is not spared in these diatribes, wherein the poet rises to a lofty flight of composition, while painting one of the features of the vast American continent, though always, it must be admitted, in the design of humiliating and mortifying the inhabitants. But Mr. Moore was then on his return to Ireland, and about to devote his eminent talents to a national undertaking; that of the *Irish Melodies*.

There can be little doubt that the primitive songs, or lyrical compositions of the rhapsodists, were the spontaneous production of a poetical musician, who struck off the words and the air in the same heat. Subsequently, songs have generally preceded the music. But such is the triumph of music, which is the true universal language, over poetry, which only appertains to one language, that the tune still survives, when

the words are lost. The Virgilian Shepherd was thence induced to exclaim, "I remember the air, but I have forgotten the words."

"Numeros memini, si verba tenerem."

Ireland possessed an original and popular music, which supplied numerous allusions to its manners, customs, and history, and which, still more than the Scotch music, deserved that a Burns should render it popular, and consecrate it, as it were, by an alliance with the national poetry. Miss Owenson had already adapted words to some of these airs of old Erin : but to Thomas Moore belongs the merit of assembling almost all of them in one historical record.

"It has been often remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments in our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the language of despondency — a burst of turbulence dying away into softness — the sorrows of one moment lost in the levities of the next — and all the romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off or forget the wrongs which lie upon it; such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music : and there are many airs, which I think it is difficult to listen to without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable."

*Letter to the Marchioness of Donallan.*

The fault of Mr. Moore consists in having too often forgotten this latter consideration, in order to substitute his frivolous ideas in the room of glorious associations, or the regret which was naturally suggested. We have too many verses to Chloris in the Melodies, and not enough of those hymns in honour of Bryan the Brave; not enough of those descriptive songs, which like music convey the mind into the local scenery which they depict. Mr. Moore's Elegies, his amorous complaints, sometimes his complaints of exile, possess no other national and characteristic feature than the name of Erin. The poet speaks of independence and liberty, like a Greek of Athens, and like a rhetorician who has translated Anacreon. He talks, indeed, of love, but then it is,

"Caton galant, ou Brutus dameret."

The luxury of the *costumes*, and of the periphrasis in *Lalla Rookh*, tend to persuade us that we are reading an oriental

poem; it might be almost called, according to a well-known expression, more Arabic than Arabia. But in the *Irish Melodies*, if Mr. Moore is almost always a remarkable lyrical poet, he is seldom an Irishman, while Burns always remains a Scotchman in his Caledonian melodies. We have said enough to explain the reason; Mr. Moore has composed exclusively for the piano of pretty women. Burns has preserved his somewhat savage independence in his songs; Moore resembles a caged nightingale, who devotes his dulcet voice to an imitation of the airs of the bird-organ. There are, however, some honourable exceptions to the general tone of the melodies of the Irish Anacreon; *Rich and Rare*, is a fragment rendered exquisite by its affecting simplicity; it describes the voyage of a young virgin, clothed in rich vestures, who, on the faith of the virtues of Brien and his people, travels through the entire kingdom, without fear of outrage. *O the sight-entrancing*, is the almost sublime expression of a warrior's enthusiasm at the sight of arms. Divested of their rhythm and their music, these melodies would perhaps justify what Moore himself has modestly said of them in the style of Fadladeen — they resemble insects in amber, which are esteemed on account of the precious substance which embalm them. But some of them are in truth more than that, and deserve to be compared to the most affecting elegies of M. de la Martine. Subjoined is a song of liberty, in which sadness and indignation are combined, and which, in the original, may vie with a *Messénienne*, or a song of Beranger :

“ Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,  
Where pleasure is carelessly smiling at fame;  
He was born for much more, and in happier hours,  
His soul might have burned with a holier flame;  
The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,  
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart,  
And the lip which now breathes but the song of desire,  
Might have poured the full tide of a patriot's heart.

“ But alas! for his country — her pride is gone by,  
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend,  
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,  
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.  
Unprized are her sons till they've learned to betray;  
Undistinguished they live if they shame not their sires,  
And the torch that would light them thro' dignity's way,  
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

“ Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream,  
He should try to forget what he never can heal;  
Oh! give but a hope : let a vista but gleam  
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel.

That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down  
 Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,  
 While the myrtle now idly entwined with his crown,  
 Like the wreath of Harmodius should cover his sword."

Mr. Moore's principal work is *Lalla Rookh*, which exhibits all the affluence and all the defect of his talent. The *Edinburgh Review* compared the four tales in *Lalla Rookh*, and the framework which unites them, to four beautiful pearls, joined together by a thread of silk and gold. We do not admire the *Veiled Prophet* much. *Mokanna* is a Germanified exaggeration of Lewis's *Monk*. The *Peri* is a charming composition, founded upon an idea which may be called oriental *marivaudage*, but which entirely partakes of the taste of Arabic fiction.

The imagery and the descriptions of the *Fire Worshipers* possess all the freshness which distinguishes those of the *Peri*; but in this case there is the attraction of a more powerful interest — a dramatic interest. This original poem, which is a happy mixture of grace and energy, has more than one affinity with Lord Byron's *Bride of Abydos*. *Hafed* is another *Selim*, *Hinda* another *Zuleika*; but Moore can afford to sustain a comparison of this description. As to the *Flower of the Harem*, it is composed of a still lighter ground-work than that of the *Peri*, but which Moore, with the poetical voluptuousness peculiar to him, has adorned with an extraordinary luxury of ornament. This *historiette* deserves to be translated into Turkish, and the *Odaliques* of his sublime Highness might incessantly peruse and re-peruse it. It would appear to them like a voluptuous emanation of those perfumes by which the captive *Peris* are recorded to be nourished in their golden cages, to which Southey alludes in his *Thalaba*.

What a contrast is there between these "*Delilahs* of the imagination," (as Dryden called the luxury of periphrasis), and the sarcastic truths which Moore, in his moments of humour, addresses in plebeian language to the great powers of the age! There is, it is true, a vulgarity, and sometimes a refinement of triteness, in the *Two-penny Post Bag*, the *Memorial of Tom Crib to Congress*, and the *Fudge Family*. The *Two-penny Post Bag* betrays the absurdities of the English upper classes; and the Prince Regent and his court supply the materials for the poet's bantering vein. We cannot, however, dwell upon it, because every allusion would call for too long a commentary. The *Memorial of Tom Crib to Congress* furnishes excellent lessons to the Holy Alliance; but it is incapable of introduction here; for the humour of it frequently consists in phraseology

alone, which is borrowed from the slang dictionary of the "*fancy*." The *Fudge Family* interests Paris: that is to say, such as Paris was from 1815 to 1818, with its Russian mountains, its opera, its milliners, its whiskered linen-drapers, and its police scarcely recovered from the surprise of finding itself performing the part of spy for the Bourbons. But the circumstance which appears chiefly to have shocked Mr. Moore in his excursion through France, is the conjoint absence of Buonaparte, and of liberty; a species of contradiction, as ridiculous as that of Lady Morgan. The *Fudge Family* distributes among its various members the vanity of the Irish Lady, her declamatory style, and her absurd *no-meanings*. Mr. Fudge, the head of the family, is a spy of Lord Castlereagh, who sends him the journal of his observations. The leaves of the manuscript occasionally serve as wrappers to little parcels of French embroidery and lace for Lady Castlereagh; and Fudge is enchanted with the circumstance of her ladyship having told her husband that Mr. Fudge's journal contained some very pretty things.

This worthy spy has a son and daughter who accompany his journey, and have also their private correspondence. Miss Biddy relates, with innocent simplicity, her various impressions to her friend Miss Doll. She constitutes a kind of sentimental Agnes, whom every thing astonishes and enchants, although it appears to her that adventures are somewhat tardy in occurring. Her first visit at Paris is to Madame Le Roy, a celebrated mantua-maker in 1817. Adorned with a bonnet and gown in the Parisian fashion, she considers herself invested with a talisman for conquering all descriptions of hearts. At the opera she discovers that the lyrical singers are mere squallers, and conspirators against the laws of harmony; which is a tolerable decisive judgment for a little simpleton in her own country. This nursling of a poet, who has so well described the seductions of Mokanna's gardens, could not remain insensible to the enchantments of the Parisian *Bayaderes*; Bigottini, Fanny Bias, etc. are proclaimed divine. She does not less admire the chaste *Suzanna* of the *Porte Saint Martin*; but it is at Beaujon that she herself is destined to triumph, in the supposition, that she has taken her seat in the same car as the king of Prussia, who was then at Paris under the name of Count de Ruppin. This gallant cavalier, however, turns out to be no more than a mere Colonel; but he is amiable; he wears mustachios; he talks of Austerlitz; he is a Buonapartist; in short, he is a hero. Miss Biddy enjoys some agreeable excursions with her hero to Tortoni, to Pere La Chaise, and finally to Montmorenci; where he becomes enthusiastic on the subject

of Jean Jacques. Biddy imagines herself to be the Venus of this Mars in epaulettes. Alas! what vanity is there in mortal wishes! His courage, his wealth, his rank, and his wit, all vanish in a moment, when chance brings him to the eye of poor Biddy, standing behind the ignoble rampart of a counter, with a linen-draper's yard in his hand. In short, he is a man-milliner; (*a Calicot.*)

Mr. Fudge's son is more happy in his devotions; he feels no passions but for the delights of gastronomy; he assiduously frequents Very and Beauvilliers, and escapes cheaply with a few indignations. In other respects he belongs to the dandy *genus*, and is described by his sister in the following terms: —

“A being with little mustachios, and stays, of diminutive height, resembling an hour-glass, with his head immoveably buried between two points of his cravat collar,” etc. Mr. Fudge jun. has a tutor; the latter is a poor cousin, the philosopher of the family, one Phelim Connor, who seriously indites liberal diatribes against the Bourbons and the Holy Alliance, while he lauds the sublime flight of the imperial eagle. There is no avoiding a smile at so much credulity; as if, forsooth, the thunder-bearing bird, again conveyed on the wings of victory, had permitted itself to be heralded by a republican red-cap. Some of Phelim Connor's tirades possess a lofty eloquence; they exhibit the impulse of real indignation.

The *Loves of the Angels*, deserve a comparison with Lord Byron's *Heaven and Earth*.

The two poets have stamped the peculiar impress of their talent on their several works.

Moore has lost nothing of his exquisite sensibility, his felicity of description, and his elegance. His style is always a little too brilliantly polished; he sins through an entirely oriental luxuriousness of fancy. His muse is crowned with pearls and diamonds. She is rendered dazzling with rich ornaments; and when, becoming more chaste and tender, she charms us by more simple graces and less far-fetched ornaments, some relics of the coquette are still detected in the art with which she arranges her veil, and the simplest flowers which go to decorate her vesture. The creations of T. Moore are too much spiritualized; his females would be more interesting if they were less angelic. The fable of the poem consists in the narrative which three exiles from heaven mutually supply of their *bonnes fortunes*, with three daughters of earth.<sup>1</sup> The whole three have sacrificed every thing to love; but the angels of Lord Byron embrace perdition through

<sup>1</sup> The poet himself speaks in the name of the third.

a sentiment of honour. They generously prefer renouncing the pardon which is offered to them to the abandonment of the mortal females<sup>1</sup> whom they have seduced. But this love of the sons of God, and the daughters of men, is only an episode in the more severe composition of Lord Byron. The poet has delineated the picture of a world corrupted, and condemned to the terrible regeneration of a deluge. He describes man, invested with all his irregular passions, confronting the Creator, armed with inexorable vengeance. The same vengeance is about to overtake the superior intelligencies, who have forgotten their high vocations in the lap of terrestrial pleasures, and the devoted fair ones, who prefer to a jealous God the lovers whom they have selected, and whom they have made their only divinities.

Weakness abandons itself up to cowardly repinings. Impious pride, instead of offering homage to the Almighty, perishes with a curse upon its lips. The just man, strong in his faith; and the consolations of holy hope, resigns himself to his fate, and blesses heaven. A mother, — ah! the delirium of her maternal grief will doubtless plead for pardon — a mother, having vainly implored the safety of her son, suffers a reproach, instead of a prayer, to escape her lips at the near prospect of that death which is about to overwhelm them both. Meanwhile, one of the elect of God is destined by eternal mercy to re-people another universe. Should we blame the poet for having almost made a rebel of one of the sons of Noah? Did not evil carry with it its seeds into the ark, since the posterity of Adam, after the lapse of ages, required the sacrifice of divine blood for a second regeneration? Japhet, who is deluded by a guilty love for a daughter of Cain, appears himself to appertain to the race of the fratricide; whose pride had already revolted against the Almighty, previous to the destruction of his brother. Japhet is a dissatisfied philosopher, who daringly attempts to fathom the ways of Providence. Had it not pronounced to the billows, when fixing their primordial limits, “thus far shall ye go, and no farther?” When the ocean is about to engulf its prey, Japhet nearly proceeds to the extent of accusing the Almighty of injustice, contradiction, and cruelty.

The audacious genius of the author of *Cain* is discoverable throughout this drama, which in form and style recalls to mind the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton. A. P.

<sup>1</sup> Some rabbins have affirmed that the loves of the angels with the daughters of men is a false tradition, arising from a misrepresented passage of Genesis. The giants recorded to have been born of this commerce between heaven and earth, could not, in that case, have existed. However this may be, poets are fully entitled to avail themselves of the idea, whether allegorical or not.

## TO JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

FROM BERMUDA.

“THE daylight is gone — but, before we depart,  
One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,  
To the kindest, the dearest — oh! judge by the tear  
That I shed while I name him, how kind and how dear!”

’Twas thus, by the shade of a calabash tree,  
With a few, who could feel and remember like me,  
The charm, that to sweeten my goblet I threw,  
Was a tear to the past and a blessing on you!

Oh! say, do you thus, in the luminous hour  
Of wine and of wit, when the heart is in flower  
And shoots from the lip, under Bacchus’s dew,  
In blossoms of thought ever springing and new!  
Do you sometimes remember, and hallow the brim  
Of your cup with a sigh, as you crown it to him,  
Who is lonely and sad in these valleys so fair,  
And would pine in elysium, if friends were not there!

Last night, when we came from the calabash-tree,  
When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free,  
The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day  
Put the magical springs of my fancy in play,  
And oh! — such a vision as haunted me then  
I could slumber for ages to witness again!  
The many I like, and the few I adore,  
The friends, who were dear and beloved before,

But never till now so beloved and dear,  
At the call of my fancy surrounded me here!  
Soon, soon did the flattering spell of their smile  
To a paradise brighten the blest little isle;  
Serenest the wave, as they look'd on it, flow'd,  
And warmer the rose, as they gather'd it, glow'd!  
Not the valleys Heræen (though water'd by rills  
Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills,  
Where the song of the shepherd, primæval and wild,  
Was taught to the nymphs by their mystical child,)  
Could display such a bloom of delight, as was given  
By the magic of love to this miniature heaven!

Oh magic of love! unembellish'd by you,  
Has the garden a blush or the herbage a hue?  
Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art,  
Like the vista that shines through the eye to the heart?

Alas! that a vision so happy should fade!  
That, when morning around me in brilliancy play'd,  
The rose and the stream I had thought of at night  
Should still be before me, unfadingly bright;  
While the friends, who had seem'd to hang over the  
stream,  
And to gather the roses, had fled with my dream!

But see, through the harbour, in floating array,  
The bark that must carry these pages away,  
Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind,  
And will soon leave the bowers of Ariel behind!  
What billows, what gales is she fated to prove,  
Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love!  
Yet pleasant the swell of those billows would be,  
And the sound of those gales would be music to me!

Not the tranquillest air that the winds ever blew,  
 Not the silvery lapse of the summer-eve dew,  
 Were as sweet as the breeze, or as bright as the foam  
 Of the wave, that would carry your wanderer home!

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TO THOMAS HUME, ESQ. M. D.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

'Tis evening now; the heats and cares of day  
 In twilight dews are calmly wept away.  
 The lover now, beneath the western star,  
 Sighs through the medium of his sweet segar,  
 And fills the ears of some consenting she  
 With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy!  
 The weary statesman for repose hath fled  
 From halls of council to his negro's shed,  
 Where blest he woos some black Aspasia's grace,  
 And dreams of freedom in his slave's embrace!

In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,  
 Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern Rome!  
 Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,  
 And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber now!  
 This fam'd metropolis, where fancy sees  
 Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;  
 Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn  
 With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,  
 Where nought but wood and \*\*\*\*\* they see,  
 Where streets should run and sages ought to be!

And look, how soft in yonder radiant wave,  
 The dying sun prepares his golden grave! —

Oh great Potowmac! oh you banks of shade!  
You mighty scenes in nature's morning made,  
While still, in rich magnificence of prime,  
She pour'd her wonders, lavishly sublime,  
Nor yet had learn'd to stoop, with humbler care,  
From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair!  
Say were your towering hills, your boundless floods,  
Your rich savannas and majestic woods,  
Where bards should meditate and heroes rove,  
And woman charm and man deserve her love!  
Oh! was a world so bright but born to grace  
Its own half-organiz'd, half-minded race  
Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its breast,  
Like vermin gender'd on the lion's crest?  
Were none but brutes to call that soil their home,  
Where none but demi-gods should dare to roam?  
Or worse, thou mighty world! oh! doubly worse,  
Did heaven design thy lordly land to nurse  
The motley dregs of every distant clime,  
Each blast of anarchy, and taint of crime,  
Which Europe shakes from her perturbed sphere,  
In full malignity to rankle here?  
But hush! — observe that little mount of pines,  
Where the breeze murmurs and the fire-fly shines,  
There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,  
The sculptur'd image of that veteran chief,  
Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name,  
And stept o'er prostrate loyalty to fame;  
Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot train  
Cast off their monarch that their mob might reign!

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?  
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage!  
Too form'd for peace to act a conqueror's part,

Too train'd in camps to learn a statesman's art,  
Nature design'd thee for a hero's mould,  
But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold!  
While warmer souls command, nay make their fate,  
Thy fate made thee and forc'd thee to be great.  
Yet Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds  
Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,  
Found thee undazzled, tranquil as before,  
Proud to be useful, scorning to be more;  
Less prompt at glory's than at duty's claim,  
Renown the meed, but self-applause the aim;  
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,  
Far less than all thou hast forborne to be!

Now turn thine eye where faint the moonlight falls  
On yonder dome — and in those princely halls,  
If thou can'st hate, as, oh! that soul must hate,  
Which loves the virtuous and reveres the great,  
If thou canst loath and execrate with me  
That Gallic garbage of philosophy,  
That nauseous slaver of those frantic times,  
With which false liberty dilutes her crimes!  
If thou hast got, within thy free-born breast,  
One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest,  
With honest scorn for that inglorious soul,  
Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's controul,  
Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,  
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god!  
There, in those walls — but, burning tongue, forbear!  
Rank must be reverenc'd, even the rank that's there:  
So here I pause — and now, my Hume! we part;  
But oh! full oft, in magic dreams of heart,  
Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear  
By Thames at home, or by Potowmac here!

O'er lake and marsh, thro' fevers and thro' fogs,  
 Midst bears and yankees, democrats and frogs,  
 Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes  
 With me shall wonder, and with me despise!  
 While I, as oft, in witching thought shall rove  
 To thee, to friendship, and that land I love,  
 Where, like the air that fans her fields of green,  
 Her freedom spreads, unfever'd and serene;  
 Where sovereign man can condescend to see  
 The throne and laws more sovereign still than he

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## T O N E A.

WELL — PEACE to thy heart, though another's it be,  
 And health to thy cheek, though it bloom not for me!  
 To-morrow, I sail for those cinnamon groves,  
 Where nightly the ghost of the Carribee roves,  
 And, far from thine eye, oh! perhaps, I may yet  
 Its seduction forgive and its splendour forget!  
 Farewell to Bermuda, and long may the bloom  
 Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume;  
 May spring to eternity hallow the shade,  
 Where Ariel has warbled and Waller has stray'd!  
 And thou,—when, at dawn, thou shalt happen to roam  
 Through the lime-cover'd alley that leads to thy home,  
 Where oft, when the dance and the revel were done,  
 And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun,  
 I have led thee along, and have told by the way  
 What my heart all the night had been burning to say—  
 Oh! think of the past — give a sigh to those times,  
 And a blessing for me to that alley of limes!

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 FROM THE TWOPENNY POST-BAG.

## LETTER II.

FROM COLONEL M'M—H—N TO G—LD FR—NC—S  
L—CKIE, ESQ.

DEAR Sir, I've just had time to look  
 Into your very learned Book :  
 Wherein—as plain as man can speak,  
 Whose English is half modern Greek—  
 You prove that we can ne'er intrench  
 Our happy isles against the French,  
 Till Royalty in England's made  
 A much more independent trade—  
 In short, until the House of Guelph  
 Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,  
 And boldly sets up for itself!

All, that can well be understood  
 In this said Book, is vastly good;  
 And, as to what's incomprehensible,  
 I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible.

But—to your work's immortal credit—  
 The P——e, good Sir, the P——e has read it;  
 (The only Book, himself remarks,  
 Which he has read since Mrs. Clarke's).  
 Last Levee-morn he look'd it through,  
 During that awful hour or two  
 Of grave tonsorial preparation,  
 Which, to a fond, admiring nation,

Sends forth, announc'd by trump and drum,  
 The best-wigg'd P——e in Christendom!  
 He thinks with you; th' imagination  
 Of *partnership* in legislation  
 Could only enter into the noddles  
 Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,  
 Whose heads on *firms* are running so,  
 They ev'n must have a King and Co.  
 And hence, too, eloquently show forth  
 On *checks* and *balances* and so forth.

But now, he trusts, we're coming near a  
 Better and more royal era;  
 When England's monarch need but say  
 "Whip me those scoundrels, C—stl—r—gh!"  
 Or — "Hang me up those Papists, Eld—n,"  
 And 'twill be done — aye, faith, and well done.

With view to which, I've his command  
 To beg, Sir, from your travell'd hand,  
 (Round which the foreign graces swarm)  
 A Plan of radical Reform;  
 Compil'd and chos'n as best you can,  
 In Turkey or at Ispahan,  
 And quite upturning, branch and root,  
 Lords, Commons, and Burdett to boot!  
 But, pray, whate'er you may impart, write  
 Somewhat more brief than major C—rtwr—ght;  
 Else, though the P——e be long in rigging,  
 'Twould take, at least, a fortnight's wiggling, —  
 Two wigs to every paragraph —  
 Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it also speedily —  
 As, truth to say, twixt you and me,

His Highness, heated by your work,  
 Already thinks himself Grand Turk!  
 And you'd have laugh'd, had you seen how  
 He scar'd the Ch—nc—ll—r just now,  
 When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd) he  
 Slapp'd his back and call'd him "Mufti!"

The tailors too have got commands,  
 To put directly into hands  
 All sorts of Dulimans and Pouches,  
 With Sashes, Turbans, and Paboutches,  
 (While Y—rm—th's sketching out a plan  
 Of new *Moustaches à l'Ottomane*)  
 And all things fitting and expedient  
 To *turkify* our gracious R—g—nt!  
 You, therefore, have no time to waste —  
 So, send your System. —  
 Your's, in haste.

## POSTSCRIPT.

Before I send this scrawl away,  
 I seize a moment, just to say,  
 There's some parts of the Turkish system  
 So vulgar, 'twere as well you miss'd 'em.  
 For instance — in *Seraglio* matters —  
 Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flatters,  
 Would fill his Haram (tasteless fool!)  
 With tittering, red-cheek'd things from school —  
 But *here* (as in that fairy land,  
 Where Love and Age went hand in hand;  
 Where lips, till sixty, shed no honey,  
 And Grandams were worth any money)  
 Our Sultan has much riper notions —  
 So, let your list of *she*-promotions

Include those only, plump and sage,  
 Who've reach'd the *regulation*-age;  
 That is — as near as one can fix  
 From Peerage dates — full fifty-six.

This rule's for *fav'rites* — nothing more —  
 For, as to *wives*, a Grand Signor,  
 Though not decidedly *without* them,  
 Need never care one curse about them!

## LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C—— TO LADY ——.

My dear Lady ——! I've been just sending out  
 About five hundred cards for a snug little Rout —  
 (By the bye, you've seen Rokeby? — this moment got  
 mine —

The Mail-Coach Edition — prodigiously fine!)  
 But I can't conceive how, in this very cold weather,  
 I'm ever to bring my five hundred together;  
 As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,  
 One can never get half of one's hundreds to meet —  
 (Apropos — you'd have laugh'd to see Townsend last  
 night,

Escort to their chairs, with his staff so polite,  
 The "three maiden Miseries," all in a fright!  
 Poor Townsend, like Mercury, filling two posts,  
 Supervisor of *thieves*, and chief-usher of *ghosts*!)

But, my dear Lady ——! can't you hit on some notion,  
 At least for one night to set London in motion? —  
 As to having the R——g——nt——*that* show is gone by —  
 Besides, I've remarked that (between you and I)  
 The Marchesa and he, inconvenient in more ways,  
 Have taken much lately to whispering in door-ways;

Which consid'ring, you know, dear, the *size* of the two—  
 Makes a block that one's company *cannot* get through;  
 And a house such as mine is, with door-ways so small,  
 Has no room for such cumbersome love-work at all!—  
 (Apropos, though, of love-work — you've heard it, I  
 hope,

That Napoleon's old Mother's to marry the Pope, —  
 What a comical pair!) — but to stick to my Rout,  
 'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out.  
 Is there no Algerine, no Kamchatkan arriv'd?  
 No Plenipo Pacha, three-tail'd and ten-wiv'd?  
 No Russian, whose dissonant consonant name  
 Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of fame?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,  
 When — provided their wigs were but decently black —  
 A few Patriot monsters, from Spain, were a sight  
 That would people one's house for one, night after night.  
 But — whether the Ministers *paw'd* them too much —  
 (And you know how they spoil whatsoever they touch)  
 Or, whether Lord G—rge (the young man about town)  
 Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down —  
 One has certainly lost one's *peninsular* rage,  
 And the only stray Patriot seen for an age  
 Has been at such places (think, how the fit cools)  
 As old Mrs. V—n's or Lord L—v—rp—l's!

But, in short, my dear, names like Wintztschitstop-  
 schinzoudhoff

Are the only things now make an ev'ning go smooth off —  
 So, get me a Russian — till death I'm your debtor —  
 If he brings the whole Alphabet, so much the better.  
 And — Lord! if he would but, *in character*, sup  
 Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up!

*Au revoir*, my sweet-girl — I must leave you in haste —  
 Little Gunter has brought me the Liqueurs to taste.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

By the bye, have you found any friend that can conster  
 That Latin account, t'other day, of a Monster?  
 If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing* in Latin  
 Be not *too* improper, I think I'll bring that in.

#### LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH, IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN, IN ISPAHAN.

WHILST thou, Mohassan (happy thou!)  
 Dost daily bend thy loyal brow  
 Before our King — our Asia's treasure!  
 Nutmeg of Comfort! Rose of Pleasure! —  
 And bear'st as many kicks and bruises  
 As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses; —  
 Thy head still near the bowstring's borders,  
 And but left on till further orders! —  
 Through London streets, with turban fair,  
 And caftan, floating to the air,  
 I saunter on — the admiration  
 Of this short-coated population —  
 This sew'd-up race — this button'd nation —  
 Who, while they boast their laws so free,  
 Leave not one limb at liberty,  
 But live, with all their lordly speeches,  
 The slaves of buttons and tight breeches!

Yet, though they thus their knee-pans fether,  
 (They're Christians, and they know no better)  
 In *some* things they're a thinking nation —  
 And, on Religious Toleration,

I own I like their notions *quite*,  
 They are so Persian and so right!  
 You know our Sunnites, hateful dogs!  
 Whom every pious Shiite flogs  
 Or longs to flog — 'Tis true, they pray  
 To God, but in an ill-bred way;  
 With neither arms, nor legs nor faces  
 Stuck in their right, canonic places!  
 'Tis true; they worship Ali's name —  
 Their Heav'n and *ours* are just the same —  
 (A Persian's Heav'n is eas'ly made;  
 'Tis but — black eyes and lemonade) —

Yet — though we've tried for centuries back —  
 We can't persuade the stubborn pack,  
 By bastinadoes, screws, or nippers,  
 To wear th' establish'd pea-green slippers!  
 Then — only think — the libertines!  
 They wash their toes — they comb their chins,  
 With many more such deadly sins!  
 And (what's the worst, though last I rank it)  
 Believe the Chapter of the Blanket!

Yet, spite of tenets so flagitious,  
 (Which *must*, at bottom, be seditious;  
 As no man living would refuse  
 Green slippers, but from treasonous views;  
 Nor wash his toes, but with intent  
 To overturn the government!)  
 Such is our mild and tolerant way,  
 We only curse them twice a day,  
 (According to a Form that's set)  
 And, far from torturing, only let  
 All orthodox believers beat 'em,  
 And twitch their beards, where'er they meet 'em.

As to the rest, they're free to do  
 Whate'er their fancy prompts them to,  
 Provided they make nothing of it  
 Tow'rd's rank or honour, power or profit;  
 Which things, we nat'rally expect,  
 Belong to us, the Establish'd sect,  
 Who disbelieve (the Lord be thanked!)  
 Th' aforesaid Chapter of the Blanket.

The same mild views of Toleration  
 Inspire, I find, this button'd nation,  
 Whose Papists (full as giv'n to rogue,  
 And only Sunnites with a brogue)  
 Fare just as well, with all their fuss,  
 As rascal Sunnites do with us.  
 The tender Gazel I inclose  
 Is for my love, my Syrian Rose —  
 Take it, when night begins to fall,  
 And throw it o'er her mother's wall.

## GAZEL.

Rememberest thou the hour we past,  
 That hour, the happiest and the last! —  
 Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn  
 To summer bees, at break of morn,  
 Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,  
 To Camels' ears the tinkling bell,  
 As is the soothing memory  
 Of that one precious hour to me!

How can we live, so far apart!  
 Oh! why not rather heart to heart,  
     United live and die —

Like those sweet birds, that fly together,  
With feather always touching feather,  
Link'd by a hook and eye!

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## HORACE, ODE XI. LIB. II.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY KING GEORGES THE IV.

COME, Y—rm—th, my boy, never trouble your brains  
About what your old croney,  
The Emperor Boney,  
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains;

Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our granaries:  
Should there come famine,  
Still plenty to cram in  
You always shall have, my dear Lord of the Stannaries!

Brisk let us revel, while revel we may;  
For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away,  
And then people get fat,  
And infirm, and—all that,  
And a wig (I confess it) so clumsily sits,  
That it frightens the little Loves out of their wits.

Thy whiskers, too, Y—rm—th! — alas, even they,  
Though so rosy they burn,  
Too quickly must turn  
(What a heart-breaking change for thy whiskers! to grey.)

Then why, my Lord Warden! oh! why should you fidget  
Your mind about matters you don't understand?

Or why should you write yourself down for an idiot,  
 Because “*you*,” forsooth, “*have the pen in your  
 hand!*”

Think, think how much better  
 Than scribbling a letter,  
 (Which both you and I  
 Should avoid, by the bye,)

How much pleasanter 'tis to sit under the bust  
 Of old Charley, my friend here, and drink like a new  
 one;

While Charley looks sulky and frowns at me, just  
 As the Ghost in the Pantomime frowns at Don Juan!

To crown us, Lord Warden!  
 In C—mb—rl—nd's garden  
 Grows plenty of *monk's hood* in venomous sprigs;  
 While Otto of Roses,  
 Refreshing all noses,  
 Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers and wigs.

What youth of the Household will cool our Noyau  
 In that streamlet delicious,  
 That down midst the dishes,  
 All full of good fishes,  
 Romantic doth flow? —  
 Or who will repair  
 Unto M——— Sq——e  
 And see, if the gentle *Marchesa* be there?

Go—bid her haste hither,  
 And let her bring with her  
 The newest No-Popery Sermon that's going—  
 Oh! let her come, with her dark tresses flowing,  
 All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,  
 In the manner of—Ackermann's Dresses for May!

## THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;  
And as she listen'd to the springs  
Of life within, like music flowing,  
And caught the light upon her wings  
Through the half-open portal glowing,  
She wept to think her recreant race  
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,  
"Are the holy spirits who wander there,  
Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;  
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,  
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,  
One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them all!

"Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,  
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,  
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;  
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,  
And the golden floods, that thitherward stray,  
Yet—oh 'tis only the blest can say  
How the waters of heaven outshine them all!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,  
From world to luminous world, as far  
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;  
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
And multiply each through endless years,  
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious angel, who was keeping  
The gates of light, beheld her weeping;  
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd  
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd  
Within his eyelids, like the spray  
From Eden's fountain, when it lies  
On the blue flow'r, which — Bramins say —  
Blooms no where but in Paradise!  
"Nymph of a fair, but erring line!"  
Gently he said — "One hope is thine.  
'Tis written in the book of fate,  
"The Peri yet may be forgiven  
Who brings to this eternal gate  
The gift that is most dear to Heaven!"  
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin; —  
'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in!"

Rapidly as comets run  
To th' embraces of the sun : —  
Fleeter than the starry brands,  
Flung at night from angel hands  
At those dark and daring sprites,  
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,  
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,  
And, lighted earthward by a glance  
That just then broke from morning's eyes,  
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

Just then beneath some orange trees,  
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze  
Were wantoning together, free,  
Like age at play with infancy —  
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,  
Close by the lake, she heard the moan  
Of one who, at this silent hour,

Had thither stol'n to die alone :  
One who in life , where'er he mov'd ,  
Drew after him the hearts of many ;  
Yet now , as though he ne'er were lov'd ,  
Dies here , unseen , unwept by any !  
None to watch near him — none to slake  
The fire that in his bosom lies ,  
With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake ,  
Which shines so cool before his eyes.  
No voice , well-known through many a day ,  
To speak the last , the parting word ,  
Which , when all other sounds decay ,  
Is still like distant music heard :  
That tender farewell on the shore  
Of this rude world , when all is o'er ,  
Which cheers the spirit , ere its bark  
Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth ! one thought alone  
Shed joy around his soul in death —  
That she , whom he for years had known ,  
And lov'd , and might have call'd his own ,  
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath ; —  
Safe in her father's princely halls ,  
Where the cool airs from fountain-falls ,  
Freshly perfum'd by many a brand  
Of the sweet wood from India's land ,  
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

'But see , — who yonder comes by stealth ,  
This melancholy bower to seek ,  
Like a young envoy , sent by health ,  
With rosy gifts upon her cheek ?  
'Tis she — far off , through moonlight dim ,  
He knew his own betrothed bride ,

She, who would rather die with him,  
Than live to gain the world beside! —  
Her arms are round her lover now,  
His livid cheek to hers she presses,  
And dips, to bind his burning brow,  
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.  
Ah! once, how little did he think  
An hour would come, when he should shrink  
With horror from that dear embrace,  
Those gentle arms, that were to him  
Holy as is the cradling place  
Of Eden's infant cherubin!  
And now he yields — now turns away,  
Shuddering as if the venom lay  
All in those proffer'd lips alone —  
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,  
Never until that instant came  
Near his unask'd or without shame.  
"Oh! let me only breathe the air,  
The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,  
And, whether on its wings it bear  
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!  
There, — drink my tears, while yet they fall, —  
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,  
And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,  
To give thy brow one minute's calm.  
Nay, turn not from me that dear face —  
Am I not thine — thy own lov'd bride —  
The one, the chosen one, whose place  
In life or death is by thy side?  
Think'st thou that she whose only light,  
In this dim world, from thee hath shone,  
Could bear the long, the cheerless night,  
That must be hers, when thou art gone?"

That I can live, and let thee go,  
 Who art my life itself? — No, no —  
 When the stem dies, the leaf that grew  
 Out of its heart must perish too!  
 Then turn to me, my own love, turn,  
 Before like thee I fade and burn;  
 Cling to these yet cool lips, and share  
 The last pure life that lingers there!"  
 She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp  
 In charnel airs or cavern-damp,  
 So quickly do his baleful sighs  
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes!  
 One struggle—and his pain is past—  
     Her lover is no longer living!  
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last,  
     Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the Peri, as softly she stole  
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,  
 As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast —  
 "Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,  
 In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd  
 Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,  
 Who sings at the last his own death lay,  
 And in music and perfume dies away!"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread  
     Unearthly breathings through the place,  
 And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed  
     Such lustre o'er each paly face,  
 That like two lovely saints they seem'd  
     Upon the eve of dooms-day taken  
 From their dim graves, in odour sleeping; —  
     While that benevolent Peri beam'd

Like their good angel, calmly keeping  
Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken !

But morn is blushing in the sky ;  
Again the Peri soars above ,  
Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh  
Of pure , self-sacrificing love .  
High throbb'd her heart , with hope elate ,  
The Elysian palm she soon shall win ,  
For the bright Spirit at the gate  
Smil'd as she gave that offering in ;  
And she already hears the trees  
Of Eden , with their cristal bells  
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze  
That from the throne of Alla swells ;  
And she can see the starry bowls  
That lie around that lucid lake ,  
Upon whose banks admitted souls  
Their first sweet draught of glory take !

But ah ! ev'n Peri's hopes are vain —  
Again the Fates forbade , again  
Th' immortal barrier clos'd — “ not yet , ”  
The angel said , as with regret ,  
He shut from her that glimpse of glory —  
“ True was the maiden , and her story ,  
Written in light o'er Alla's head ,  
By seraph eyes shall long be read ,  
But , Peri , see — the crystal bar  
Of Eden moves not — holier far  
Than ev'n this sigh the boon must be ,  
That opes the gates of heav'n for thee . ”

Now , upon Syria's land of roses  
Softly the light of eve reposes ,

And, like a glory, the broad sun  
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;  
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,  
And whitens with eternal sleet,  
While summer, in a vale of flowers,  
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look'd from upper air  
O'er all th' enchanted regions there,  
How beauteous must have been the glow,  
The life, the sparkling from below!  
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks  
Of golden melons on their banks,  
More golden where the sun-light falls; —  
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls  
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright  
As they were all alive with light; —  
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks  
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,  
With their rich restless wings, that gleam  
Variously in the crimson beam  
Of the warm west, — as if inlaid  
With brilliants from the mine, or made  
Of tearless rainbows, such as span  
The' unclouded skies of Peristan!  
And then, the mingling sounds that come,  
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum  
Of the wild bees of Palestine,  
Banqueting through the flowery vales; —  
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,  
And woods, so full of nightingales!

But nought can charm the luckless Peri;  
Her soul is sad — her wings are weary —

Joyless she sees the sun look down  
On that great temple, once his own,  
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,  
    Flinging their shadows from on high,  
Like dials, which the wizard Time  
    Had rais'd to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd,  
    Beneath those chambers of the sun,  
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd  
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd  
    With the great name of Solomon,  
    Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,  
May teach her where, beneath the moon,  
In earth or ocean lies the boon,  
The charm, that can restore so soon  
    An erring spirit to the skies!  
Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither; —  
    Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,  
Nor have the golden bowers of even  
In the rich west begun to wither; —  
When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging  
    Slowly, she sees a child at play,  
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,  
    As rosy and as wild as they;  
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,  
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,  
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,  
Like winged flowers or flying gems: —  
And, near the boy, who tir'd with play  
Now nestling mid the roses lay,  
She saw a wearied man dismount  
    From his hot steed, and on the brink  
Of a small imaret's rustic fount

Impatient fling him down to drink.  
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd  
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,  
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd  
 Upon a brow more fierce than that, —  
 Sullenly fierce — a mixture dire,  
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!  
 In which the Peri's eye could read  
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;  
 The ruin'd maid — the shrine profan'd —  
 Oaths broken — and the threshold stain'd  
 With blood of guests! — there written, all,  
 Black as the damning drops that fall  
 From the denouncing angel's pen,  
 Ere mercy weeps them out again!

Yet, tranquil now, that man of crime,  
 (As if the balmy evening time  
 Soften'd his spirit,) look'd and lay,  
 Watching the rosy infant's play: —  
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance  
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance

Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,  
 As torches, that have burnt all night  
 Through some impure and godless rite,  
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper-call to prayer,  
 As slow the orb of day-light sets,  
 Is rising sweetly on the air,  
 From Syria's thousand minarets!  
 The boy has started from the bed  
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head,  
 And down upon the fragrant sod  
 Kneels, with his forehead to the south,

Lisping th' eternal name of God  
From purity's own cherub-mouth,  
And looking, while his hands and eyes  
Are lifted to the glowing skies,  
Like a stray babe of Paradise,  
Just lighted on that flowery plain,  
And seeking for its home again!  
Oh 'twas a sight — that Heav'n — that child —  
A scene, which might have well beguiled  
Ev'n haughty Eblis of a sigh  
For glories lost and peace gone by!  
And how felt he, the wretched man  
Reclining there — while memory ran  
O'er many a year of guilt and strife;  
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,  
Nor found one sunny resting-place,  
Nor brought him back one branch of grace!  
“There was a time,” he said in mild,  
Heart-humbled tones — “thou blessed child!  
When young and haply pure as thou,  
I look'd and pray'd like thee — but now —”  
He hung his head — each nobler aim  
And hope and feeling, which had slept  
From boyhood's hour, that instant came  
Fresh o'er him, and he wept — he wept!  
Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!  
In whose benign, redeeming flow  
Is felt the first, the only sense  
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.  
“There's a drop,” said the Peri, “that (down from  
the moon  
Falls through the withering airs of June  
Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,

So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the hour  
That drop descends, contagion dies,  
And health reanimates earth and skies! —  
Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,

The precious tears of repentance fall?  
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,  
One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"

And now — behold him kneeling there  
By the child's side, in humble prayer,  
While the same sun-beam shines upon  
The guilty and the guiltless one,  
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven  
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,  
While on their knees they linger'd yet,  
There fell a light, more lovely far  
Than ever came from sun or star,  
Upon that ear that, warm and meek,  
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:  
To mortal eye this light might seem  
A northern flash or meteor beam —  
But well th' enraptured Peri knew,  
'Twas a bright smile the angel threw  
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear  
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done —  
The gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!  
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am —

To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad  
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,  
(And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!

"Farewel, ye odours of earth, that die,

Passing away like a lover's sigh; —  
My feast is now of the too-ba tree,  
Whose scent is the breath of eternity!

“Farewell ye vanishing flowers, that shone,  
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief, —  
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,  
To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's throne,  
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!  
Joy, joy for ever! — my task is done —  
The gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!”

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#### THE RETREAT OF THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

THERE stood — but one short league away  
From old Harmozia's sultry bay —  
A rocky mountain, o'er the sea  
Of Oman beetling awfully;  
A last and solitary link

Of those stupendous chains that reach  
From the broad Caspian's reedy brink

Down winding to the green sea-beach.  
Around its base the bare rocks stood,  
Like naked giants, in the flood,

As if to guard the gulf across;  
While, on its peak, that brav'd the sky,  
A ruin'd temple tower'd, so high

That oft the sleeping albatross  
Struck the wild ruins with her wing,  
And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering  
Started — to find man's dwelling there

In her own silent fields of air !  
Beneath , terrific caverns gave  
Dark welcome to each stormy wave  
That dash'd , like midnight revellers , in ; —  
And such the strange , mysterious din  
At times throughout those caverns roll'd , —  
And such the fearful wonders told  
Of restless sprites imprison'd there ,  
That bold were Moslem , who would dare ,  
At twilight hour , to steer his skiff  
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

On the land side , those towers sublime ,  
That seem'd above the grasp of time ,  
Were sever'd from the haunts of men  
By a wide , deep , and wizard glen ,  
So fathomless , so full of gloom ,

No eye could pierce the void between ;  
It seem'd a place where Gholes might come  
With their foul banquets from the tomb ,

And in its caverns feed unseen.  
Like distant thunder from below ,  
The sound of many torrents came ;  
Too deep for eye or ear to know  
If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow ,  
Or floods of ever-restless flame.

For each ravine , each rocky spire  
Of that vast mountain stood on fire ;  
And , though for ever past the days ,  
When God was worshipp'd in the blaze  
That from its lofty altar shone , —  
Though fled the priests , the votaries gone ,  
Still did the mighty flame burn on  
Through chance and change , through good and ill ,

Like its own God's eternal will,  
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable!  
Thither the vanquish'd Hafed led  
His little army's last remains; —  
"Welcome, terrific glen!" he said,  
"Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,  
Is Heav'n to him who flies from chains!"  
O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known  
To him and to his chiefs alone,  
They cross'd the chasm, and gain'd the towers; —  
"This home," he cried, "at least is ours —  
Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns  
Of Moslem triumph o'er our head;  
Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs  
To quiver to the Moslem's tread.  
Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures' beaks  
Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,  
Here, — happy that no tyrant's eye  
Gloats in our torments — we may die!"

'Twas night when to those towers they came,  
And gloomily the fitful flame,  
That from the ruin'd altar broke,  
Glar'd on his features, as he spoke: —  
" 'Tis o'er — what men could do, we've done —  
If Iran will look tamely on,  
And see her priests, her warriors driven  
Before a sensual bigot's nod,  
A wretch, who takes his lusts to heaven,  
And makes a pander of his God!  
If her proud sons, her high-born souls,  
Men in whose veins — oh last disgrace!  
The blood of Zal and Rustam rolls,  
If they will court this upstart race,

And turn from Mithra's ancient ray,  
To kneel at shrines of yesterday!  
If they will crouch to Iran's foes,  
Why, let them — till the land's despair  
Cries out to heav'n, and bondage grows  
Too vile for ev'n the vile to bear!  
Till shame at last! long hidden, burns  
Their inmost core, and conscience turns  
Each coward tear the slave lets fall  
Back on his heart in drops of gall!  
But here, at least, are arms unchain'd,  
And souls that thralldom never stain'd; —  
This spot, at least, no foot of slave  
Or satrap ever yet profan'd;

And, though but few — though fast the wave  
Of life is ebbing from our veins,  
Enough for vengeance still remains.  
As panthers, after set of sun,  
Rush from the roots of Lebanon  
Across the dark sea-robber's way,  
We'll bound upon our startled prey; —  
And when some hearts that proudest swell  
Have felt our falchion's last farewell;  
When hope's expiring throb is o'er,  
And ev'n despair can prompt no more,  
This spot shall be the sacred grave  
Of the last few who, vainly brave,  
Die for the land they cannot save!"

His chiefs stood round — each shining blade  
Upon the broken altar laid —  
And though so wild and desolate  
Those courts, where once the mighty sate;  
Nor longer on those mouldering towers

Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,  
 With which of old the Magi fed  
 The wandering spirits of their dead;  
 Though neither priest nor rites were there,  
     Nor charmed leaf of pure pomegranate;  
 Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,  
     Nor symbol of their worship'd planet;  
 Yet the same God that heard their sires  
 Heard them, while on that altar's fires  
 They swore the latest, holiest deed  
 Of the few hearts, still left to bleed,  
 Should be, in Iran's injured name,  
 To die upon that Mount of Flame —  
 The last of all her patriot line,  
 Before her last untrampled shrine!

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## IRISH MELODIES.

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GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

AIR — Maid of the Valley.

Go where glory waits thee;  
 But, while fame elates thee,  
     Oh! still remember me.  
 When the praise thou meetest  
 To thine ear is sweetest,  
     Oh! then remember me.  
 Other arms may press thee,  
 Dearer friends caress thee,  
 All the joys that bless thee  
     Sweeter far may be;  
 But when friends are nearest,

And when joys are dearest,  
Oh! then remember me.

When, at eve, thou rovest  
By the star thou lovest,  
Oh! then remember me.

Think, when home returning,  
Bright we've seen it burning,  
Oh! then remember me.

Oft, as summer closes,  
When thine eye reposes  
On its ling'ring roses,  
Once so loved by thee :  
Think of her who wove them,  
Her who made thee love them;  
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee, dying,  
Autumn leaves are lying,  
Oh! then remember me.

And, at night, when gazing  
On the gay hearth blazing,  
Oh! still remember me.

Then should music, stealing  
All the soul of feeling,  
To thy heart appealing,

Draw one tear from thee;  
Then let mem'ry bring thee  
Strains I used to sing thee;  
Oh! then remember me.

## FLY. NOT YET.

AIR—Planxty Kelly.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour,  
When pleasure, like the midnight flower,  
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,  
Begins to bloom for sons of night,  
And maids who love the moon!

'Twas but to bless these hours of shade  
That beauty and the moon were made;  
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing  
Set the tides and goblets flowing!

Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—  
Joy so seldom weaves a chain,  
Like this to-night, that oh! 'tis pain  
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet! the fount that play'd,  
In times of old, through Ammon's shade,  
Though icy cold by day it ran,  
Yet still, like sounds of mirth, began

To burn when night was near;  
And thus should woman's heart and looks  
At noon be cold as winter-brooks,  
Nor kindle till the night, returning,  
Brings their genial hour for burning.

Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—  
When did morning ever break,  
And find such beaming eyes awake  
As those that sparkle here!

## RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

AIR—The Summer is coming.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,  
 And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;  
 But oh! her beauty was far beyond  
 Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

“Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,  
 “So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?  
 “Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold  
 “As not to be tempted by woman or gold?”  
 “Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;  
 “No son of Erin will offer me harm:  
 “For though they love woman and golden store,  
 “Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!”

On she went, and her maiden smile  
 In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;  
 And bless’d for ever is she who relied  
 Upon Erin’s honour, and Erin’s pride!

## THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE IS NOT IN THIS WIDE WORLD A VALLEY SO SWEET.

AIR—The Old Head of Denis.

THERE is not in this wide world a valley so sweet  
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;  
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o’er the scene  
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;

'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill!

Oh no—it was something more exquisite still :—

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,  
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear;  
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should  
                    cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

## EVELEEN'S BOWER.

OH! WEEP FOR THE HOUR.

AIR—Unknown.

Off! weep for the hour,  
 When to Eveleen's bower  
 The Lord of the Valley with false vows came.  
 The moon hid her light  
 From the heavens that night,  
 And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.  
 The clouds past soon  
 From the chaste cold moon,  
 And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;  
 But none will see the day  
 When the clouds shall pass away,  
 Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.  
 The white-snow lay  
 On the narrow path-way,  
 Where the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the mōor;  
 And many a deep print

On the white snow's tint  
 Shew'd the track of his footsteps to Eveleen's door.  
 The next sun's ray  
 Soon melted away  
 Ev'ry trace on the path where the false lord came.  
 But there's a light above ,  
 Which alone can remove  
 That stain upon the snow of Eveleen's fame.

## LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

AIR — The Red Fox.

LET Erin remember the days of old ,  
 Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,  
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold  
 Which he won from her proud invader ;  
 When her kings with standard of green unfurl'd  
 Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger,  
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world  
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.  
 On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,  
 When the clear cold eve's declining,  
 He sees the round towers of other days  
 In the wave beneath him shining !  
 Thus shall memory often in dreams sublime  
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over ;  
 Thus sighing look through the waves of time  
 For the long-faded glories they cover !

## 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

AIR — Groves of Blarney.

'Tis the last rose of summer,  
 Left blooming alone :

## THOMAS MOORE.

All her lovely companions  
 Are faded and gone;  
 No flowers of her kindred,  
 No rosebud is nigh,  
 To reflect back her blushes,  
 Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
 To pine on the stem;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go, sleep thou with them,  
 Thus kindly I scatter  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
 Where thy mates of the garden  
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
 When friendships decay,  
 And from love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away!  
 When true hearts lie wither'd,  
 And fond ones are flown,  
 Oh! who would inhabit  
 This bleak world alone?

## THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

ARR—The Dandy O!

THE young May moon is beaming, love,  
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love;  
 How sweet to rove  
 Through Morna's grove,  
 While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!  
 Then awake! — the heavens look bright, my dear!  
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear!  
 And the best of all ways

To lengthen our days  
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,  
But the sage his star-watch keeping, love,  
And I, whose ~~star~~,  
More glorious far,  
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love!  
Then awake, till rise of sun, my dear!  
The sage's glass ~~will~~ shun, my dear!  
Or, in watching the flight  
Of bodies of light,  
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

AIR — Peas upon a Trencher.

THE time I've lost in wooing,  
In watching and pursuing  
The light that lies  
In woman's eyes,  
Has been my heart's undoing.  
Though wisdom oft has sought me,  
I scorn'd the lore she brought me;  
My only books  
Were woman's looks,  
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when beauty granted,  
I hung with gaze enchanted,  
Like him the Spate,  
Whom maids by night  
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.  
Like him, too, beauty won me,  
But while her eyes were on me,

If once their ray  
Was turn'd away.  
O! wind could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?  
And is my proud heart growing  
Too cold or wise  
For brilliant eyes  
Again to set it glowing?  
No—vain, alas! th' endeavour  
From bonds so sweet to sever;—  
Poor wisdom's chance  
Against a glance  
Is now as weak as ever!

OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE!

AIR.—Sios agus sios liom.

Oh! where's the slave so lowly,  
Condemn'd to chains unholy,  
Who, could he burst  
His bonds at first,  
Would pine beneath them slowly?  
What soul whose wrongs degrade it,  
Would wait till time decay'd it,  
When thus its wing  
At once may spring  
To the throne of Him who made it?  
Farewell, Erin! farewell all  
Who live to weep our fall!  
Less dear the laurel growing,  
Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,  
Than that, whose braid  
Is pluck'd to shade

The brows with victory glowing!  
We tread the land that bore us,  
Our green flag glitters o'er us,  
The friends we've tried  
Are by our side,  
And the foe we hate before us!  
Farewell, Erin! farewell all  
Who live to weep our fall!

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## THE TEAR.

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ON beds of snow the moon-beam slept,  
And chilly was the midnight gloom,  
When by the damp grave Ellen wept—  
Sweet maid! it was her Lindor's tomb.

A warm tear gush'd; the wintry air  
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away:  
All night it lay an ice-drop there,  
At morn it glitter'd in the ray.

An Angel, wand'ring from her sphere,  
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,  
To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,  
And hung it on her diadem!

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# JAMES HOGG.

## A LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

JAMES HOGG was born in Scotland, to the humble and romantic occupation of shepherd; and spent the better part of his life in tending his sheep in the pastoral solitudes of Ettrick. There are not many regions, however, even in that poetical land, more favorable for the development of poetical propensities, than this whole range of southern Highlands; where the scattered population — the memory of the Border wars — the clanship which they tended to perpetuate — and the pastoral life of the greater part of the inhabitants, have produced a striking resemblance to the character or genius of the Celtic tribes that occupy the wilder deserts of the north. Though he had but little erudition, therefore, and few opportunities for reading or literary discussion, our shepherd was early familiar with song, — and had his memory replenished, and his imagination warmed by the innumerable ballads and traditional legends that are still current in that simple and sequestered district, many of which he had imitated or versified at a very early age. In a mind that had fed on such aliments, and expanded under such training, the earlier publications of Walter Scott must have produced a sensation, of which other beings can scarcely form a conception. They connected the pastimes of his humble and solitary leisure with the dazzling visions of general distinction and renown, and cast a gleam of poetical glory over the themes and the persons of his mountain bards, with which he could never have expected that they should be visited. It was not long, therefore, till the author of this exaltation became the object of his emulation, and drew forth his homage; and the mighty minstrel, with the liberality of true genius, embraced the cause of his rustic disciple, with a zeal that did more honour perhaps to his heart than to his judgment, and drew him forth to premature notoriety, at a moment when the public ear was almost satiated with his own rich and copious effusions. Under these honourable but hazardous auspices, Mr. Hogg put forth a volume of Border Ballads, about the year 1805, which, though respectably versified, and

clearly narrated, certainly had not any distinguished success. The truth is, that they were tame and prolix, and occasionally vulgar; and while the splendid colouring of his great patron had made every thing look dim that was not excessively brilliant, the example of Burns had taught even the least fastidious readers to distinguish between simple homeliness and absolute vulgarity; and to feel dissatisfaction with what an age less skilled, and of course less difficult, would have received as fair specimens of ballad poetry. — Mr. Hogg, however, was not at all cast down by the equivocal success of his first poetical adventures; and in spite of the remonstrances of some prudent friends, came shortly after to Edinburgh, and commenced author by profession. Here, among other miscellaneous exertions, he attempted a periodical paper, under the name of 'the Spy', — in which, though there are frequent indications of a vigorous and aspiring mind, the defects of his education, and his late and limited intercourse with general society, are more apparent than in his former publication. The success of this work, therefore, was not very encouraging; and when it was found necessary to discontinue it, the more considerate part of his patrons began, we believe, to regret, that he had abandoned the peaceful and humble pursuits of his early life for the hazards and exertions of the more ambitious career upon which he had entered. Mr. Hogg himself, however, judged differently; and in the midst of various discouragements and disadvantages, produced the *Queen's Wake* so much superior to any thing he had before attempted, as to afford good ground for thinking, that he was yet doomed to justify his early election, and in some measure to realize the proudest of his early anticipations.

J. — y.

James Hogg has become one of the contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine*. His best articles are descriptive pieces in prose, and little sketches of pastoral manners. He has depicted, with great fidelity, a storm on the banks of the Tweed, and a fall of snow; he also enacts occasionally, in that comico-serious publication, the character of a rustic buffoon. He permits his caricatured portrait to be printed in it, with sonnets beneath in his praise, such as that entitled, *Sonnet on a Spark from the Pipe of the Ettrick Shepherd*.

But the reputation of James Hogg is founded upon the poem already mentioned, which Sir Walter Scott might not be ashamed to avow; the *Queen's Wake*.

The meeting which took place on the eve before the day of the consecration of a church was formerly called a *Wake*, in

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England. This meeting was a festival, and those who attended passed the night in various kinds of games and amusements. In Scotland, which was always a land of song and music, says Mr. Hogg<sup>1</sup>, song and music were the principal diversions of the wake, and often the only one. These songs were generally religious or serious compositions, adapted to the simple melodies of Scotland.

*Queen's Wake* is the narrative of one of those royal watches

"When royal Mary, blithe of mood,  
Kept holiday at Holyrood,"

and commences with an affecting invocation to the poet's harp. It is a natural reversion to the simple pleasures of the country, and the first mysterious commerce with his muse. His little grain of ambition may be pardoned, as we pardon that of La Fontaine's shepherd, in *Le Roi et le Berger*; because he never ceases loving at the bottom of his heart,

"L'habit d'un gardeur de tronpeaux,  
Petit chapeau, jupon, panetière, houlette," etc.

But the shepherd is now about to sing of ambition in others, and of their efforts to deserve the royal favour: it is the beautiful Mary Stuart who holds the sceptre, and adjudges the prize to the most skilful. She has just arrived at Leith, and proceeds to Holyrood-house. The hearts of all her subjects go to meet her, and the general talk is of her beauty, her youth, and her afflictions. She has been an exile; she has lost, in one year, a father, a husband, and a kingdom, and has not yet attained her eighteenth spring. Who would not devote his life for so young, so beautiful, and so amiable a princess?

She advances with a numerous retinue to Holyrood-house: and though affected and delighted with the universal homage she receives, and with the acclamations of the people, an air of abstraction is occasionally remarked in her countenance. This abstraction was occasioned by the accents of her native music, which, mellowed by distance, were conveyed to her delighted ear, and seemed to her preferable to all the scientific melodies of the south. The above sentiment, imparted to Mary Stuart by Mr. Hogg, is one of perfect delicacy. He will soon have to apprise us that Rizzio composes a part of the retinue at Holyrood. The Duke of Argyle, informed of the subject of the queen's emotion, boasts of the Highland music, as far supe-

<sup>1</sup> First note of the poem.

rior to that which she has just heard. As soon as Mary has established her court at Holy-rood, a proclamation announces, that during the following Christmas, the queen invites to a solemn wake, all the minstrels and harpers of the kingdom. This wake is to last three successive nights, and a richly ornamented harp is destined for the victor.

The following passages are exquisite :

“Light on her airy steed she sprung,  
Around with golden tassels hung;  
No chieftain there rode half so free,  
Or half so light and gracefully.  
How sweet to see her ringlets pale,  
Wide waving on the southland gale,  
Which through the broom-wood blossoms flew  
To fan her cheeks of rosy hue!  
Whene’er it heaved her bosom’s screen,  
What beauties in her form were seen!  
And when her courser’s mane it swung,  
A thousand silver bells were rung;  
A sight so fair, on Scottish plain,  
A Scott shall never see again.”

“When Mary turned her wandering eyes  
On rocks that seemed to prop the skies;  
On palace, park, and battled pile,  
On lake, on river, sea, and isle;  
O’er woods and meadows bathed in dew,  
To distant mountains wild and blue;  
She thought the isle that gave her birth,  
The sweetest, wildest land on earth.”

Mr. Hogg then depicts the character, and records the song of each of the competitors. Rizzio is among the number; but Gardyne, a son of the native bards, obtains the prize. This plot supplies the Ettrick Shepherd with an opportunity of exhibiting the facility with which he adapts himself to all kinds of styles,—a facility so great, that he has since published, under the title of *The Mirror of the Poets*, a collection of poems attributed by him to Byron, Scott, Campbell, Southey, Crabbe, Wordsworth, etc., whose peculiar genius he has often imitated so dexterously, as to constitute a complete deception. As to the *Queen’s Wake*, the critics have generally preferred to the successful piece in the competition, that of the thirteenth competitor, entitled, *Kilmeny*. It is one of those marvellous subjects in which Mr. Hogg excels, and which have earned him the title of Laureat of Fairy Land. Burns, when he treated of some supernatural history, always introduced some comic, and even grotesque, imagery. The fact

is, he *did not* believe; but Hogg writes with the enthusiasm of faith. Nothing can be more simply pleasing than the poem of *Kilmeny*.

There is something more solemn in the ballad of Mackinnon, an abbot of Jona who is punished for the violation of monastic rules. An apparition of St. Columba orders the prior to go on a pilgrimage, with his young monks, to Staffa, in order to offer certain oblations to the invisible spirit of the Ocean; and the superstitious abbot obeys this order, although in contradiction to the creed both of Columba and himself. He embarks, and, in reply to his invocation, a mermaid denounces, in harmonious song, that the billows demand him as their prey. The prior and his retinue hurry from the spot, overwhelmed with melancholy forebodings. They perceive at the helm of the vessel an old man, whose aspect appears to them supernatural.

They enquire his business and his name; whence he comes and where he goes: but he preserves a gloomy silence, turns his face towards the sea and weeps. One monk addresses him in friendly terms; another mocks him; but the abbot turns pale, overwhelmed with terror; for he imagines that he has seen the man before. At length the vessel quits the fatal shore. The old man then raising his eyes to heaven, exclaims, "the hour is come." The monks perceive, on the top of Ben More, an apparition with a girdle of azure lightning, and a luminous helmet. It is the herald of the storm; and he exclaims "Prepare the way for the Abbot of Iona." A tempest rises, and the vessel is engulfed in the waves, etc.

This mysterious old man, whom the poet does not name, leaves a striking impression on the imagination. The poem often recalls to mind the energy of Byron, combined with the fantastic mysticism of Coleridge.

The ballad of Mary Scott also deserves quoting. Mary is another Juliet, condemned to death by her father; she has swallowed instead of poison, a narcotic potion, which gives her lover time to come to her deliverance. Her lover, who believes her dead, is in the act of addressing an affecting farewell to her in her coffin, when she revives. The moment of revival is felicitously described by Mr. Hogg. The *Ettrick Shepherd* is not precisely a Bucolic poet; at least, if he were familiar with Virgil, he would be inclined to admire him most in his description of the prodigies announcing the death of Cæsar, his account of the metamorphoses of Proteus, and Orpheus's descent into hell. Even in the purely descriptive portion of his poems, the *Ettrick Shepherd* is frequently induced to modify

by foreign allusion, the artlessness of a landscape. He has an obvious tendency towards the orientalism of Thomas Moore; had he studied Thomson and Cowper, he would have imitated the first in his pomp of imagery and diction.

The other productions of Hogg, whether in prose or verse, are decidedly inferior to the *Queen's Wake*; his poetical fairy tale called the *Pilgrims of the Sun*, is chiefly remarkable for its fable, which Lord Byron in his *Cain*, and Shelley in his *Queen Mab*, have palpably imitated.

A. P.

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## TO MY LYRE.

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COME to my heart, my only stay !  
Companion of a happier day !  
Thou gift of Heaven, thou pledge of good ,  
Harp of the mountain and the wood !  
I little thought, when first I tried  
Thy notes by lone Saint Mary's side ,  
When in a deep untrodden den ,  
I found thee in the braken glen ,  
I little thought that idle toy  
Should e'er become my only joy !

A maiden's youthful smiles had wove  
Around my heart the toils of love ,  
When first thy magic wires I rung ,  
And on the breeze thy numbers flung ;  
The fervid tear played in mine eye ,  
I trembled, wept, and wondered why.  
Sweet was the thrilling ecstasy :  
I know not if 'twas love or thee.

Weened not my heart, when youth had flown ,  
Friendship would fade, or fortune frown ,  
When pleasure, love, and mirth were past ,  
That thou should'st prove my all at last !  
Jeered by conceit and lordly pride ,  
I flung my soothing harp aside ;  
With wayward fortune strove a while ;  
Wracked in a world of self and guile .

Again I sought the braken hill ;  
Again sat musing by the rill ;  
My wild sensations all were gone ,  
And only thou wert left alone .  
Long hast thou in the moorland lain ,  
Now welcome to my heart again !

The russet weed of mountain gray  
No more shall round thy border play ;  
No more the brake-flowers , o'er thee piled ,  
Shall mar thy tones and measures wild :  
Harp of the Forest , thou shalt be  
Fair as the bud on forest tree !  
Sweet be thy strains , as those that swell  
In Ettrick's green and fairy dell ;  
Soft as the breeze of falling even ,  
And purer than the dews of heaven .

Of minstrel honours , now no more ;  
Of bards who sung in days of yore ;  
Of gallant chiefs , in courtly guise ;  
Of ladies' smiles , of ladies' eyes ;  
Of royal feast and obsequies ;  
When Caledon , with look severe ,  
Saw Beauty's hand her sceptre bear , —  
By cliff and haunted wild I'll sing ,  
Responsive to thy dulcet string .

When wanes the circling year away ,  
When scarcely smiles the doubtful day ,  
Fair daughter of Dunedin , say ,  
Hast thou not heard , at midnight deep ,  
Soft music on thy slumbers creep ?  
At such a time , if careless thrown  
Thy slender form on couch of down ,

Hast thou not felt, to nature true,  
 The tear steal from thine eye so blue?  
 If then thy guiltless bosom strove  
 In blissful dreams of conscious love,  
 And even shrunk from proffer bland  
 Of lover's visionary hand,  
 On such ecstatic dream when brake  
 The music of the midnight Wake,  
 Hast thou not weened thyself on high,  
 List'ning to angels' melody,  
 'Scaped from a world of cares away,  
 To dream of love and bliss for aye?

The dream dispelled, the music gone,  
 Hast thou not, sighing, all alone,  
 Proffered thy vows to Heaven, and then  
 Blest the sweet Wake, and slept again?

Then list, ye maidens, to my lay,  
 Though old the tale, and past the day;  
 These Wakes, now played by minstrels poor,  
 At midnight's darkest, chilldest hour,  
 Those humble Wakes, now scorned by all,  
 Were first begun in courtly hall,  
 When royal MARY, blithe of mood,  
 Kept holiday at Holyrood.

## A WINTER DAY IN SCOTLAND.

SCARCE fled the dawning's dubious gray,  
 So transient was that dismal day:

The lurid vapours, dense and stern,  
 Unpierced save by the crusted cairn,  
 In tenfold shroud the heavens deform;  
 While far within the brooding storm  
 Travelled the sun in lonely blue,  
 And noontide wore a twilight hue.

The sprites that through the welkin wing,  
 That light and shade alternate bring,  
 That wrap the eve in dusky veil,  
 And weave the morning's purple rail;  
 From pendent clouds of deepest grain,  
 Shed that dull twilight o'er the main.  
 Each spire, each tower, and cliff sublime,  
 Were hooded in the wreathy rime;  
 And all, ere fell the murk of even,  
 Were lost within the folds of heaven.  
 It seemed as if the welkin's breast  
 Had bowed upon the world to rest;  
 As heaven and earth to close began,  
 And seal the destiny of man.

### KILMENY.

BONNY Kilmeny gaed up the glen;  
 But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,  
 Nbr the rosy monk of the isle to see,  
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
 It was only to hear the Yorlin sing,  
 And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;  
 The scarlet hypp and the hindberryc,  
 And the nut that hang frae the hazel tree;

For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
 But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',  
 And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw;  
 Lang the laird of Dumeira blame,  
 And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!

When many a day had come and fled,  
 When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,  
 When mess for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,  
 When the bedes-man had prayed, and the dead bell rung,  
 Late, late in a gloamin when all was still,  
 When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,  
 The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,  
 The reek o' the cot hung hover the plain,  
 Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;  
 When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,  
 Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

" Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?  
 Lang hae we sought baith holt and den;  
 By linn and ford, and green-wood tree,  
 Yet you are halesome and fair to see.  
 Where gat you that joup o' the lily scheen?  
 That bonny snood of the birk sae green?  
 And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?  
 Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,  
 But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;  
 As still was her look, and as still was her ce,  
 As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,  
 Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.  
 For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,  
 And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;  
 Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,

Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew;  
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,  
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,  
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,  
And a land where sin had never been;  
A land of love, and a land of light,  
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;  
Where the river swa'd a living stream,  
And the light a pure celestial beam:  
The land of vision it would seem,  
A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green-wood there is a waik,  
And in that waik there is a wene,  
And in that wene there is a maik,  
That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane;  
And down in yon green-wood he walks his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,  
Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay;  
But the air was soft and the silence deep,  
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep.  
She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,  
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie.

She 'wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,  
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;  
And lovely beings round were rife,  
Who erst had travelled mortal life;  
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer,  
"What spirit has brought this mortal here?"—

"Lang have I journeyed the world wide,"  
A meek and reverend fere replied;

" Baith night and day I have watched the fair,  
 Eident a thousand years and mair.  
 Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,  
 Wherever blooms feminity;  
 But sinless virgin, free of stain  
 In mind and body, fand I nane.  
 Never, since the banquet of time,  
 Found I a virgin in her prime,  
 Till late this bonny maiden I saw  
 As spotless as the morning snaw :  
 Full twenty years she has lived as free  
 As the spirits that sojourn this countrie :  
 I have brought her away frae the snares of men,  
 That sin or death she never may ken." —

They claid her waist and her hands sae fair,  
 They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair,  
 And round came many a blooming fere,  
 Saying, " Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!  
 Women are freed of the littand scorn :  
 O, blessed be the day Kilmeny was born!  
 Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
 Now shall it ken what a woman may be!  
 Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,  
 Many a lang year through the world we've gane,  
 Commissioned to watch fair womankind,  
 For it's they who nurice the immortal mind.  
 We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,  
 And deep in the green-wood walks alone;  
 By lily bower and silken bed,  
 The viewless tears have o'er them shed;  
 Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,  
 Or left the couch of love to sleep.

We have seen ! we have seen ! but the time must come ,  
And the angels will weep at the day of doom !

“ O , would the fairest of mortal kind  
Aye keep the holy truths in mind ,  
That kindred spirits their motions see ,  
Who watch their ways with anxious ee ,  
And grieve for the guilt of humanitie !  
O , sweet to Heaven the maiden’s prayer ,  
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair !  
And dear to Heaven the words of truth ,  
And the praise of virtue frae beauty’s mouth !  
And dear to the viewless forms of air ,  
The minds that kyth as the body fair !

“ O , bonny Kilmeny ! free frae stain ,  
If ever you seek the world again ,  
That world of sin , of sorrow and fear ,  
O , tell of the joys that are waiting here ;  
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see ;  
Of the times that are now , and the times that shall be .” —

They lifted Kilmeny , they led her away ,  
And she walked in the light of a sunless day :  
The sky was a dome of crystal bright ,  
The fountain of vision , and fountain of light :  
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow ,  
And the flowers of everlasting blow .  
Then deep in the stream her body they laid ,  
That her youth and beauty never might fade ;  
And they smiled on heaven , when they saw her lie  
In the stream of life that wandered bye .  
And she heard a song , she heard it sung ,  
She kend not where ; but sweetly it rung ,  
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn :

“ O! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!  
 Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
 Now shall it ken what a woman may be!  
 The sun that shines on the world sae bright,  
 A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;  
 And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,  
 Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,  
 Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,  
 And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.  
 But lang, lang after baith night and day,  
 When the sun and the world have elyed away;  
 When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,  
 Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom! ” —

They bore her away, she wist not how,  
 For she felt not arm nor rest below;  
 But so swift they wained her through the light,  
 'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;  
 They seemed to split the gales of air,  
 And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.  
 Unnumbered groves below them grew,  
 They came, they past, and backward flew,  
 Like floods of blossoms gliding on,  
 In moment seen, in moment gone.  
 O, never vales to mortal view  
 Appeared like those o'er which they flew!  
 That land to human spirits given,  
 The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;  
 From thence they can view the world below,  
 And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,  
 More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,  
 To see what mortal never had seen;

And they seated her high on a purple sward,  
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,  
And note the changes the spirits wrought,  
For now she lived in the land of thought.  
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,  
But a crystal dome of a thousand dies :  
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,  
But an endless whirl of glory and light :  
And radiant beings went and came  
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame.  
She hid her een frae the dazzling view ;  
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,  
And clouds of amber sailing bye ;  
A lovely land beneath her lay,  
And that land had glens and mountains gray ;  
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,  
And marled seas, and a thousand isles ;  
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,  
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen ,  
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay  
The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray ;  
Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung,  
On every shore they seemed to be hung ;  
For there they were seen on their downward plain  
A thousand times and a thousand again ;  
In winding lake and placid firth,  
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,  
For she found her heart to that land did cleave ;  
She saw the corn wave on the vale,  
She saw the deer run down the dale ;  
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,

And the brows that the badge of freedom bore ;  
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne ,  
The fairest that ever the sun shone on !  
A lion licked her hand of milk ,  
And she held him in a leish of silk ;  
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee ,  
With a silver wand and melting ee ;  
Her sovereign shield till love stole in ,  
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedes-man came ,  
And hundit the lion on his dame ;  
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless ee ,  
She dropped a tear, and left her knee ;  
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled ,  
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead ;  
A coffin was set on a distant plain ,  
And she saw the red blood fall like rain :  
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair ,  
And she turned away, and could look nae mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girned amain ,  
And they trampled him down , but he rose again ;  
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir ,  
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear ;  
And weening his head was danger-preef ,  
When crowned with the rose and clover leaf ,  
He gowled at the carle, and chased him away  
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.  
He gowled at the carle, and he gecked at Heaven.  
But his mark was set, and his arles given ,  
Kilmeny a while her een withdrew ;  
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her fair unfurled  
 One half of all the glowing world,  
 Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,  
 To bound the aims of sinful man.  
 She saw a people, fierce and fell,  
 Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;  
 There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,  
 And she herked on her ravening crew,  
 Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze,  
 And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas.  
 The widows they wailed, and the red blood ran,  
 And she threatened an end to the race of man:  
 She never lened, nor stood in awe,  
 Till claught by the lion's deadly paw.  
 Oh! then the eagle swinked for life,  
 And brainzelled up a mortal strife;  
 But flew she north, or flew she south,  
 She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,  
 The eagle sought her eiry again;  
 But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,  
 And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,  
 Before she sey another flight,  
 To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,  
 So far surpassing nature's law,  
 The singer's voice wad sink away,  
 And the string of his harp wad cease to play.  
 But she saw till the sorrows of man were bye,  
 And all was love and harmony;  
 Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,  
 Like the flakes of snaw on a winter day.  
 Then Kilmeny begged again to see

The friends she had left in her own countrys;  
To tell of the place where she had been,  
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;  
To warn the living maidens fair,  
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,  
That all whose minds unmeled remain  
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,  
They lulled Kilmenny sound asleep;  
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,  
All hopped with flowers in the green-wood wene.  
When seven long years had come and fled;  
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;  
When scarce was remembered Kilmenny's name,  
Late, late in a gloamin Kilmenny came hame!  
And O, her beauty was fair to see,  
But still and steadfast was her ee!  
Such beauty bard may never declare,  
For there was no pride nor passion there;  
And the soft desire of maiden's een  
In that mild face could never be seen.  
Her seymar was the lily flower,  
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;  
And her voice like the distant melody,  
That floats along the twilight sea.  
But she loved to raik the lanely glen,  
And kepted afar frae the haunts of men;  
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,  
To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.  
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,  
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;  
The wolf played blythly round the field,  
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled;

The dun deer wooed with manner bland,  
And covered aneath her lily hand.  
And when at even the woodlands rung,  
When hymns of other worlds she sung  
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,  
O, then the glen was all in motion !  
The wild beasts of the forest came,  
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,  
And goved around, charmed and amazed ;  
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,  
And murmured and looked with anxious pain  
For something the mystery to explain.  
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock ;  
The corby left her houf in the rock ;  
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew ;  
The hind came tripping o'er the dew ;  
The wolf and the kid their raike began ,  
And the tod , and the lamb, and the leveret ran ;  
The hawk and the hern attour them hung ,  
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young ;  
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled :  
It was like an eve in a sinless world !

When a month and a day had come and gane,  
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene ;  
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,  
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.  
But O, the words that fell from her mouth,  
Were words of wonder, and words of truth !  
But all the land were in fear and dread,  
For they kendna whether she was living or dead.  
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain ;  
She left this world of sorrow and pain,  
And returned to the land of thought again.

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## FROM "THE SPIRIT OF THE STORM."

An aged Wizard is roaming through Glen-Avin, anxious to raise by his spells some scene of mystery and wonder.

---

FIRM in his magic ring he stood  
When, lo! aloft on gray Cairn-Gorm,  
A form appear'd that chill'd his blood —  
The giant Spirit of the Storm.

His face was like the spectre wan,  
Slow gliding from the midnight aisle;  
His stature on the mighty plan  
Of smoke-tower o'er the burning pile.

Red, red and grizly were his eyes;  
His cap the moon-cloud's silver gray;  
His staff the writhed snake, that lies  
Pale, bending o'er the milky way.

He cried, "Away, begone, begone!  
Half-naked, hoary, feeble form!  
How darest thou hold my realms alone,  
And brave the Angel of the Storm?"

"And who art thou," the Seer replied,  
"That bear'st destruction on thy brow?  
Whose eye no mortal can abide?  
Dread mountain Spirit! what art thou?"

"Within this desert, dank and lone,  
Since roll'd the world a shoreless sea,  
I've held my elemental throne,  
The terror of thy race and thee.

I wrap the sun of heaven in blood,  
 Veiling his orient beams of light;  
 And hide the moon in sable shroud,  
 Far in the alcove of the night.

I ride the red bolt's rapid wing,  
 High on the sweeping whirlwind sail,  
 And list to hear my tempests sing  
 Around Glen-Avin's ample vale.

These everlasting hills are riven;  
 Their reverend heads are bald and gray;  
 The Greenland waves salute the heaven,  
 And quench the burning stars with spray.

Who was it rear'd those whelming waves?  
 Who scalp'd the brows of old Cairn-Gorm?  
 And scoop'd these ever yawning caves?  
 'Twas I, the Spirit of the Storm.

And hence shalt thou, for evermore,  
 Be doom'd to ride the blast with me;  
 To shriek, amid the tempest's roar,  
 By fountain, ford, and forest tree."

. . . . .

Sound sleeps our Seer! the tempests rave,  
 And cold sheets o'er his bosom fling;  
 The moldwarp digs his mossy grave,  
 His requiem Avin eagles sing.

Why howls the fox above yon wreath  
 That mocks the blazing Summer sun?  
 Why croaks the sable bird of death,  
 As hovering o'er yon desert dun?

. . . . .

See yon lone cairn, so gray with age,  
Above the base of proud Cairn-Gorm :  
Here lies the dust of Avin's Sage,  
Who raised the Spirit of the Storm.

---

## TO THE EVENING-STAR.

---

ARISE, arise, thou queen of love !  
Thy bed is chill'd with evening dew ;  
Thy robe the virgin fays have wove ,  
And rear'd thy canopy of blue.

O let me see thy golden breast ,  
Thy amber halo o'er the hill ;  
And all the chambers of the west  
Thy coronal with glory fill !

O come ! the evening colours fade ;  
Soft silence broods o'er lawn and lea ;  
And Beauty, in the greenwood shade ,  
Uplifts a longing eye for thee !

Thy temple be this sylvan bower,  
Where wounded lovers kneel confest ;  
Thy altar-cloth the daisy-flower ;  
Thy tabernacle, Beauty's breast :

Be this thy dearest, holiest shrine,  
Thy breviary two beaming eyes ! —  
And aye I'll pant to see thee shine ;  
Beloved star, arise, arise !

O let thy spirit seek the glade ,  
To hear thy holy vespers sung !  
But tell not where my cheek was laid ,  
Nor where my careless arm was flung ,

As slowly steals , on angel wing ,  
Thy light pavilion down the sky ,  
Before thee let young seraphs sing  
The softest love-sick melody .

And here , on thy beloved shrine ,  
Where fragrant flames of incense glow ,  
Pure as that heavenly breast of thine ,  
And fairer than the virgin snow ; —

Here will I worship with delight ,  
And pay the vows I made to thee ;  
Until thy mild and modest light  
Is cradled on the heaving sea .

---

# WILLIAM TENNANT.

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## A LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

WE consider Tennant's first work, *Anster fair*, not only as eminently original, but as belonging to a class of composition hitherto but little known in the literature of Britain—to that species, we mean, of gay or fantastic poetry which plays through the works of Pulci and Ariosto, and animates the compositions of many inferior writers both in Spain and in Italy—which is equally removed from the vulgarity of mere burlesque or mock-heroic—and from the sarcasm and point and finesse of satirical pleasantry—which is extravagant rather than ridiculous, and displays only the vague and unbounded licence of a sportive and raised imagination, without the cold pungency of wit, or the practised sagacity of derision. It frequently relaxes into childishness, and is sometimes concentrated to humour; but its leading character is a kind of enthusiastic gayety, a certain intoxication and nimbleness of fancy which pours out a profusion of images without much congruity or selection, and covers all the objects to which it is directed with colours that are rather brilliant than harmonious, and combines them into groupes that are more lively than graceful. This effervescence of the spirits has been hitherto supposed almost peculiar to the warmer regions of the south; and the poetry in which it naturally exhales itself, seems as it could only find a suitable vehicle in their plastic and flexible idioms, or a fitting audience among the susceptible races by whom they were framed.

Born in a very humble condition of life, and disabled, by the infirmities of his person, from earning a subsistence by his labour, the future poet of mirth would probably have perished in helpless penury in any other country of the world. In Scotland, however, education is not very costly,—and no condition is so low, as to exempt a parent from the duty of bestowing it, even upon the most numerous offspring. The youth was early initiated, therefore, in the mysteries of reading and writing;—and after passing some years, in the situation of clerk, to a little merchant in one of the small towns of Fife, was, at length

promoted to the dignity of parish school master in one of the most dreary and thinly peopled parishes in the same country,—where he has ever since remained in unbroken cheerfulness and measureless content, on an income of less than thirty pounds a year. In his low and lonely cottage, in this cheerless seclusion, — with no literary society, — with the most scanty materials for study, and the most dim and distant anticipations of literary distinction, he not only made himself a distinguished proficient in classical learning, before he had attained his twenty-fifth year, but acquired a familiar acquaintance with the languages and literature of modern Europe, — and cheered his solitude with the composition of verses remarkable for spirit and originality; — considered in connection with the author's condition, we think they are altogether surprising. The subject, which we do not think very fortunately chosen, is borrowed from some ancient legends, respecting the marriage choice of a fair lady, whose beauty is still celebrated in the ballads and traditions of Mr. Tennant's native district — and whose hand, it seems, was held out as the reward of the victor in an ass-race, and a match of running in sacks, a competition of bag-piping and of story-telling. Upon this homely foundation, Mr. T. has erected a vast superstructure of description, and expended a great treasure of poetry. He has also engrafted upon it, the airy and ticklish machinery of Shakespeare's, or rather of Wieland's Oberon, though he has given the less adventurous name of Puck to his ministering spirit, who, with the female fairy to whom he is wedded, patronizes the Victor in these successive contentions, and secures not only his success, but his acceptance with the devoted fair. — The merit of the poem does not consist at all, as it appears to us, in the contrivance or conduct of the story — of which the outline is briefly as follows. The blooming heroine sitting one evening by her lonely parlour-fire, is startled by the sudden apparition of a gay and fluttering fairy, who presents himself among the dishes on her supper-table, and after many admonitions, directs her to proclaim to the world her resolution of bestowing her hand in the whimsical manner that has been already mentioned, and to appoint the day of the next fair or annual market at Anster (or Anstruther in Fife) for this great competition. The orders of the tricky spirit are accordingly obeyed; and a prodigious concourse of suitors and spectators, including the king and all his court, assemble on the day appointed. The description of their various and contrasted groupes, forms one of the longest and most spirited parts of the poem. The successive contentions are then narrated with great

spirit and effect, — and the victory falling of course in every instance to the favourite of the fairies, the *denouement* is brought about by the actual appearance of those alert personages at the grand supper which solemnizes the betrothment, where it is explained that they had been divorced and condemned to solitary confinement, till they should be able to bring about the events which had been that day accomplished. — The great charm of this singular composition consists, no doubt, in the profusion of images and groupes which it thrusts upon the fancy, and the crowd and hurry and animation with which they are all jostled and driven along; but this, though a very rare merit in any modern production, is entitled perhaps to less distinction than the perpetual sallies and outbreaks of a rich and poetical imagination, by which the homely themes on which the author is professedly employed, are constantly ennobled or contrasted, and in which the ardour of a mind evidently fitted for higher tasks is somewhat capriciously expended. It is this frequent kindling of the diviner spirit — this tendency to rise above the trivial subject among which he has chosen to disport himself, and this power of connecting grand or beautiful conceptions with the representation of vulgar objects or ludicrous occurrences, that first recommended this poem to our notice, and still seem to us to entitle it to more general notoriety. The author is occupied, no doubt, in general, with low matters, and bent upon homely mirth; — but his genius soars up every now and then in spite of him; — and ‘his delights’ — to use a quaint expression of Shakspeare,

————— ‘His delights  
Are dolphin like, and shew their backs above  
The element they move in.’<sup>1</sup>

J. . . . y.

<sup>1</sup> W. Tennant has published since, *the Thane of fife*, a poem; *Cardinal Beaton*, a tragedy, etc.

## INVOCATION OF THE POET.

WHILE some of Troy and pettish heroes sing,  
And some of Rome, and chiefs of pious fame,  
And some of men that thought it harmless thing  
To smite off heads in Mars's bloody game,  
And some of Eden's garden gay with spring,  
And Hell's dominions terrible to name,  
I sing a theme far livelier, happier, gladder,  
I sing of ANSTER FAIR and bonny MAGGIE LAUDER.

.....

Muse, that from top of thine old Greeckish hill,  
Didst the harp-fumbling Theban younker view,  
And on his lips bid bees their sweets distil,  
And gav'st the chariot that the white swans drew,  
O let me scoop, from thine ethereal rill,  
Some little palmfuls of the blessed dew,  
And lend the swan-drawn car, that safely I  
Like him may sdein the earth and burst into the sky.

Our themes are like; for he the games extoll'd  
Held in the chariot-shaken Grecian plains,  
Where the vain victor, arrogant and bold,  
Parsley or laurel got for all his pains;  
I sing of sports more worthy to be told,  
Where better prize the Scottish victor gains;  
What were the crowns of Greece but wind and bladder,  
Compar'd with marriage-bed of bonnie MAGGIE LAUDER?  
And O! that king Apollo would but grant  
A little spark of that transcendant flame,

That fir'd the Chian rhapsodist to chant

How vied the bowmen for Ulysses' dame,  
And him of Rome to sing how Atalant

Plied, dart in hand, the suitor-slaught'ring game,  
Till the bright gold, bowl'd forth along the grass,  
Betray'd her to a spouse, and stopp'd the bounding lass.

But lo! from bosom of yon southern cloud,

I see the chariot come which Pindar bore;

I see the swans, whose white necks, arching proud,

Glitter with golden yoke, approach my shore;

For me they come — O Phœbus, potent god!

Spare, spare me now — Enough, good king — no  
more —

A little spark I ask'd in moderation,

Why scorch me ev'n to death with fiery inspiration?

## THE APPARITION OF PUCK.

HERE broke the lady her soliloquy,

For in a twink her pot of mustard, lo!

Self-mov'd, like Jove's wheel'd stool that rolls on high,

'Gan caper on her table to and fro,

And hopp'd and fidgeted before her eye,

Spontaneous, here and there, a wondrous show?

As leaps, instinct with mercury, a bladder,

So leaps the mustard-pot of bonnie MAGGIE LAUDER.

Soon stopp'd its dance th' ignoble utensil, '—

When from its round and small recess there came  
Thin curling wreaths of paly smoke, that still,

Fed by some magic unapparent flame,

Mount to the chamber's stucco'd roof, and fill  
 Each nook with fragrance and refresh the dame;  
 Ne'er smelt a Phoenix-nest so sweet, I wot,  
 As smelt the luscious fumes of MAGGIE'S mustard-pot.

It reeked censer-like; then (strange to tell)  
 Forth from the smoke, that thick and thicker grows,  
 A fairy of the height of half an ell,  
 In dwarfish pomp, majestically rose;  
 His feet, upon the table stablisch'd well,  
 Stood trim and splendid in their snake-skin hose;  
 Gleam'd, topaz-like, the breeches he had on,  
 Whose waistband like the bend of summer rainbow shone.

His coat seem'd fashion'd of the threads of gold,  
 That intertwine the clouds at sun-set hour,  
 And, certes, Iris with her shuttle hold  
 Wove the rich garment in her lofty bower;  
 To form its buttons were the Pleiads old  
 Pluck'd from their sockets by some genie-power,  
 And sew'd upon the coat's resplendent hem;  
 Its neck was lovely green; each cuff a sapphire gem.

As when the churlish spirit of the Cape  
 To Gama, voyaging to Mozambique,  
 Up-popp'd from sea, a tangle-tassel'd shape,  
 With muscles sticking inch-thick on his cheek,  
 And 'gan with tortoise-shell his limbs to scrape,  
 And yawn'd his monstrous blobberlips to speak;  
 Brave Gama's hairs stood bristled at the sight,  
 And on the tarry deck sunk down his men with fright.

<sup>1</sup> Tangle-tassel'd, hung round with tangle (sea-weed) as with tassels. I observe tangle in Bailey's Dictionary, though not in Johnson's.

So sudden ( not so huge and grimly dire )

Uprose to MAGGIE's stounded eyne the sprite,  
As fair a fairy as you could desire ,

With ruddy cheek , and chin and temples white ;  
His eyes seem'd little points of sparkling fire ,

That , as he look'd , charm'd with inviting light ;  
He was , indeed as bonny a fay and brisk ,  
As ever on long moon-beam was seen to ride and frisk .

Around his bosom by a silken zone

A little bagpipe gracefully was bound ,  
Whose pipes like hollow stalks of silver shone ,

The glist'ring tiny avenues of sound ;  
Beneath his arm the windy bag , full-blown ,

Heav'd up its purple like an orange round ,  
And only waited orders to discharge  
It's blasts with charming groan into the sky at large .

He wav'd his hand to MAGGIE , as she sat

Amaz'd and startled on her carved chair ;  
Then took his petty feather-garnish'd hat

In honour to the lady , from his hair ,  
And made a bow so dignifiedly flat ,

That MAG was witched with his beauish air ;  
At last he spoke , with voice so soft , so kind ,  
So sweet , as if his throat with fiddle-strings was lin'd .

Lady ! be not offended that I dare ,

Thus forward and impertinently rude ,  
Emerge , uncall'd , into the upper air ,

Intruding on a maiden's solitude ;  
Nay , do not be alarm'd , thou lady fair !

Why startle so ? — I am a fairy good ;

Not one of those that, envying beauteous maids,  
Speckle their skins with moles, and fill with spleens  
their heads.

For, as conceal'd in this clay-house of mine,  
I overheard thee, in a lowly voice,  
Weighing thy lovers' merits, with design  
Now on the worthiest lad to fix thy choice,  
I have up-bolted from my paltry shrine,  
To give thee, sweet-ey'd lass, my best advice;  
For by the life of Oberon my king!  
To pick good husband out is, sure, a ticklish thing.

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## THE MORNING OF ANSTER FAIR.

---

I wish I had a cottage snug and neat  
Upon the top of many-fountain'd Ide,  
That I might thence in holy fervour greet  
The bright-gown'd Morning tripping up her side;  
And when the low Sun's glory-buskin'd feet  
Walk on the blue wave of th' Aegean tide,  
O, I would kneel me down, and worship there  
The God who garnish'd out a world so bright and fair!

The saffron-elbow'd Morning up the slope  
Of heav'n canaries in her jewell'd shoes,  
And throws o'er Kelly-law's sheep-nibbled top  
Her golden apron dripping kindly dews,  
And never, since she first began to hop  
Up Heav'n's blue causeway, of her beams profuse,  
Shone there a dawn so glorious and so gay,  
As shines the merry dawn of Anster Market-day.

Round through the vast circumference of sky  
 One speck of small cloud cannot eye behold,  
 Save in the East some fleeces bright of die,  
 That stripe the hem of heav'n with woolly gold,  
 Whereon are happy angels wont to lie.

Lolling, in amaranthine flow'rs enroll'd,  
 That they may spy the precious light of God  
 Flung from the blessed East o'er the fair Earth abroad.

The fair Earth laughs through all her boundless range,  
 Heaving her green hills high to greet the beam;  
 City and village, steeple, cot and grange,  
 Gilt as with nature's purest leaf-gold seem;  
 The heaths and upland muirs, and fallows, change  
 Their barren brown into a ruddy gleam,  
 And, on ten thousand dew-bent leaves and sprays,  
 Twinkle ten thousand suns and fling their petty rays.

Up from their nests and fields of tender corn  
 Right merrily the little sky-larks spring,  
 And on their dew-bedabbled pinions born,  
 Mount to the heav'n's blue key-stone flickering;  
 They turn their plume-soft bosoms to the morn,  
 And hail the genial light and cheerly sing;  
 Echo the gladsome hills and valleys round,  
 As half the bells of Fife ring loud and swell the sound.

For, when the first up-sloping ray was flung  
 On ANSTER steeple's swallow-harb'ring top,  
 It's bell and all the bells around were rung  
 Sonorous, jangling loud without a stop,  
 For toilingly each bitter beadle swung,  
 Ev'n till he smok'd with sweat, his greasy rope,  
 And almost broke his bell-wheel, ush'ring in  
 The morn of ANSTER FAIR with tinkle-tankling din.

And, from our steeple's pinnacle out-spread,  
 The town's long colours flare and flap on high,  
 Whose anchor, blazon'd fair in green and red,  
 Curls pliant to each breeze that whistles by;  
 Whilst, on the boltsprit, stern, and topmast-head  
 Of brig and sloop that in the harbour lie,  
 Streams the red gaudery of flags in air,  
 All to salute and grace the morn of ANSTER FAIR.

---

## THE ASS-RACE.

---

FRISK'D with impatient flutter, every heart  
 As the brisk anxious blood began to jump;  
 Each human ear prick'd up its fleshiest part,  
 To catch the earliest notice of the trump;  
 When hark! with blast that spoke the sign to start,  
 The brass-ton'd clarion gave the air a thump,  
 Whoop—off they go—halloo—they shoot—they fly—  
 They spur—they whip—they crack—they bawl—  
 they curse—they cry.—

A hundred whips, high toss'd in ether, sung  
 Tempestuous, flirting up and down like fire;  
 'Tween sky and earth as many cudgels swung  
 Their gnarled lengths in formidable gyre,  
 And, hissing, from their farther ends down flung  
 A storm of wooden bangs and anguish dire;  
 Woe to the beastly ribs, and skulls, and backs,  
 Foredoom'd to bear the weight of such unwieldy cracks!  
 Woe to the beastly bowels, doom'd alas!  
 To bear the spur's sharp steely agony;

For through the sore-gall'd hides of every ass  
 Squirts the vext blood in gush of scarlet die,  
 While, as they slug along the hoof-crush'd grass,  
 Rises a bray so horrid and so high,  
 As if all Bashan's bulls, with fat o'ergrown,  
 Had bellow'd on the green of ANSTER's frightened loan.

Who can in silly pithless words paint well  
 The pithy feats of that laborious race?  
 Who can the cudgellings and whippings tell,  
 The hurry, emulation, joy, disgrace?  
 'Twould take for tongue the clapper of a bell,  
 To speak the total wonders of the chace;  
 'Twould need a set of sturdy brassy lungs  
 To tell the mangled whips, and shatter'd sticks and rungs.

Each rider pushes on to be the first,  
 Nor has he now an eye to look behind;  
 One ass trots smartly on, though like to burst  
 With bounding blood, and scantiness of wind;  
 Another, by his master bann'd and curs'd,  
 Goes backward through perversity of mind,  
 Inching along in motion retrograde,  
 Contrarious to the course which Scotland's monarch bade.

A third obdurate stands and cudgel-proof,  
 And steadfast as th' unchisel'd rock of flint,  
 Regardless though the heav'n's high marble roof  
 Should fall upon his scull with mortal dint,  
 Or though, conspiring Earth, beneath his hoof,  
 Should sprout up coal with fiery flashes in't,  
 Whilst on his back his griev'd and waspish master,  
 The stubbornner he stands, still bangs and bans the faster.

Meantime, the rabblement, with fav'ring shout  
 And clapping hand set up so loud a din,

As almost with stark terrour frighted out.

Each ass's soul from his partic'lar skin ;  
Rattled the bursts of laughter round about ;

Grinn'd every phiz with mirth's peculiar grin ;  
As thro' the loan they saw the cuddies awkward  
Bustling some straight, some thwart, some forward, and  
some backward.

As when the clouds, by gusty whirlwind riven ,  
And whipp'd into confusion pitchy-black ,  
Detach'd, fly diverse round the cope of heaven ,  
Reeling and jostling in uncertain rack ,  
And some are northward, some are southward driven ,  
With storm embroiling all the zodiac ,  
Till the clash'd clouds send out the fiery flash ,  
And peals with awful roll the long loud thunder crash.

Just in such foul confusion and alarm  
Jostle the cuddies with rebellious mind ,  
And reek with sweat their bowels grow so warm ,  
And loudly bray before, and belch behind :  
But who is yon, the foremost of the swarm ,  
That scampers fleetly as the rain-raw wind ?  
'Tis Robert Scot, if I can trust my eyne ;  
I know the bord'rer well, by his long coat of green.

See how his bright whip, brandish'd round his head ,  
Flickers like streamer in the northern skies ;  
See how his ass on earth with nimble tread  
Half-flying rides, in air half-riding flies ,  
As if a pair of ostrich wings, out-spread ,  
To help him on, had sprouted from his thighs :  
Well scamper'd, Rob — well whipt — well spurr'd —  
my boy ;  
O haste ye, Robert, haste — rush — gallop to thy joy !

The pole is gain'd; his ass's head he turns  
Southward, to tread the trodden ground again;  
Sparkles like flint the cuddy's hoof and hurns,  
Seeming to leave a smoke upon the plain;  
His bitted mouth the foam impatient churns;  
Sweeps his broad tail behind him like a train :  
Speed, cuddy, speed — O, slacken not thy pace;  
Ten minutes more like this, and thou shalt gain the race!

He comes careering on the sounding loan,  
With pace unslacken'd hasting to the knoll,  
And, as he meets with those that hobble on  
With northward heads to gain the ribbon'd pole,  
Ev'n by his forceful fury are o'erthrown  
His long-ear'd brethren in confusion droll;  
For as their sides, he passing, slightly grazes,  
By that collision shock'd, down roll the founder'd asses.

Heels over head they tumble; ass on ass  
They dash, and twenty times roll o'er and o'er,  
Lubberly wallowing along the grass,  
In beastly ruin and with beastly roar;  
While their vext riders in poor plight, alas,  
Flung from their saddles three long ells and more,  
Bruis'd and commingling, with their cuddies sprawl,  
And curse th' impetuous brute whose conflict caus'd  
their fall.

With hats upon their heads they down did light,  
Withouten hats disgracefully they rose;  
Clean were their faces ere they fell and bright,  
But dirty-fac'd they got up on their toes;  
Strong were their sinews ere they fell and tight,  
Hip-shot they stood up, sprain'd with many woes;

Blithe were their aspects ere the ground they took,  
Grim louting rose they up, with crabbed ghastful look.

And, to augment their sorrow and their shame,

A hail abhorr'd of nauseous rotten eggs,  
In rascal volleys from the rabble came

Opprobrious, on their bellies, heads and legs,  
Smearing with slime that ill their clothes became,

Whereby they stunk like wash-polluted pigs,  
For in each white curs'd shell a juice was found,  
Foul as the dribbling pus of Philoctetes' wound.

Ah, then with grievous limp along the ground,

They sought their hats that had so flown away,  
And some were cuff'd and much disaster'd found,

And haply some not found unto this day :  
Meanwhile, with vast and undiminish'd bound,

Sheer through the bestial wreck and disarray,  
The brute of Mesopotam hurries on,  
And in his madding speed devours the trembling loan.

Speed, cuddy, speed—one short, short minute more,

And finish'd is thy toil and won the race—  
Now—one half minute and thy toils are o'er—

His toils are o'er and he has gain'd the base!  
He shakes his tail the conscious conqueror;

Joy peeps through his stupidity of face;  
He seems to wait the monarch's approbation,  
As quiver his long ears with self-congratulation.

Straight from the stirrup Rob dislodg'd his feet,

And, flinging from his grasp away the rein,  
Off sprung, and louting in obeisance meet

Did lowly duty to his king again :

His king with salutation kind did greet

Him the victorious champion of the plain,

And bad him rise, and up the hillock skip,  
That he the royal hand might kiss with favour'd lip :

Whereat, obedient to the high command,  
Great Robert Scot, upbolting from the ground,  
Rush'd up, in majesty of gesture grand,  
To where the monarch sat upon the mound,  
And kiss'd the hard back of his hairy hand,  
Respectfully, as fits a monarch crown'd;  
But with a keener ecstasy he kiss'd  
The dearer tend'rer back of MAGGIE's downy fist.

Then took the trumpeter his clarion good,  
And, in a sharp and violent exclaim,  
Out from the brass among the multitude  
Afair sent conq'ring Rob's illustrious name;  
Which heard, an outcry of applause ensued,  
That shook the dank dew from the starry frame;  
Great ROBERT's name was hallow'd through the mob,  
And Echo blabb'd to heav'n the name of mighty Rob.

But, unapplauded, and in piteous case,  
The laggards on their vanquish'd asses slow,  
Shame-stung, with scurvy length of rueful face,  
Ride sneaking off to save them further woe;  
For, cramm'd with slime and stench and vile disgrace,  
Th' abominable shells fly moe and moe,  
Till slink the men amid the press of folk,  
Secure from shame and slime and egg's unwholesome  
yolk.

## THE PIPERS' COMPETITION.

And soon the pipers, shouldering along  
 Thro' the close mob their squeeze'd uneasy way,  
 Stood at the hillock's foot, an eager throng,  
 Each asking license from the king to play;  
 For with a tempest, turbulent and strong,  
 Labour'd their bags impatient of delay,  
 Heaving their bloated globes outrageously,  
 As if in pangs to give their contents to the sky.

And every bag, thus full and tempest-ripe,  
 Beneath its arm lay ready to be prest,  
 And, on the holes of each fair-polish'd pipe,  
 Each piper's fingers long and white were plac'd;  
 Fiercely they burn'd in jealous rivalry;  
 Each madding piper scoff'd at all the rest,  
 And fleer'd and toss'd contemptuously his head,  
 As if his skill alone deserv'd fair MAGGIE's bed.

Nor could they wait, so piping-mad they were,  
 Till James gave each man orders to begin,  
 But in a moment they displode their air  
 In one tumultuous and unlicens'd din;  
 Out-flies, in storm of simultaneous blare,  
 The whizzing wind comprest their bags within,  
 And, whiffing through the wooden tubes so small,  
 Growls gladness to be freed from such confining thrall.

Then rose, in burst of hideous symphony,  
 Of pibrochs and of tunes one mingled roar;

Discordantly the pipes squeal'd sharp and high,  
 The drones alone in solemn concord snore;  
 Five hundred fingers, twinkling funnily,  
 Play twiddling up and down on hole and bore,  
 Now passage to the shrilly wind denying,  
 And now a little rais'd to let it out a-sighing.

Then rung the rocks and caves of Billyness,  
 Reverberating back that concert's sound,  
 And half the lurking Echoes that possess  
 The glens and hollows of the Fifan ground,  
 Their shadowy voices strain'd into excess  
 Of out-cry, loud huzzaing round and round  
 To all the Dryads of Pitkirie wood,  
 That now they round their trees should dance in frisky  
 mood.

As when the sportsman with report of gun  
 Alarms the sea-fowl of the isle of May,  
 Ten thousand mews and gulls that shade the sun  
 Come flapping down in terrible dismay,  
 And with a wild and barb'rous concert stun  
 His ears, and scream, and shriek, and wheel away;  
 Scarce can the boatman hear his plashing oar;  
 Yell caves and eyries all, and rings each Maian shore.

Just so āround the knoll did pipe and drone  
 Whistle and hum a discord strange to hear,  
 Tort'ring with violence of shriek and groan  
 Kingly, and courtly, and plebeian ear;  
 And still the men had humm'd and whistled on,  
 Ev'n till each bag had burst its bloated sphere,  
 Had not the king, uprising, wav'd his hand,  
 And check'd the boist'rous din of such unmanner'd band.

On one side of his face a laugh ~~was~~ seen ,  
On t' other side a half-form'd frown lay hid ;  
He frown'd , because they petulantly keen ,  
Set up their piping forward and unbid ;  
He laugh'd , for who could have controul'd his mien  
Hearing such crash of pibrochs as he did ?  
He bade them orderly the strife begin ,  
And play each man the tune wherewith the fair he'd win.

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# PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

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## A LITERARY MEMOIR OF SHELLEY.

P. B. SHELLEY, or the *Snake*, as Byron familiarly called him, Shelley was as a man a devoted friend, of gentle manners, amiable, melancholy, but not sullen; affectionate, and if he ever was severe, severe only to himself; sober as a brahmin, and yet when wielding the pen, resembling a young Titan in audacity; waging war, both in verse and prose, on heaven, and human institutions. While he was still at school, and at an age when the soul, surrounded by natural impulses, attaches itself alternately to the most opposite illusions, and when there does not exist an error, which it is not liable to embrace or abandon for another; or for a truth, and that without hypocrisy, young Shelley had the misfortune to seek food for his reveries in the philosophical systems of Spinoza, Payne and Godwin. He became their convert, and from that moment consecrated his expanding reason and his poetical talent to the service of atheism. The consequence, it seems to me, has proved that a better feeling in reserve, secured his imagination from the chilling influence which those desolating doctrines could not avoid exerting over his poetry.

Discontented with every thing as it stood, and dreaming of a perfectibility which he could scarcely define to himself, Shelley wished in the first instance to overthrow and destroy the social fabric, in the hope that some preserving Pharos might arise from the ruins. He did not seek atheism in religion and anarchy in empires as a final object, but solely as a means of regeneration. It was like desiring to burn a town, in order to rebuild it on a more regular plan, and embellish it with new temples, consecrated to new gods. Society treated Shelley as an enemy. The theologians of Oxford expelled him from the university, and his father from the paternal mansion. Becoming himself a father, he was deprived of his children by the chancellor, under sanction of the law against atheism.†

Shelley, seeing himself without asylum, and even without

† This law is at once Spartan and ecclesiastical. But its consequences might be rendered cruel and terrible: by it man sits in judgment on his brother man.

bread, sold his father his rights of inheritance for an annuity. After living a solitary life for some time in the country, he finally exiled himself to Italy, to which he had previously made one voyage. It was in Switzerland that he became acquainted with Lord Byron, and it was there, also, that at the foot of one of these sublime mountains, which appear to elevate man to a communication with heaven, he had the temerity to subscribe himself an *Atheist* in the *Album* of Mount Anvert.

It is surprising, after the details of such a life, and such principles, to find in the verses of this demagogue, this infidel, this atheist, a vein of poetry so contemplative and so mystic, so sweet a charm of tenderness and melancholy, and an expression at once so natural and so impassioned of the purest emotions. There are, certainly, declamatory passages by the side of others of great energy and animation; and there is an occasional obscurity in some of the visions of a spirit too deeply imbued with a feeling of disappointment, and with personal anxieties. Shelley appears, in short, like a kind of Manfred, or Faustus, who suffers the penalty of having aspired to gather the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil. If, on the one hand, by reason of his hatred to all those barriers which religion and social institutions raise against the impatient independence of man, Shelley may be said to belong to the Satanic school, on the other, his early admiration of the lake poets, whom he visited and studied, has tintured his style, and even his thoughts; and the natural beauties of rural scenery, or the simplicity of childhood, inspire him with the same enthusiasm as the wild dreams of his adventurous spirit. Shelley has depicted himself with more obvious delineation in his *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude*. Alastor is a young enthusiast, who has vainly sought in the works of the philosophers, and in foreign climates, the living impersonation of a *beau ideal* which has no existence; and he dies despairingly, on finding that he has spent his life in a dream. The descriptive parts of this allegory occasionally exhibit an admirable vividness and richness.

The *Revolt of Islam* conveys us to the paradise of the Genius of Good; for Shelley, in renouncing the Christian's heaven, creates a new heaven and new deities for his otherwise latitudinarian philosophy. The souls of virtuous and illustrious men, reciprocally commemorate the sacrifices and the labours which have earned for them the crowns of the just. A young Greek and his beloved, record how, after having delivered their natal city from tyranny, fickle victory had suddenly replaced tyranny on the throne. The object of the poet is to prove that they have already been happy in their martyrdom, since it has given

them the hope of leaving to more fortunate avengers the task of breaking the chains of slavery. In the midst of all the adventures of this pair of lovers, the recollection of their love originating in early childhood, inspires the poet with the conception of a delightful picture. Shelley himself was a mere boy, when he became a husband for the first time. He united himself by his second marriage with a daughter of the famous Godwin.

Nothing could be more pathetic than his species of eclogue, entitled *Rosalind and Helena*, especially the tale of Rosalind, if it were not spoiled by an affected design of the poet, to legitimize an incestuous love between brother and sister, to condemn the marriage tie, as an institution against nature, and to brand that privilege which law confers on the human will, of surviving itself by a legacy:

What does the abuse of a right prove against the goodness of a right? It is true, one sympathizes with Rosalind on the subject of the frightful persecution she endures from her old, and miserly, and wicked husband; one may blamelessly participate the terror and hatred which this person imparts to his wife and children; a hatred and terror, depicted in hues of gloomy energy; but the same institution which has united Rosalind to her tyrant, sanctions the chaste affection of a happier married couple, and protects them from the designs of the powerful of the earth, who are compelled to respect the domestic hearths of the humblest of their vassals.

Shelley was well versed in the literature of Germany and Spain; he was also a profound Greek scholar; the task of repairing the loss of Æschylus's *Prometheus Delivered*, was only fit for his genius. That of Lord Byron. Shelley's *Prometheus*, composed at Rome, is stamped with an antique character; but it is, nevertheless, an entirely modern allegory. His *Prometheus* resembles Milton's *Satan* more than the Greek *Prometheus*. This is enough to indicate who the *Jupiter* is that his *Prometheus* braves.

It was at Rome, also, that Shelley composed his tragedy of *Cenci*. In order to vie with all the horrors of *Œdipus*, and the family of *Atreus*, Shelley, in this performance, had nothing to do but literally adhere to the traditional narrative.

Francisco Cenci, a rich Roman of the sixteenth century, passed his life in debauchery and all kinds of enormities; as often as justice, roused by the cry of a victim, bared the sword of punishment, he purchased impunity of Clement VIII. for 100,000 crowns. Enacting the part of executioner to his own family, he coolly conceived the design of incestuous commerce with his own daughter Beatrice. Beatrice and her mother-in-law conspire to

get their common tyrant assassinated, two bravos whom they have hired, shrink from the task at the moment of performance; and Beatrice in despair, herself consummates the fearful sacrifice. Papal justice, less indulgent to the daughter than the father, condemns her to suffer the death decreed to parricide. Beatrice was as amiable as she was beautiful; and the contrast produces an eminently tragic heroine.

The reader trembles and pauses at the idea of justifying or condemning such an action committed under the impulse of such motives, but no poetry can diminish the feeling of disgust occasioned by the detail of Cenci's wickedness. An irresistible curiosity, notwithstanding, engages us in the development of those Italian characters of the sixteenth century, skilfully invested by Shelley with that superstition which combined with all their sensations. Thus Cenci, the father, dedicated within his palace walls, a chapel to St. Thomas, and caused masses to be said for the repose of his soul; and in the same manner his wife and daughter are profoundly occupied with the desire of making him confess before his assassination. We suppress the details; it is reported that the representation of the Eumenides of Euripides caused the abortion of the pregnant Athenian women who witnessed the representation.

Of all Shelley's poems, one only has been proscribed by the law courts; it is that, from supplying the notes to which Byron defends himself, while he eulogises the brilliancy of its colouring. *Queen Mab* is clandestinely sold, and scarce. We have never felt much dread of the sophistries of an atheism which borrows its incorporation from poetry; such poetry itself, supplies a refutation of its most specious principles. The muse must have both a worship and a belief. Shelley calls his unknown God, *universal love*: he is the same as our own, since he invests him with attributes, without which, we are unable to conceive the being whom we adore. The notes of *Queen Mab* are more hostile to Christianity than the poem; but they are, after all, nothing more than quotations from the philosophism of the age of Louis XV.

The plot of *Queen Mab* is as follows:—A young female (Ianthe) is peaceably sleeping, while her lover (Henry) takes advantage of her sleep to admire her recumbent beauty. The Queen of the Fairies, who represents imagination, descends in her aerial car, and reveals to Ianthe the past, the present, and the future.

The soul of the mortal thus favoured by Titania, ascends the car of the latter, and with her traverses the immensity of worlds,

in order to arrive at the palace of the Queen of Enchantment. The fairy conducts Ianthe to a rampart, whence they contemplate all the spheres of the universe, among which our earth appears reduced to the size of a scarcely visible speck.

The fairy describes the ruins of antient ages; the birth and fall of empires, she then reviews existing things, and the systems of human arrogance, attacking all creeds, turning all worships into vain mummeries, and converting all divinities into phantoms, which vanish at the touch of her wand, as the illusions of Armida's palace disappear before the radiance of Rinaldo's divine shield. Resorting to an eccentric fiction, the poet invokes the wandering Jew to appear, and once more curse the tyranny of that deity, to whom he formerly denied his pity. This is introducing one phantom to fight against another. Nor is this contradiction the only one which leaves the reader in the dark, as to the precise drift of the poet's intentions. As soon as all the dreams of popular beliefs are disposed of, the fairy explains the nature of the future, destined to fill that immense void, which, divested of all belief, is sufficient to terrify human imagination. There will no longer exist an almighty Creator : but universal Love will preside over creation. All the enjoyments of the golden age, Olympus, terrestrial paradise, and christian heaven, will then be the reward of virtue. But in what is this said virtue to consist? We suppose the poet by virtue means the condition of a man in a state of nature. But it is after all no more than a dream.

Grand and sublime imagery, energetic sentiments, all the enthusiasm of mysticism, and some poetical declamation completes the essence of *Queen Mab*, the style of which is distinguished by brilliancy and harmony, but is more emphatic than precise. We shall not say what a mathematician said of the verses of Racine. "What does it all prove?" *Queen Mab* proves that Shelley had been a poet betimes, and that he deserved the eulogium of Byron; and fortunately it proves nothing against any religion whatever.

A. P.

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# FROM ALASTOR;

## OR, THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE.

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THERE was a poet, whose untimely tomb  
No human hands with pious reverence reared,  
But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds  
Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid  
Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness:  
A lovely youth, — no mourning maiden decked  
With weeping flowers, or white cypress wreath,  
The lone couch of his everlasting sleep: —  
Gentle, and brave, and generous, — no lorn bard  
Breathed o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh:  
He lived, he died, he sang, in solitude.  
Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,  
And virgins, as unknown he past, have pined  
And wasted for fond love of his wild songs.  
The fire of those orbs has ceased to burn,  
And silence, too enamoured of that voice,  
Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

By solemn vision and bright silver dream  
His infancy was nurtured. Every sight  
And sound from the vast earth and ambient air,  
Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.  
The fountains of divine philosophy  
Fled not his thirsting lips, and all of great,  
Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past  
In truth, or fable consecrates, he felt

And knew. When early youth had past, he left  
His cold fireside and alienated home  
To seek strange truths in undiscovered lands.  
Many a wide waste and tangled wilderness  
Has lured his fearful steps; and he has brought  
With his sweet voice and eyes, from savage men,  
His rest and food. Nature's most secret steps  
He like her shadow has pursued, where'er  
The red volcano over-canopies  
Its fields of snow and pinnacles of ice  
With burning smoke, or where bitumen lakes  
On black bare pointed islets ever beat  
With sluggish surge, or where the secret caves,  
Rugged and dark, winding among the springs  
Of fire and poison, inaccessible  
To avarice or pride, their starry domes  
Of diamond and of gold expand above  
Numberless and immeasurable halls,  
Frequent with crystal column, and clear shrines  
Of pearl, and thrones radiant with chrysolite.  
Nor had that scene of ampler majesty  
Than gems or gods the varying of heaven  
And the green earth lost in his heart its claims  
To love and wonder; he would linger long  
In lonesome vales, making the wild his home,  
Until the doves and squirrels would partake  
From his innocuous hand his bloodless food,  
Lured by the gentle meaning of his looks;  
And the wild antelope, that starts when'er  
The dry leaf rustles in the brake, suspend  
Her timid steps to gaze upon a form  
More graceful than her own.

His wandering step,  
Obedient to high thoughts, has visited

The awful ruins of the days of old :  
 Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste  
 Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers  
 'Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,  
 Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of strange  
 Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,  
 Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphynx,  
 Dark Æthiopia in her desert hills  
 Conceals. Among the ruined temples there,  
 Stupendous columns, and wild images  
 Of more than man, where marble dæmons watch  
 The Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men  
 Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around,  
 He lingered, poring in memorials  
 Of the world's youth ; through the long burning day  
 Gazed on those speechless shapes, nor, when the moon  
 Filled the mysterious halls with floating shapes  
 Suspended he that task, but ever gazed  
 And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind  
 Flashed like strong inspiration, and he saw  
 The thrilling secrets of the birth of time.

## THE DEDICATION OF THE REVOLT OF ISLAM.

TO MARY —

So now my summer task is ended, Mary,  
 And I return to thee, mine own heart's home ;  
 As to his queen some victor knight of fiery,  
 Earning bright spoils for her enchanted dome ;  
 Nor thou disdain, that ere my fame become

A star among the stars of mortal night,  
 If it indeed may cleave its natal gloom,  
 Its doubtful promise thus I would unite  
 With thy beloved name, thou child of love and light.

The toil which stole from thee so many an hour  
 Is ended. — And the fruit is at thy feet!  
 No longer where the woods to frame a bower  
 With interlaced branches mix and meet,  
 Or where with sound-like many voices sweet  
 Water-falls leap among wild islands green  
 Which framed for my lone boat a lone retreat  
 Of moss-grown trees and weeds, shall I be seen:  
 But beside thee, where still my heart has ever been.

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when  
 first

The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass.  
 I do remember well the hour which burst  
 My spirit's sleep: a fresh Maydawn it was,  
 When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,  
 And wept I knew not why; until there rose  
 From the near school-room, voices, that alas!  
 Were but one echo from a world of woes,  
 The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasped my hands and looked around —  
 But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,  
 Which poured the warm drops on the sunny ground —  
 So without shame, I spake: — “I will be wise,  
 And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies  
 Such power; for I grow weary to behold  
 The selfish and the strong still tyrannize  
 Without reproach or check.” I then controuled  
 My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.

And from that hour did I with earnest thought  
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore;  
Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught  
I cared to learn, but from that secret store  
Wrought linked armour for my soul, before  
It might walk forth to war among mankind;  
Thus power and hope were strengthened more and more  
Within me, till there came upon my mind  
A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

Alas, that love should be a blight and snare  
To those who seek all sympathies in one! —  
Such once I sought in vain; then black despair,  
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown  
Over the world in which I moved alone: —  
Yet never found I one not false to me,  
Hard hearts, and cold, like weights of icy stone  
Which crushed and withered mine, that could not be  
Aught but a lifeless clog until revived by thee.

Thou friend, whose presence on my wintery heart  
Fell like bright spring upon some herbless plain;  
How beautiful and calm and free thou wert  
In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain  
Of custom thou didst burst and rend in twain,  
And walked as free as light the clouds among,  
Which many an envious slave then breathed in vain  
From his dim dungeon, and my spirit sprung  
To meet thee from the woes which had begirt it long!

No more alone through the world's wilderness,  
Although I trod the paths of high intent,  
I journeyed now: no more companionless,  
Where solitude is like despair, I went.  
There is the wisdom of a stern content,

When poverty can blight the just and good,  
When infamy dares mock the innocent,  
And cherished friends turn with the multitude  
To trample : this was ours, and we unshaken stood!

Now has descended a serener hour,  
And with inconstant fortune friends return;  
Though suffering leaves the knowledge and the power,  
Which says : — let scorn be not repaid with scorn.  
And from thy side two gentle babes are born  
To fill our home with smiles, and thus are we  
Most fortunate beneath life's beaming morn;  
And these delights, and thou, have been to me  
The parents of the song I consecrate to thee.

Is it that now my inexperienced fingers  
But strike the prelude to a loftier strain?  
Or must the lyre on which my spirit lingers  
Soon pause in silence ne'er to sound again,  
Though it might shake the anarch Custom's reign,  
And charm the minds of men to Truth's own sway,  
Holier than was Amphion's? it would fain  
Reply in hope—but I am worn away,  
And death and love are yet contending for their prey.

And what art thou? I know, but dare not speak:  
Time may interpret to his silent years.  
Yet in the paleness of thy thoughtful cheek,  
And in the light thine ample forehead wears,  
And in thy sweetest smiles, and in thy tears,  
And in thy gentle speech, a prophecy  
Is whispered to subdue my fondest fears:  
And through thine eyes, even in thy soul I see  
A lamp of vestal fire burning internally.

They say that thou wert lovely from thy birth,  
Of glorious parents, thou aspiring child.  
I wonder not — for one then left this earth  
Whose life was like a setting planet mild,  
Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled  
Of its departing glory; still her fame  
Shines on thee, through the tempests dark and wild  
Which shake these latter days, and thou canst claim  
The shelter from thy sire, of an immortal name.

One voice came forth from many a mighty spirit,  
Which was the echo of three thousand years;  
And the tumultuous world stood mute to hear it,  
As some lone man, who in a desert hears  
The music of his home : — unwonted fears  
Fell on the pale oppressors of our race,  
And faith and custom and low-thoughted cares,  
Like thunder-stricken dragons, for a space  
Left the torn human heart, their food and dwelling place.

Truth's deathless voice pauses among mankind!  
If there must be no response to my cry —  
If men must rise and stamp with fury blind  
On his pure name who loves them, — thou and I,  
Sweet friend! can look from our tranquillity  
Like lamps into the world's tempestuous night, —  
Two tranquil stars, while clouds are passing by,  
Which wrap them from the foundering seaman's sight,  
That burn from year to year with unextinguished light.

## FROM THE REVOLT OF ISLAM.

It was a temple, such as mortal hand  
Has never built, nor ecstasy, nor dream  
Reared in the cities of enchanted land :  
'Twas likest heaven, ere yet days's purple stream  
Ebbs o'er the western forest, while the gleam  
Of the unrisen moon among the clouds  
Is gathering, — when with many a golden beam  
The thronging constellations rush in crowds,  
Paving with fire the sky and the marmoreal floods.

Like what may be conceived of this vast dome,  
When from the depths which thought can seldom pierce,  
Genius beholds it rise, his native home,  
Girt by the deserts of the universe :  
Yet, nor in paintings light, or mightier verse,  
Or sculpture's marble language, can invest  
That shape to mortal sense, — such glooms immense  
That incommunicable sight, and rest  
Upon the labouring brain, and overburthened breast.

Winding among the lawny islands fair,  
Whose blossomy forests starred the shadowy deep,  
The wingless boat paused where an ivory stair  
Its fretwork in the crystal sea did sleep ;  
Encircling that vast fane's aerial heap :  
We disembarked, and through a portal wide  
We past, — whose roof, of moonstone carved, did keep  
A glimmering o'er the forms on every side,  
Sculptures like life and thought ; immoveable, deep-eyed.

We came to a vast hall, whose glorious roof  
 Was diamond, which had drunk the lightning's sheen  
 In darkness, and now poured it through the woof  
 Of spell-enwoven clouds hung there to screen  
 Its blinding splendour, — through such veil was seen  
 That work of subtlest power divine and rare;  
 Orb above orb, with starry shapes between,  
 And horned moons, and meteors strange and fair,  
 On night-black columns poised — one hollow hemisphere!

Ten thousand columns in that quivering light  
 Distinct, — between whose shafts wound far away  
 The long and labyrinthine aisles more bright  
 With their own radiance than the heaven of day;  
 And on the jasper walls around there lay  
 Paintings, the poesy of mightiest thought,  
 Which did the spirit's history display;  
 A tale of passionate change, divinely taught,  
 Which in their winged dance unconscious Genii wrought.

Beneath there sate on many a sapphire throne  
 The great, who had departed from mankind;  
 A mighty senate; — some whose white hair shone  
 Like mountain snow, mild, beautiful, and blind.  
 Some, female forms, whose gestures beamed with mind;  
 And ardent youths, and children bright and fair;  
 And some had lyres, whose strings were intertwined  
 With pale and clinging flames, which ever there  
 Walked, faint yet thrilling sounds, that pierced the  
                     crystal air.

One seat was vacant in the midst, a throne  
 Reared on a pyramid, like sculptured flame  
 Distinct, with circling steps, which rested on  
 Their own deep fire — soon as the woman came

Into that hall, she shrieked the spirit's name  
And fell; and vanished slowly from the sight.  
Darkness arose from her dissolving frame,  
Which gathering filled that dome of woven light,  
Blotting its sphered stars with supernatural night.

Then first, two glittering lights were seen to glide  
In circles on the amethystine floor,  
Small serpent eyes wailing from side to side,  
Like meteors on a river's grassy shore,  
They round each other rolled, dilating more  
And more, then rose commingling into one,  
One clear and mighty planet, hanging o'er  
A cloud of deepest shadow, which was thrown  
Athwart the glowing steps, and the crystalline throne.

The cloud which rested on that cone of flame  
Was cloven; beneath the planet sate a form,  
Fairer than tongue can speak, or thought may frame,  
The radiance of whose limbs rose-like and warm  
Flowed forth, and did with softest light inform  
The shadowy dome, the sculptures and the state  
Of those assembled shapes — with clinging charm,  
Sinking upon their hearts and mine. — He sate  
Majestic, yet most mild — calm, yet compassionate.

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## FROM ROSALIND AND HELEN.

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“Lo, where red morning through the woods  
Is burning o'er the dew;” said Rosalind.  
And with these words they rose, and towards the flood

Of the blue lake, beneath the leaves now wind  
With equal steps and fingers intertwined;  
Thence to a lonely dwelling, where the shore  
Is shadowed with steep rocks, and cypresses  
Cleave with their dark green cones the silent skies,  
And with their shadows the clear depths below,  
And where a little terrace from its bowers,  
Of blooming myrtle and faint lemon-flowers,  
Scatters its sense-dissolving fragrance o'er  
The liquid marble of the windless lake;  
And where the aged forest's limbs look hoar,  
Under the leaves which their green garments make,  
They come: 'tis Helen's home, and clean and white,  
Like one which tyrants spare on our own land  
In some such solitude; its casements bright  
Shone through their vine-leaves in the morning sun,  
And even within 'twas scarce like Italy.  
And when she saw how all things there were planned,  
As in an English home, dim memory  
Disturbed poor Rosalind: she stood as one  
Whose mind is where his body cannot be,  
Till Helen led her where her child yet slept,  
And said, "Observe, that brow was Lionel's,  
Those lips were his, and so he ever kept  
One arm in sleep, pillowing his head with it.  
You cannot see his eyes, they are two wells  
Of liquid love: let us not wake him yet."  
But Rosalind could bear no more, and wept  
A shower of burning tears, which fell upon  
His face, and so his opening lashes shone  
With tears unlike his own, as he did leap  
In sudden wonder from his innocent sleep.

So Rosalind and Helen lived together

Thenceforth, changed in all else, yet friends again,  
Such as they were, when o'er the mountain heather  
They wandered in their youth, through sun and rain.  
And after many years, for human things  
Change even like the ocean and the wind,  
Her daughter was restored to Rosalind,  
And in their circle thence some visitings  
Of joy 'mid their new calm would intervene :  
A lovely child she was, of looks serene,  
And motions which o'er things indifferent shed  
The grace and gentleness from whence they came.  
And Helen's boy grew with her, and they fed  
From the same flowers of thought, until each mind  
Like springs which mingle in one flood became,  
And in their union soon their parents saw  
The shadow of the peace denied to them.  
And Rosalind, for when the living stem  
Is cankered in its heart, the tree must fall,  
Died ere her time; and with deep grief and awe  
The pale survivors followed her remains  
Beyond the region of dissolving rains,  
Up the cold mountain she was wont to call  
Her tomb; and on Chiavenna's precipice  
They raised a pyramid of lasting ice,  
Whose polished sides, ere day had yet begun,  
Caught the first glow of the unrisen sun,  
The last, when it had sunk; and through the night  
The charioteers of Arctos wheeled round  
Its glittering point, as seen from Helen's home,  
Whose sad inhabitants each year would come,  
With willing steps climbing that rugged height,  
And hang long locks of hair, and garlands bound  
With amaranth flowers, which, in the clime's despite,  
Filled the froze air with unaccustomed light :

Such flowers, as in the wintry memory bloom  
Of one friend left, adorned that frozen tomb.

Helen, whose spirit was of softer mould,  
Whose sufferings too were less, death slower led  
Into the peace of his dominion cold :  
She died among her kindred, being old.  
And know, that if love die not in the dead  
As in the living, none of mortal kind  
Are blest, as now Helen and Rosalind.

---

## LINES

WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS.

SUN-GIRT City, thou hast been  
Ocean's child, and then his queen;  
Now is come a darker day,  
And thou soon must be his prey,  
If the power that raised thee here  
Hallow so thy watery bier.  
A less drear ruin than than now,  
With thy conquest-branded brow  
Stooping to the slave of slaves  
From thy throne, among the waves  
Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew  
Flies, as once before it flew,  
O'er thine isles depopulate,  
And all is in its antient state,  
Save where many a palace gate  
With green sea-flowers overgrown  
Like a rock of ocean's own,

Topples o'er the abandoned sea  
 As the tides change sullenly.  
 The fisher on his watery way,  
 Wandering at the close of day,  
 Will spread his sail and seize his oar  
 Till he pass the gloomy shore,  
 Lest thy dead should, from their sleep  
 Bursting o'er the starlight deep,  
 Lead a rapid masque of death  
 O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold  
 Quivering through aerial gold,  
 As I now behold them here,  
 Would imagine not they were  
 Sepulchres, where human forms,  
 Like pollution-nourished worms,  
 To the corpse of greatness cling,  
 Murdered, and now mouldering :  
 But if Freedom should awake  
 In her omnipotence, and shake  
 From the Celtic Anarch's hold  
 All the keys of dungeons cold,  
 Where a hundred cities lie  
 Chained like thee, ingloriously,  
 Thou and all thy sister band  
 Might adorn this sunny land,  
 Twining memories of old time  
 With new virtues more sublime;  
 If not, perish thou and they,  
 Clouds which stain truth's rising day  
 By her sun consumed away,  
 Earth can spare ye : while like flowers,  
 In the waste of years and hours,

From your dust new nations spring  
 With more kindly blossoming.  
 Perish ! let there only be  
 Floating o'er thy hearthless sea,  
 As the garment of thy sky  
 Clothes the world immortally,  
 One remembrance, more sublime  
 Than the tattered pall of time,  
 Which scarce hides thy visage wan;  
 That a tempest-cleaving swan  
 Of the songs of Albion,  
 Driven from his ancestral streams  
 By the might of evil dreams,  
 Found a nest in thee; and ocean  
 Welcomed him with such emotion  
 That its joy grew his, and sprung  
 From his lips like music flung  
 O'er a mighty thunder-fit,  
 Chastening terror : what though yet  
 Poesy's unfailing river,  
 Which through Albion winds for ever,  
 Lashing with melodious wave  
 Many a sacred poet's grave,  
 Mourn its latest nursling fled !  
 What though thou with all thy dead  
 Scarce can for this fame repay  
 Aught thine own, — oh, rather say,  
 Though thy sins and slaveries foul  
 Overcloud a sunlike soul !  
 As the ghost of Homer clings  
 Round Scamander's wasting springs ;  
 As divinest Shakespeare's might  
 Fills Avon and the world with light  
 Like omniscient power, which he

Imaged 'mid mortality;  
 As the love from Petrarch's urn  
 Yet amid you hills doth burn,  
 A quenchless lamp, by which the heart  
 Sees things unearthly; so thou art,  
 Mighty spirit : so shall be  
 The city that did refuge thee.

Lo, the sun floats up the sky  
 Like thought-winged liberty,  
 Till the universal light  
 Seems to level plain and height;  
 From the sea a mist has spread,  
 And the beams of morn lie dead  
 On the towers of Venice now,  
 Like its glory long ago.  
 By the skirts of that grey cloud  
 Many-domed Padua proud  
 Stands, a peopled solitude,  
 'Mid the harvest shining plain,  
 Where the peasant heaps his grain  
 In the garner of his foe,  
 And the milk-white oxen slow  
 With the purple vintage strain,  
 Heaped upon the creaking wain,  
 That the brutal Celt may swill  
 Drunken sleep with savage will;  
 And the sickle to the sword  
 Lies unchanged, though many a lord.  
 Like a weed whose shade is poison,  
 Overgrows this region's foison,  
 Sheaves of whom are ripe to come  
 To destruction's harvest home :  
 Men must reap the things they sow,

Force from force must ever flow,  
Or worse ! but 'tis a bitter woe  
That love or reason cannot change  
The despot's rage, the slave's revenge.

Padua, thou, within whose walls  
Those mute guests at festivals,  
Son and Mother, Death and Sin,  
Played at dice for Ezzelin,  
Till Death cried, " I win, I win !"  
And Sin cursed to lose the wager,  
But Death promised, to assuage her,  
That he would petition for  
Her to be made Vice-Emperor,  
When the destined years were o'er  
Over all between the Po  
And the eastern Alpine snow,  
Under the mighty Austrian.  
Sin smiled so as Sin only can,  
And since that time, aye long before,  
Both have ruled from shore to shore,  
That incestuous pair, who follow  
Tyrants as the sun the swallow,  
As Repentance follows Crime,  
And as changes follow Time.

In thine halls the lamp of learning,  
Padua, now no more is burning;  
Like a meteor, whose wild way  
Is lost over the grave of day,  
It gleams betrayed and to betray:  
Once remotest nations came  
To adore that sacred flame,  
When it lit not many a hearth

On this cold and gloomy earth :  
Now new fires from antique light  
Spring beneath the wide world's might ;  
But their spark lies dead in thee,  
Trampled out by tyranny\*  
As the Norway woodman quells,  
In the depth of piny dells,  
One light flame among the brakes,  
While the boundless forest shakes,  
And its mighty trunks are torn  
By the fire thus lowly born :  
The spark beneath his feet is dead,  
He starts to see the flames it fed,  
Howling through the darkened sky  
With myriad tongues victoriously,  
And sinks down in fear : so thou,  
O tyranny, beholdest now  
Light around thee, and thou hearest  
The loud flames ascend and fearest :  
Grovel on the earth : aye, hide  
In the dust thy purple pride !

Noon descends around me now :  
'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,  
When a soft and purple mist  
Like a vaporous amethyst,  
Or an air-dissolved star  
Mingling light and fragrance, far  
From the curved horizon's bound  
To the point of heaven's profound,  
Fills the overflowing sky,  
And the plains that silent lie  
Underneath, the leaves unsodden  
Where the infant frost has trodden

With his morning-winged feet,  
Whose bright print is gleaming yet ;  
And the red and golden vines,  
Piercing with their trellised lines  
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness ;  
The dun and bladed grass no less,  
Pointing from this hoary tower  
In the windless air ; the flower  
Glimmering at my feet ; the line  
Of the olive-sandaled Apennine  
In the south dimly islanded ;  
And the Alps , whose snows are spread  
High between the clouds and sun ;  
And of living things each one ;  
And my spirit which so long  
Darkened this swift stream of song,  
Interpenetrated lie  
By the glory of the sky :  
Be it love, light, harmony,  
Odour, or the soul of all  
Which from heaven like dew doth fall  
Or the mind which feeds this verse  
Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon  
Autumn's evening meets me soon,  
Leading the infantine moon,  
And that one star, which to her  
Almost seems to minister  
Half the crimson light she brings  
From the sunset's radiant springs :  
And the soft dreams of the morn,  
(Which like winged winds had borne  
To that silent isle, which lies

'Mid remembered agonies,  
 The frail bark of this long being,) )  
 Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,  
 And its antient pilot, Pain,  
 Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be  
 In the sea of life and agony:  
 Other spirits float and flee  
 O'er that gulph: even now, perhaps,  
 On some rock the wild wave wraps,  
 With folded wings they waiting sit  
 For my bark, to pilot it  
 To some calm and blooming cove,  
 Where for me, and those I love,  
 May a windless bower be built,  
 Far from passion, pain, and guilt,  
 In a dell 'mid lawny hills,  
 Which the wild sea-murmur fills,  
 And soft sunshine, and the sound  
 Of old forests echoing round,  
 And the light and smell divine  
 Of all flowers that breathe and shine.  
 We may live so happy there,  
 That the spirits of the air,  
 Envyng us, may even entice  
 To our healing paradise  
 The polluting multitude;  
 But their rage would be subdued  
 By that clime divine and calm,  
 And the winds whose wings rain balm  
 On the uplifted soul, and leaves  
 Under which the bright sea heaves;  
 While each breathless interval

In their whisperings musical  
 The inspired soul supplies  
 With its own deep melodies,  
 And the love which heals all strife  
 Circling, like the breath of life,  
 All things in that sweet abode  
 With its own mild brotherhood:  
 They, not it would change; and soon  
 Every sprite beneath the moon  
 Would repent its envy vain,  
 And the earth grow young again.

---

## HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

---

THE awful shadow of some unseen power  
 Floats though unseen among us; visiting  
 This various world with as inconstant wing  
 As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;  
 Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,  
 It visits with inconstant glance  
 Each human heart and countenance;  
 Like hues and harmonies of evening,  
 Like clouds in starlight widely spread,  
 Like memory of music fled,  
 Like aught that for its grace may be  
 Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate  
 With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon  
 Of human thought or form, where art thou gone?  
 Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,

This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate ?

Ask why the sunlight not forever

Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river ;

Why aught should fail and fade that once is shewn ;

Why fear and dream and death and birth

Cast on the daylight of this earth

Such gloom, why man has such a scope

For love and hate, despondency and hope ?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever

To sage or poet these responses given :

Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven

Remain the records of their vain endeavour :

Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever

From all we hear and all we see,

Doubt, chance, and mutability.

Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,

Or music by the night wind sent

Through strings of some still instrument,

Or moonlight on a midnight stream,

Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, hope, and self-esteem, like clouds, depart

And come, for some uncertain moments lent.

Man were immortal, and omnipotent,

Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,

Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart

Thou messenger of sympathies

That wax and wane in lover's eyes ;

Thou, that to human thought art nourishment,

Like darkness to a dying flame !

Depart not as thy shadow came :

Depart not, lest the grave should be,

Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy, I sought for ghosts, and sped  
 Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,  
 And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing  
 Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.  
 I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed :

I was not heard : I saw them not :  
 When musing deeply on the lot  
 Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing  
 All vital things that wake to bring  
 News of birds and blossoming,  
 Sudden, thy shadow fell on me :  
 I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy !

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers  
 To thee and thine : have I not kept the vow ?  
 With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now  
 I call the phantoms of a thousand hours  
 Each from his voiceless grave : they have in visioned  
 bowers

Of studious zeal or loves delight  
 Outwatched with me the envious night :  
 They know that never joy illumed my brow,  
 Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free  
 This world from its dark slavery,  
 That thou, O awful Loveliness,  
 Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene  
 When noon is past : there is a harmony  
 In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,  
 Which through the summer is not heard or seen,  
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been !

Thus let thy power, which like the truth  
 Of nature on my passive youth  
 Descended, to my onward life supply

Its calm, to one who worships thee,  
 And every form containing thee,  
 Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind  
 To fear himself, and love all human kind.

---

## SONNET.

### OZYMANDIAS.

---

I MET a traveller from an antique land,  
 Who said : two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command.  
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
 Which yet survive; stamped on these lifeless things,  
 The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed :  
 And on the pedestal these words appear :  
 " My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :  
 Look on my works, ye mighty; and despair ! "  
 Nothing beside remains ! Round the decay  
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

---

## AN EXHORTATION.

---

CAMELIONS feel on light and air :  
 Poet's food is love and fame :

If in this wide world of care  
 Poets could but find the same  
 With as little toil as they,  
 Would they ever change their hue  
 As the light camelions do,  
 Suiting it to every ray  
 Twenty times a day?

Poets are on this cold earth,  
 As camelions might be,  
 Hidden from their early birth  
 In a cave beneath the sea;  
 Where light is camelions change,  
 Where love is not poets do :  
 Fame's love disguised : if few  
 Find either, never think it strange  
 That poets range.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power  
 A poet's free and heavenly mind :  
 If bright camelions should devour  
 Any food but beams and wind,  
 They would grow as earthly soon  
 As their brother lizards are.  
 Children of a sunnier star,  
 Spirits from beyond the moon,  
 O, refuse the boon!

---

## ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

### I.

O, WILD West Wind, thou breath of autumn's being,  
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black; and pale, and hectic red,  
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes; O thou,  
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
 Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
 With living hues and odours, plain and hill:

Wild spirit which art moving every where;  
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, O hear!

## II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion  
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
 Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread  
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce mænad, even from the dim verge  
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
 Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: O, hear!

## III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,  
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,  
 All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! thou  
 For whose path, the Atlantic's level powers  
 Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know  
 Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,  
 And tremble, and despoil themselves : O, hear!

## IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share  
 The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
 Than thou, O, uncontrollable! if even  
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be  
 The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
 As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
 Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven  
 As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
 Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!  
 A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed  
 One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

## V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :  
 What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,  
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,  
 My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,  
 Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth!  
 And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth,  
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
 Be through my lips to unawakened earth,

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,  
 If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

## TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!  
 Bird thou never wert,  
 That from heaven, or near it,  
 Pourest thy full heart  
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.  
 Higher still and higher  
 From the earth thou springest,  
 Like a cloud of fire;  
 The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.  
 In the golden lightning  
 Of the sunken sun,  
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,  
 Thou dost float and run;  
 Like an unbodied joy, whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
Melts round thy flight;  
Like a star of heaven  
In the broad daylight,  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight :

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear,  
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The morn rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;  
What is most like thee?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see,  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy, with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden

In a dell of dew,

Scattering un beholden

Its aerial hue

Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the  
view :

Like a rose embowered

In its own green leaves,

By warm winds deflowered,

Till the scent it gives

Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged  
thieves :

Sound of vernal showers

On the twinkling grass,

Rain-awakened flowers,

All that ever was

Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass

Teach us sprite or bird,

What sweet thoughts are thine :

I have never heard

Praise of love or wine,

That parted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,

Or triumphal chaunt,

Matched with thine would be all

But an empty vaunt,

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains

Of thy happy strain?

What fields or waves, or mountains?

What shapes of sky or plain?

What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain

With thy clear keen joyance,  
 Languor cannot be :  
 Shadow of annoyance  
 Never came near thee :  
 Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
 Thou of death must deem  
 Things more true and deep  
 Than we mortals dream,  
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,  
 And pine for what is not :  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught ;  
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
 Hate, and pride, and fear ;  
 If we were things born  
 Not to shed a tear,  
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
 Of delightful sound,  
 Better than all treasures  
 That in books are found,  
 Thy skill to poets were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness  
 That thy brain must know,  
 Such harmonious madness  
 From my lips would flow,  
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

---

## THE MAGIC CAR.

---

THE night was fair, and countless stars  
Studded heaven's dark blue vault, —  
Just o'er the eastern wave  
Peep'd the first faint smile of morn : —  
The magic car moved on —  
From the celestial hoofs  
The atmosphere in flaming sparkles flew ;  
And where the burning wheels  
Eddied above the mountain's loftiest peak,  
Was traced a line of lightning.  
Now it flew far above a rock,  
The utmost verge of earth,  
The rival of the Andes, whose dark brow  
Lowered o'er the silver sea.  
Far, far below the chariot's path,  
Calm as a slumbering babe,  
Tremendous ocean lay.  
The mirror of its stillness shewed  
The pale and waning stars.  
The chariot's fiery track,  
And the grey light of morn  
Tinging those fleecy clouds  
That canopied the dawn.  
Seemed it, that the chariot's way  
Lay through the midst of an immense concave,  
Radiant with million constellations, tinged  
With shades of infinite colour,

And semicircled with a belt  
Flashing incessant meteors.

The magic car moved on.

As they approached their goal  
The coursers seemed to gather speed;  
The sea no longer was distinguished; earth  
Appeared a vast and shadowy sphere  
The sun's unclouded orb  
Rolled through the black concave;  
Its rays of rapid light  
Parted around the chariot's swifter course,  
And fell, like ocean's feathery spray  
Dashed from the boiling surge  
Before a vessel's prow.

The magic car moved on.

Earth's distant orb appeared  
The smallest light that twinkles in the heaven;  
Whilst round the chariot's way  
Innumerable systems rolled,  
And countless spheres diffused  
An ever-varying glory.

Spirit of Nature! here!  
In this interminable wilderness  
Of worlds, at whose immensity  
Even soaring fancy staggers,  
Here is thy fitting temple.

Yet not the lightest leaf  
That quivers to the parting breeze  
Is less instinct with thee:  
Yet not the meanest worm  
That lurks in graves and fattens on the dead  
Less shares thy eternal breath.

Spirit of Nature ! thou !  
 Imperishable as this scene ,  
 Here is thy fitting temple.

A SUMMER EVENING CHURCH-YARD,  
 LECHLADE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

THE wind has swept from the wide atmosphere  
 Each vapour that obscur'd the sun-set's ray ;  
 And pallid evening twines its beaming hair  
 In duskiër braids around the languid eyes of day :  
 Silence and twilight, unbelov'd of men ,  
 Creep hand in hand from you obscurest glen.

They breathe their spells towards departing day,  
 Encompassing the earth, air, stars, and sea ;  
 Light, sound, and motion, own the potent way,  
 Responding to the charm with its own mystery.  
 The winds are still, or the dry church-yard grass  
 Knows not their gentle motions as they pass.

Thou too, aerial Pile ! whose pinnacles  
 Point from one shrine, like pyramids of fire ,  
 Obey'st in silence their sweet solemn spell ,  
 Clothing in hues of heaven thy dim and distant spire  
 Around whose less'ning and invisible height  
 Gather among the stars the clouds of night.

The dead are sleeping in their sepulchres ;  
 And, mouldering as they sleep, a thrilling sound,  
 Half sense, half thought, among the darkness stirs,  
 Breath'd from their wormy beds all living thing  
 around,

And, mingling with the still night and mute sky,  
Its awful hush is felt inaudibly.

Thus solemniz'd, and soften'd, death is mild

And terrorless as this serenest night :

Here could I hope, like some inquiring child

Spotting on graves, that death did hide from human sight

Sweet secrets, or beside its breathless sleep

That loveliest dreams perpetual watch did keep.

## DEATH AND SLEEP.

## How wonderful is Death.

## Death and his brother Sleep!

One, pale as yonder waning moon,

With lips of lurid blue;

The other, rosy as the morn'

When throned on ocean's wave,

It blushes o'er the world :

Yet both so passing wonderful!

# HENRY MILMAN.

## AN ESSAY ON MILMAN'S SCRIPTURAL POETRY.

THE reverend Mr. Milman is Professor of Poetry at the University of Oxford; and he has become a contributor to the Quarterly Review.

Mr. Milman commenced his poetic career by a ministerial paraphrase of the greatest event of 1814. The *Judicium Regale* (certainly rather a pedantic title,) is a sort of vision, in which the author fancies himself at the judgment pronounced upon Buonaparte by the assembled sovereigns. The accusers are the people of the different nations of Europe who by turns declare their grievance.

Among those writers who are less distinguished for the judicious treatment of their subjects, than for a superabundance of ideas and splendid imagery, the reverend Mr. Milman is, perhaps, least sparing in the use of metaphors, epithets, and all those ornaments which Dryden, though he himself occasionally indulged in *conceits*, terms the *Delights of style*. Mr. Milman, after celebrating a national hero in his poem of "Samor," and publishing an Italian tragedy "Fazio," apparently became conscious that his sacred calling was more consistent with the task of treating subjects selected from scriptural history.

We shall proceed to give some account of the best of his dramatic poems.

"The Fall of Jerusalem" is an epic drama, forming a most brilliant illustration of the fifth book of Josephus's history. "The Fall of Jerusalem" claims admiration, not merely for the inspiration of some of its lyric effusions, and the harmonious simplicity of some fragments of the dialogue, but the poem, taken as a whole, produces a solemn impression of awe and pity, worthy of the imposing catastrophe it celebrates. The simplicity of the plot may be considered as a merit, in a subject which is but the authentic accomplishment of a prophecy. Mr. Milman leads us over ground still tinged with the blood of the Saviour. All the characters he has introduced are historical, with the exception of the two daughters of Simon the Assassin; who are, in fact, the heroines of the poem.

The drama opens with a scene between Titus and his officers, contemplating, from the top of the Mount of Olives, the city which is doomed to the flames on the following day. The rhetoric of the Oxford Professor is, perhaps, rather too obvious in the studied language of the Romans. Titus, who is destined to distinguish himself at a later period as the most merciful of Princes, endeavours to account to himself for the supernatural impulse which compels him to endeavour to efface a whole nation from the earth. He attributes it to the irresistible power of Fate; ignorant of the God who has chosen him to be the blind instrument of his vengeance. This poetical idea is happily introduced to strike the imagination of the reader; but it is only an introduction to the tragedy which is going forward in the besieged city, where greater ravages are produced by anarchy and furious fanaticism, than by famine or the enemy's sword. The Jews, amidst their misfortunes, are less indignant against the Romans than against themselves. The miracles they have witnessed serve only to encrease the fury of their chiefs, who still dispute the possession of the ruins of their city, and the lifeless remains of their countrymen. John is the chief of the Sadducees; and to his crimes and profane principles, his rival attributes the misfortunes of the nation. His rival is Simon the Pharisee, whom Josephus describes as an implacable zealot, a brave warrior, and a skilful politician, but whom Mr. Milman has made, improperly, a fanatic, more superstitious than cruel. Simon has two daughters, both young and beautiful. Salome, the eldest, is distinguished by a proud and ardent spirit. She is enthusiastic, even to madness, in her devotion to the law of Moses, and the future glory of Israel. But a more terrestrial passion is mingled with her religious exaltation; she loves a young hero, on whom, as well as on his father, the Hebrews rely as the last hope of their deliverance. She seats herself daily on the ramparts of the city; feasting her eager eyes on the continued conflict of the hostile forces, and watching the movements of her beloved Amariah.

To Simon's second daughter, Miriam, the poet has given a more timid character, and more mild affections. Miriam is attached to one of the Christians, who had taken refuge in Pella from the commencement of the siege. She secretly shares the religious faith of her lover, but refuses to quit her father at the hour of danger. Simon daily finds provisions, which are brought to him by an invisible hand. He supposes them to be the gift of his guardian angel; but they are brought by Miriam, who receives them from her lover at the fountain of Sifoe, whither she goes

every morning to meet him, through a passage worked in the rock, and known only to herself. Here Javan renews his solicitations to induce her to fly from Jerusalem, whose destruction is hourly expected; yet Miriam still resists, determined on dying with her father, from whom, on her return home, she hears a horrible account of a search he has been making with John and Eleazer, in the houses of those who were suspected of concealing their provisions. They surprised a poor woman, who had been kneading a wheaten cake. She was gazing on her sleeping children, and wept at the thought of seeing their little eyes beam with joy at the unusual sight of food. She had not tasted it herself, and was just raising the coverlet, under which her little charges reposed, locked in each other's arms, when John seized the cake, and mocking her with a savage smile, trampled it under foot! — Miriam, on being left alone, invokes God's forgiveness for her father, in a hymn worthy of the finest inspirations of Milton.

On the following day, Miriam again repairs to the fountain, while the Hebrew chiefs, having been repulsed in a silly, address mutual reproaches to each other. The High Priest breaks in upon them, and entreats them to forget for a while their own private animosities, to revenge an insult offered to God in his very temple — where, in the midst of that day's solemnities, a voice had dared to utter an imprecation to the pretended Son of God, Jesus of Nazareth. He calls on them to assist in detecting and punishing the blasphemer. Simon exclaims, that even though his own child had committed such a crime, he would be the first to sacrifice her. The enthusiastic Salone murmurs apart the name of Miriam, and attributes her absence to the consciousness of her crime. She rushes into the midst of the chiefs to denounce her, and suddenly stops short, struck with the remembrance of her mother, who, with her dying breath, had recommended her to love and cherish her sister. While she thus hesitates, Abiram, the false prophet, breaks in, and, announcing that he comes in the name of the Almighty, exclaims: —

“ Brave Amariah, son of John! Salone,  
Daughter of Simon! thus I join their hands;  
And thus I bless the wedded and the beautiful!  
And thus I bind the Captains of Jerusalem  
In the strong bonds of unity and peace.”

Here Abiram sings a nuptial chant, to which the populace reply with acclamations. Amariah and Salone readily obey the will of Heaven, which is thus in unison with their own secret feelings, and Simon, hoping that from this alliance, commanded

by Jehovah, may spring the promised Redeemer of Israel, hastens the celebration of the ceremony, under the guidance of Abiram.

The poet again introduces Miriam and Javan, who, after once more vainly urging her to accompany him, takes what he believes to be his last farewell of the daughter of Simon.

Meanwhile, at the approach of night, the streets of Jerusalem are filled with crowds of the unfortunate Jews. In their terror, they recount the numerous prodigies which have long threatened the nation. One speaks of a sword suspended for whole months over the city; another of aerial armies fighting on fiery chariots. A Levite arrives, and relates that the great gate of the temple had that moment opened of itself, and resisted all human efforts to close it. The prophets are struck dumb with astonishment. Suddenly the sounds of joyful music announce the marriage of Amariah and Salome; but while the bridal song is celebrating the happiness of the young couple, a threatening voice is heard exclaiming, "Woe! woe! woe!" It is the voice of the son of Hananiah, who had repeated, for seven years, this mournful cry, in spite of the punishments inflicted on him to compel him to desist. When the siege commenced, he had ceased his exclamation, as if the prediction were accomplished. He now comes for the last time to prophecy the ruin of Jerusalem and his own destruction; for scarcely has he added the words, "Woe to the son of Hananiah!" when a stone, darted from the enemy's engines, lays him lifeless on the ground. Simon and John quit the bridal banquet, more than ever elated by the hope of triumph. They disperse the crowd, whom they reproach for their cowardly forebodings; and they themselves retire to prepare, by a few hours' repose, for the victory which they imagine is awaiting them on the morrow. Miriam alone lingers behind, deploring the blindness of those who are most dear to her. She murmurs a prayer, when the thunder peals in the heavens, as if to light the fire by which Israel is about to be destroyed. Meanwhile the Romans scale the walls, and their trumpets sound the charge in the streets of Salem.

The Jews fly for refuge to the temple. Simon joins them, and until he sees the flames playing above the roof of the sanctuary, he still confidently believes that the God of Israel will save his people. Miriam, bewildered with alarm, wanders into the streets. With a momentary feeling of regret, she recollects that she might have fled in safety with Javan; but she immediately banishes this thought; to prepare herself for death, by invoking the name of Christ.

An old man hearing her pronounce the name of the Saviour, exclaims : —

“ Who spake of Christ?  
What hath that name to do with saving here?  
He's here, he's here, the Lord of desolation,  
Begirt with vengeance! in the fire above,  
And fire below, in all the blazing city  
Behold him manifest! ”

Miriam enquires what he knows of Christ, and he informs her that he beheld him labouring up the hill, bearing the cross on his bleeding shoulders, while from his thorn-encircled brow he shook off the blood, and gazed with patient pity on the infuriate multitude.

MIRIAM. — “ Could'st thou see  
The cross, the agony, and still hard of heart? ”

The old man relates, that feeling ashamed of a momentary compunction, with which he had been inspired by the sublime resignation of the Son of God, he joined his voice to those of the multitude assembled on Mount Calvary, and exclaimed, “ *Crucify him!* ” He is at length convinced of the divinity of the victim; but his tardy faith is that of despair. He refuses to express his penitence by a prayer, and departs, venting execrations on his own grey hairs.

Miriam, with horror, perceives Salone pale and bleeding. She has just escaped from the flames in which their house is enveloped, and she is wrapt only in her nuptial veil, while the unfaded bridal wreath is still hanging in her dishevelled hair.

Salone informs her sister that on the first alarm occasioned by the attack of the city, Amariah had suddenly risen from his couch and rushed out. She thus continues : —

“ He came back and kissed me; and he said —  
I know not what he said; — but there was something  
Of Gentile revelry, and his beauteous bride —  
Me, me he meant; he call'd me beauteous bride, —  
And he stood o'er me with a sword so bright  
My dazzled eyes did close. And presently,  
Methought, he smote me with the sword; but then  
He fell upon my neck, and wept upon me,  
And I felt nothing but his burning tears. ”

Miriam endeavours to sooth her delirium, but in vain. The enthusiast expires on her bosom.

A Roman soldier approaches Miriam. She recognizes him as one who has several times crossed her path. She appeals to his honour and his piety, conjuring him to spare her by the love he

bears for his own wife or sister. This soldier is no other than Javan in disguise. He conducts his beloved in silence to the fountain of Siloe, where he places her in safety amidst a choir of Christians, who address a last adieu to the holy city in a hymn of sublime poetic beauty.

This indeed is but an imperfect sketch of this work, which must be regarded as Mr. Milman's master-piece. No contemporary writer has succeeded better in rendering a scriptural subject the vehicle of poetry. The *Fall of Jerusalem* has a character of religious inspiration. The pompous strain of language employed by Mr. Milman is the natural form for such a subject; and in this poem it produces no less solemn an effect than in the fine verses of Milton. After the *Fall of Jerusalem*, Mr. Milman published two other dramatic poems, which, however, produced a far less impressive effect, perhaps on account of the too frequent repetition of the same forms of style and the same ideas.

We shall therefore say nothing of his *Feast of Balthazar*, nor his *Martyr of Antioch*, which, unfortunately for Mr. Milman, at once call to mind Corneille's *Polyeucte* and Chateaubriand's *Cymodocée*. This year Mr. Milman has published another dramatic poem, *Anne de Bouleyn*. (Ed.)

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## VISION

### OF THE ANGEL OF DESTRUCTION.

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GRANDEURS there are to which the gates of heaven  
Set wide their burning portals : midnight feels  
Cherubic splendors ranging her dun gloom ;  
The tempests are ennobled by the state  
Of high seraphic motion. I have seen ,  
I , Merlin , have beheld ! It stood in light ,  
It spake in sounds for earth's gross winds too pure.  
Between the midnight and the morn 'twas here  
I lay ; I know not if I slept or woke ,  
Yet mine eyes saw. Long , long this heart had yearn'd ,  
'Mid those rich passings and majestic shows ,  
For shape distinct , and palpable clear sound.  
It burst at length , yea , front to front it stood ,  
The Immortal Presence. I clench'd up the dust  
In the agony and rapture of my fear ,  
And my soul wept with terror and deep joy.  
It stood upon the winds ; an angel plumed ,  
And mail'd , and crown'd ; his plumes cast forth a tinge  
Like blood on the air around ; his arms , in shape  
Ethereal panoply complete , in hue  
The moonlight on the dark Llanberi's lake ,  
A bright blue rippling glitter ; for the crown ,  
Palm leaves of orient light his brow enwreathed ,  
That bloom'd in fair divinity of wrath ,  
And beautiful relentlessness austere.  
Knowledge was in my heart and on my

I felt him, who he was. — “ Archangel! hail,  
 Destroyer! art not thou God’s delegate,  
 To break the glassy glories of this world?  
 The gem-knosp’d diadem, the ivory ball,  
 Sceptre and sword, imperial mantle broad,  
 The Lord of nations, Thundershaft of war,  
 Are glorious on the pale submissive earth!  
 Thou comest, and lo! for throne, for sword, for king,  
 Bare ashes and thin dust. Thou art, that aye  
 The rich-tower’d cities smoulder’st to pale heaps  
 Of lazy moss-stones, and aye after thee  
 Hoots Desolation, like a dank-wing’d owl  
 Upon the marble palaces of kings.  
 Thou wert, when old Assyrian Nineveh  
 Sank to a pool of waters, waste and foul;  
 Thou, when the Median’s brow the massy tiar  
 Let fall, and when the Grecian’s brazen throne  
 Sever’d and split to the four winds; and now  
 Consummatest thy work of wreck and scorn  
 Even on Rome’s Cæsars, making the earth sick  
 Of its own hollowness! Archangel! hail,  
 Vicegerent of destruction, cupbearer,  
 That pour’st the bitter liquor of heaven’s wrath  
 A lamentable homage pay I thee,  
 And sue thee, tell if Britain’s days are full,  
 Her lips for thy sad beverage ripe? ”

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## ROWENA INTRODUCED.

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CEAS’D the bold strain, then deep the Saxon drain’d  
 The ruddy cup, and savage joy uncouth

Lit his blue gleaming eyes : nor sate unmov'd  
The Briton Chiefs ; fierce thoughts began to rise  
Of ancient wars , and high ancestral fame.  
Sudden came floating through the hall an air  
So strangely sweet , the o'erwrought sense scarce felt  
Its rich excess of pleasure ; softer sounds  
Melt never on the enchanted midnight cool ,  
By haunted spring , where elfin dancers trace  
Green circles on the moonlight 'dews ; nor lull  
Becalmed mariner from rocks , where basks  
At summer noon the sea-maid ; he his oar  
Breathless suspends , and motionless his bark  
Sleeps on the sleeping waters. Now the notes  
So gently died away , the silence seem'd  
Melodious ; merry now and light and blithe  
They danced on air : anon came tripping forth  
In frolic grace a maiden troop , their locks  
Flower-wreathed , their snowy robes from clasped zone  
Fell careless drooping , quick their glittering feet  
Glanc'd o'er the pavement. Then the pomp of sound  
Swell'd up , and mounted ; as the stately swan ,  
Her milk-white neck embowered in arching spray ,  
Queens it along the waters , entered in  
The lofty hall a shape so fair , it lull'd  
The music into silence , yet itself  
Pour'd out , prolonging the soft ecstasy ,  
The trembling and the touching of sweet sound.  
Her grace of motion and look , the smooth  
And swimming majesty of step and tread ,  
The symmetry of form and feature , set  
The soul afloat , even like delicious airs  
Of flute or harp : as though she trod from earth .  
And round her wore an emanating cloud  
Of harmony , the Lady mov'd. Too proud

For less than absolute command, too soft  
For aught but gentle amorous thought : her hair  
Cluster'd, as from an orb of gold cast out  
A dazzling and o'erpowering radiance, save  
Here and there on her snowy neck repos'd  
In a sooth'd brilliance some thin wandering tress.  
The azure flashing of her eye was fring'd  
With virgin meekness, and her tread, that seem'd  
Earth to disdain, as softly fell on it,  
As the light dew shower on a tuft of flowers.  
The soul within seem'd feasting on high thoughts,  
That to the outward form and feature gave  
A loveliness of scorn, scorn that to feel  
Was bliss, 'was sweet indulgence. Fast sank back  
Those her fair harbingers, their modest eyes,  
Downcast, and drooping low their slender necks  
In graceful reverence; she, by wond'ring gaze  
Unmov'd, and stifled murmurs of applause,  
Nor yet unconscious, slowly won her way  
To where the King, amid the festal pomp,  
Sate loftiest; as she rais'd a fair-chas'd cup,  
Something of sweet confusion overspread  
Her features; something tremulous broke in  
On her half-failing accents, as she said,  
"Health to the King!"—the sparkling wine laugh'd up,  
As eager 'twere to touch so fair a lip.

A moment, and the apparition bright  
Had parted; as before, the sound of harps  
Was wantoning about the festive hall.

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## HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

---

— THOU knowest, Merciful!  
That knowest all things, and dost ever turn  
Thine eye of pity on our guilty nature;  
For thou wert born of woman : thou didst come,  
Oh Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,  
Not in thy dread omnipotent array;  
    And not by thunders strewed  
    Was thy tempestuous road;  
Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way.  
    But thee, a soft and naked child,  
    Thy mother undefiled  
    In the rude manger laid to rest  
    From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare  
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;  
Nor stooped their lamps th' enthroned fires on high  
    A single silent star  
    Came wandering from afar,  
Gliding unchecked and calm along the liquid sky;  
    The eastern sages leading on,  
    As at a kingly throne,  
    To lay their gold and odours sweet  
    Before thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hush'd to hear  
Bright harmony from every starry sphere;  
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song  
    From all the cherub choirs,

And seraphs' burning lyres  
 Pour'd thro' the host of heav'n the charmed clouds along.  
 One angel troop the strain began,  
 Of all the race of man  
 By simple shepherds heard alone,  
 That soft hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame  
 To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came;  
 Nor visible angels mourn'd with drooping plumes:  
 Nor didst thou mount on high,  
 From fatal Calvary,  
 With all thine own redeem'd outbursting from their  
 tombs.  
 For thou didst bear away from earth  
 But one of human birth,  
 The dying felon by thy side, to be  
 In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake;  
 A little while the conscious earth did shake  
 At that foul deed by her fierce children done:  
 A few dim hours of day  
 The world in darkness lay;  
 Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun:  
 While thou didst sleep within the tomb,  
 Consenting to thy doom;  
 Ere yet the white-robed angel shone  
 Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand  
 With devastation in thy red right hand,  
 Plaguing the guilty city's murderous crew;  
 But thou didst haste to meet  
 Thy mother's coming feet,

And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.  
 Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise  
 Into thy native skies,  
 Thy human form dissolved on high  
 In its own radiancy.

### A SCENE FROM THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

JAVAN.

SWEET fountain, once again I visit thee!  
 And thou art flowing on, and freshening still  
 The green moss, and the flowers that bend to thee,  
 Modestly with a soft unboastful murmur  
 Rejoicing at the blessings that thou bearest.  
 Pure, stainless, thou art flowing on; the stars  
 Make thee their mirror, and the moonlight beams  
 Course one another o'er thy silver bosom:  
 And yet thy flowing is through fields of blood,  
 And armed men their hot and weary brows  
 Slake with thy limpid and perennial coolness.

Even with such rare and singular purity  
 Mov'st thou, oh Miriam! in yon cruel city.  
 Men's eyes o'erwearied with the sights of war,  
 With tumult and with grief, repose on thee  
 As on a refuge and a sweet refreshment.

*Voice at a distance.*

Javan!

JAVAN.

It is her voice! the air is fond of it,  
 And enviously delays its tender sounds  
 From the ear that thirsteth for them — Miriam!

## JAVAN, MIRIAM.

JAVAN.

Nay, stand thus in thy timid breathlessness,  
That I may gaze on thee, and thou not chide me  
Because I gaze too fondly.

MIRIAM.

Hast thou brought me  
Thy wonted offerings?

JAVAN.

Dearest, they are here :  
The bursting fig, the cool and ripe pomegranate,  
The skin all rosy with the imprison'd wine;  
All I can bear thee, more than thou canst bear  
Home to the city.

MIRIAM.

Bless thee! Oh my father!  
How will thy famish'd and thy toil-bow'd frame  
Resume its native majesty! thy words,  
When this bright draught hath slak'd thy parched lips,  
Flow with their wonted freedom and command!

JAVAN.

Thy father, still no thought but of thy father!  
Nay, Miriam! but thou must hear me now,  
Now ere we part — if we must part again,  
If my sad spirit must be rent from thine.  
Even now our city trembles on the verge  
Of utter ruin. Yet a night or two,  
And the fierce stranger in our burning streets  
Stands conqueror: and how the Roman conquers,  
Let Gischala, let fallen Jotapata  
Tell, if one living man, one innocent child,  
Yet wander o'er their cold and scatter'd ashes.



## MIRIAM.

With thee! to fly with thee! thou mak'st me fear  
 Lest all the while I have deceived my soul,  
 Excusing to myself our stolen meetings,  
 By the fond thought, that for my father's life  
 I labour'd, bearing sustenance from thee,  
 Which he hath deem'd heaven-sent.

## JAVAN.

Oh! farewell then  
 The faithless dream, the sweet yet faithless dream,  
 That Miriam loves me!

## MIRIAM.

Love thee! I am here,  
 Here at dead midnight, by the fountain's side,  
 Trusting thee, Javan, with a faith as fearless  
 As that which the instinctive infant twines  
 To its mother's bosom—Love thee! when the sounds  
 Of massacre are round me, when the shouts  
 Of frantic men in battle rack the soul  
 With their importunate and jarring din,  
 Javan, I think on thee, and am at peace.  
 Our famish'd maidens gaze on me, and see  
 That I am famish'd like themselves, as pale,  
 With lips as parch'd and eyes as wild, yet I  
 Sit patient with an enviable smile  
 On my wan cheeks, for then my spirit feasts  
 Contented on its pleasing thoughts of thee.  
 My very prayers are full of thee, I look  
 To heaven and bless thee; for from thee I learnt  
 The way by which we reach th' eternal mansions.  
 But thou, injurious Javan! coldly doubtest.  
 And—Oh! but I have said too much. Oh! scorn not  
 The immodest maid, whom thou hast vex'd to utter  
 What yet she scarce dared whisper to herself.

JAVAN.

Will it then cease! will it not always sound  
Sweet, musical as thus? and wilt thou leave me?

MIRIAM.

My father!

JAVAN.

Miriam! is not thy father  
(Oh, that such flowers should bloom on such a stock!)  
The curse of Israel? even his common name  
Simon the assassin! of the bloody men  
That hold their iron sway within you city,  
The bloodiest!

MIRIAM.

Oh cease, I pray thee cease!  
Javan! I know that all men hate my father;  
Javan! I fear that all should hate my father;  
And therefore, Javan, must his daughter's love,  
Her dutiful, her deep, her fervent love,  
Make up to his forlorn and desolate heart  
The forfeited affections of his kind.  
Is it not written so in our Law? and He  
We worship came not to destroy the Law.  
Then let men rain their curses, let the storm  
Of human hate beat on his rugged trunk,  
I will cling to him, starve, die, bear the scoffs  
Of men upon my scatter'd bones with him.

JAVAN.

Oh, Miriam! what a fatal art hast thou  
Of winding thought, word, act, to thy sole purpose;  
The enamouring one even now too much enamour'd!  
I must admire thee more for so denying,  
Than I had dared if thou hadst fondly granted.  
Thou dost devote thyself to utterest peril,  
And me to deepest anguish; yet even now

Thou art lovelier to me in thy cold severity,  
 Flying me, leaving me without a joy,  
 Without a hope on earth, without thyself;  
 Thou art lovelier now than if thy yielding soul  
 Had smil'd on me a passionate consent.  
 Go; for I see thy parting homeward look,  
 Go in thy beauty! like a setting star,  
 The last in all the thick and moonless heavens,  
 O'er the lone traveller in the trackless desert.  
 Go! if this dark and miserable earth  
 Do jealously refuse us place for meeting,  
 There is a heaven for those who trust in Christ.  
 Farewell! —————

And thou return'st! —

MIRIAM.

I had forgot ———  
 The fruit, the wine ——— Oh! when I part from thee,  
 How can I think of ought but thy last words?

JAVAN.

Bless thee! but we may meet again even here!  
 Thou look'st consent, I see it through thy tears.  
 Yet once again that cold sad word, Farewell!

## CHORUS.

KING of Kings! and Lord of Lords!  
 Thus we move, our sad steps timing  
 To our cymbals' feeblest chiming,  
 Where thy House its rest accords..  
 Chas'd and wounded birds are we,

Through the dark air fled to thee;  
To the shadow of thy wings,  
Lord of Lords! and King of Kings!

Behold, oh Lord! the Heathen tread  
The branches of thy fruitful vine,  
That its luxurious tendrils spread  
O'er all the hills of Palestine.

And now the wild boar comes to waste  
Even us, the greenest boughs and last,  
That, drinking of thy choicest dew,  
On Zion's hill, in beauty grew.

No! by the marvels of thine hand,  
Thou wilt save thy chosen land!  
By all thine ancient mercies shown;  
By all our fathers' foes o'erthrown;  
By the Egyptian's car-borne host,  
Scatter'd on the Red Sea coast;  
By that wide and bloodless slaughter  
Underneath the drowning water.

Like us in utter helplessness,  
In their last and worst distress—  
On the sand and sea-weed lying,  
Israel pour'd her doleful sighing;  
While before the deep sea flow'd,  
And behind fierce Egypt rode—  
To their fathers' God they pray'd,  
To the Lord of Hosts for aid.

On the margin of the flood,  
With lifted rod the Prophet stood;  
And the summon'd east wind blew,  
And aside it sternly threw

The gather'd waves, that took their stand,  
Like crystal rocks, on either hand,  
Or walls of sea-green marble, piled  
Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay  
On the wonder-paved way,  
Where the treasures of the deep  
In their caves of coral sleep.  
The profound abysses, where  
Was never sound from upper air,  
Rang with Israel's chanted words,  
King of Kings! and Lord of Lords!

Then with bow and banner glancing,  
On exulting Egypt came,  
With her chosen horsemen prancing,  
And her cars on wheels of flame,  
In a rich and boastful ring,  
All around her furious king.

But the Lord from out his cloud,  
The lord look'd down upon the proud;  
And the host drave heavily  
Down the deep bosom of the sea.

With a quick and sudden swell  
Prone the liquid ramparts fell;  
Over horse, and over car,  
Over every man of war,  
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold  
The loud thundering billows roll'd.  
As the level waters spread,  
Down they sank, they sank like lead,  
Down sank without a cry or groan.  
And the morning sun, that shone

On myriads of bright-armed men,  
Its meridian radiance then  
Cast on a wide sea, heaving as of yore,  
Against a silent, solitary shore.

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## MARRIAGE HYMN.

---

To the sound of timbrels sweet,  
Moving slow our solemn feet,  
We have borne thee on the road,  
To the virgin's blest abode;  
With thy yellow torches gleaming,  
And thy scarlet mantle streaming,  
And the canopy above  
Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast,  
And the mirth and wine have ceast;  
And now we set thee down before  
The jealously-unclosing door,  
That the favour'd youth admits  
Where the veiled virgin sits  
In the bliss of maiden fear,  
Waiting our soft tread to hear;  
And the music's brisker din,  
At the Bridegroom's entering in,  
Entering in a welcome guest  
To the chamber of his rest.

---

## CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

---

Now the jocund song is thine,  
Bride of David's kingly line!  
How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,  
And thy shrouded eye resembleth  
Violets, when the dews of eve  
A moist and tremulous glitter leave  
On the bashful sealed lid!  
Close within the bride-veil hid,  
Motionless thou sit'st and mute;  
Save that at the soft salute  
Of each entering maiden friend  
Thou dost rise and softly bend.

Hark! a brisker, merrier glee!  
The door unfolds, — 'tis he, 'tis he.  
Thus we lift our lamps to meet him,  
Thus we touch our lutes to greet him.  
Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,  
Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting.

---

## CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND MAIDENS.

---

UNDER a happy planet art thou led,  
Oh, chosen Virgin, to thy bridal bed.  
So put off thy soft and bashful sadness,

.

And wipe away the timid maiden tear, —  
Lo! redolent with the Prophet's oil of gladness,  
And mark'd by heaven, the Bridegroom youth is here

---

## CHORUS.

---

Joy to thee, beautiful and bashful Bride!  
Joy! for the thrills of pride and joy become thee:  
Thy curse of barrenness is taken from thee.  
And thou shalt see the rosy infant sleeping  
Upon the snowy fountain of thy breast,  
And thou shalt feel how mothers' hearts are blest  
By hours of bliss for moment's pain and weeping.

---

# J. H. LEIGH HUNT.

## A LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT<sup>1</sup>, is son of the Rev. Isaac Hunt, an American refugee, by a sister of Mr. West, the painter. He was born in 1784, and educated at Christ's Hospital, on leaving which he was for some time in the office of an attorney. He next obtained a situation under government, which he was obliged to quit on establishing the paper called the Examiner, in 1809, before which he was the editor of the News. His last speculation was successful, owing to the virulence of its politics, which brought upon him a prosecution for a libel against the Prince Regent, and he was kept in confinement in the New Goal, Horse-monger Lane.

Personal intimacy might be supposed to render us partial to Mr. Leigh Hunt. It is well when personal intimacy produces this effect; and when the light, that dazzles us at a distance, does not on a closer inspection turn out an opaque substance. This is a charge that none of his friends will bring against Mr. Leigh Hunt. He improves upon acquaintance. The author translates admirably into the man. Indeed the very faults of his style are virtues in the individual. His natural gaiety and sprightliness of manner, his high animal spirits, and the *vinous* quality of his mind produce an immediate fascination and intoxication in those who come in contact with him, and carry off in society whatever in his writings may to some seem flat and impertinent. From great sanguineness of temper, from great quickness and unsuspecting simplicity, he runs on to the public as he does at his own fire-side, and talks about himself, forgetting that he is not

<sup>1</sup> *Juvenilia*, or poems written between the ages of twelve and sixteen, 12mo. 1801. — On the folly and danger of Methodism, 8vo. 1809. — The Reformist's Reply to the Article on the State of Parties, in the Edinburgh Review, 8vo. 1810. — The Reflector, a quarterly Magazine, No. 1. 1810. — Report on an information filed ex-officio by the Attorney General, Dec. 9, 1812, with observations, 1812. — Critical Essays on the performers of the London Theatres, cr. 8vo. 1808. — Classic Tales, selected from authors of distinguished genius, 5 v. 12mo. — Feast of the Poets, and other pieces, 12mo. 1814. — Foliage, etc.

always among friends. His look, his tone are required to point many things that he says : his frank, cordial manner reconciles you instantly to a little over-bearing, over-weening self-complacency. "To be admired, he needs but to be seen : " but perhaps he ought to be seen to be fully appreciated. No one ever sought his society who did not come away with a more favourable opinion of him : no one was ever disappointed, except those who had entertained idle prejudices against him. He sometimes trifles with his readers, or tires of a subject (from not being urged on by the stimulus of immediate sympathy) — but in conversation he is all life and animation, combining the vivacity of the school-boy with the resources of the wit and the taste of the scholar. Personal character, the spontaneous impulses, do not appear to excite the author, unless you are acquainted with his situation and habits — like some proud beauty who gives herself what we think strange airs and graces under a mask, but who is instantly forgiven when she shows her face. We have said that Lord Byron is a sublime coxcomb : why should we not say that Mr. Hunt is a delightful one? There is certainly an exuberance of satisfaction in his manner which is more than the strict logical premises warrant, and which dull and phlegmatic constitutions know nothing of, and cannot understand till they see it. He is the only poet or literary man we ever knew who put us in mind of Sir John Suckling or Killigrew or Carew; or who united rare intellectual acquirements with outward grace and natural gentility. Mr. Hunt ought to have been a gentleman born, and to have patronised men of letters. He might then have played, and sung, and laughed, and talked his life away; have written manly prose, elegant verse; and his *Story of Rimini* would have been praised by the Blackwood Magazine. As it is, there is no man now living who at the same time writes prose and verse so well, with the exception of Mr. Southey (an exception, we fear, that will be little palatable to either of these gentlemen). His prose writings, however, display more consistency of principle than the laureate's : his verses more taste. We will venture to oppose his Third Canto of the *Story of Rimini*, for classic elegance and natural feeling, to any equal number of lines from Mr. Southey's Epics, or even from Mr. Moore's Lalla Rookh. In a more gay and conversational style of writing, we think his *Epistle to Lord Byron* on his going abroad, is a masterpiece; — and the *Feast of the Poets* has run through several editions. A light, familiar grace, and mild unpretending pathos are the characteristics of his more sportive or serious writings, whether in poetry or prose. A smile plays round the features of the one; a tear is

ready to start from the thoughtful gaze of the other. He perhaps takes too little pains, and indulges in too much wayward caprice in both. A wit and a poet, Mr. Hunt is also distinguished by fineness of tact and sterling sense : he has only been a visionary in humanity, the fool of virtue. Hunt.

<sup>1</sup> When Lord Byron aimed at the character of a theologian in *Cain*; this set all the theologians against him. The cry of heretic and *manichean* was raised : the author of *Cain* was declared the founder of the *Satanic School*! a designation, which in the 19th century, savours a little of fanaticism. The two principal disciples of the leader are Shelley and Hunt, supported in prose by the paradoxical Hazlitt. Leigh Hunt is himself the founder of another school, ridiculed in *Blackwood's Magazine* under the name of the *Cockney School*. There is much boldness in the political principles of Leigh Hunt; but his poetry is characterised by gentleness. A luxury of ~~images~~ in Moore's style may be discerned in it, and a degree of harmony unrestrained by rules and ordinary language : but above all an affected negligence. Mr. Hunt rhymes like a noble *bél esprit* : and thinks like a demagogue. His enthusiasm for nature has more the air of a pretence than a real emotion; for his descriptions are neither pastoral nor unartificial. Hazlitt has greatly lauded his *Rimini* in the present sketch. That sublime episode of Dante was a delicate thing to meddle with. Leigh Hunt has overlaid it with an abundance of voluptuous images, and with the pomp of his descriptions, the reader becomes impatient in the midst of the brilliant court, and the magnificent *fêtes* to which he is in the first instance conveyed; where the poet seems to revel to such a degree as to lose sight of his two lovers; one is accordingly prompted to skip the two first books in order to find Dante again in the 3rd, which is more dramatic, but which is spun out to a still greater length. In the English poet's narrative, the famous line

" Quel giorno piu non vi legemmo avante "

is divested of the chaste grace, and charm, which it possesses in the mouth of Dante's Francesca. If Hazlitt had been less intimate with Leigh Hunt, he would have perceived, when quoting this passage, that his friend had permitted that character of sensuality which is one of the distinguishing traits of his poetry to transpire. Dante excellently says

" La bocca mi bacio tutto tremante. "

But Leigh Hunt adds; " sweet was that long kiss. " The poem however was not written in a boudoir, but in a prison. The *Quarterly Review*, which has treated Hunt with obvious malevolence, could not abstain from pointing out this defect. The story of *Rimini* is not worth Lord Byron's *Parisina*. Mr. Leigh Hunt has himself been very severe on his contemporaries in the text and notes of a poem entitled *The Feast of Poets*; which sufficiently demonstrates that a rich imagination is not sufficient to constitute a poet of the first order. A. P.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Hazlitt has said that Leigh Hunt was born with the *disposition of a lord*.

TO T——L——H——,  
SIX YEARS OLD, DURING A SICKNESS.

---

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,  
My little patient boy;  
And balmy rest about thee  
Smooths off the day's annoy.  
I sit me down, and think  
Of all thy winning ways;  
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,  
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,  
Thy thanks to all that aid,  
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,  
Of fancied faults afraid;  
The little trembling hand  
That wipes thy quiet tears;  
These, these are things that may demand  
Dread memories for years.

~~Sorrows~~ I've had, severe ones,  
I will not think of now;  
And calmly, midst my dear ones,  
Have wasted with dry brow;  
But when thy fingers press  
And pat my stooping head;  
I cannot bear the gentleness, —  
The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,  
 When life and hope were new  
 Kind playmate of thy brother,  
 Thy sister, father too;  
 My light, where'er I go,  
 My bird, when prison-bound,  
 My hand in hand companion, — no,  
 My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say, "He has departed" —  
 "His voice — his face — is gone;"  
 To feel impatient-hearted,  
 Yet feel we must bear on;  
 Ah, I could not endure  
 To whisper of such woe,  
 Unless I felt this sleep ensure  
 That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed and sleeping!  
 This silence too the while —  
 Its very hush and creeping  
 Seem whispering us a smile: —  
 Something divine and dim  
 Seems going by one's ear,  
 Like parting wings of Cherubim,  
 Who say, "We've finished here."

## TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR ITALY AND GREECE.

*Dio ti dia, baron, ventura. — Pulci.*

SINCE you resolve, dear Byron, once again  
 To taste the far-eyed freedom of the main,

And as the coolness lessens in the breeze ,  
Strike for warm shores that bathe in classic seas , —  
May all that hastens , pleases , and secures ,  
Fair winds and skies , and a swift ship , be yours ,  
Whose sidelong deck affords , as it cuts on ,  
An airy slope to lounge and read upon ;  
And may the sun , cooled only by white clouds ,  
Make constant shadows of the sails and shrouds ;  
And may there be sweet , watching moons at night ,  
Or shows , upon the sea , of curious light ;  
And morning wake with happy-blushing mouth ,  
As though her husband still had “ eyes of youth ; ”  
While fancy , just as you discern from far  
The coasts of Virgil and of Sannazzar ,  
May see the nymphs emerging , here and there ,  
To tie up at the light their rolling hair .

I see you now , half eagerness , half ease ,  
Ride o'er the dancing freshness of the seas ;  
I see you now ( with fancy's eyesight too )  
Find , with a start , that lovely vision true ,  
While on a sudden , o'er the horizon's line  
Phœbus looks forth with his long glance divine ,  
At which old ocean's white and shapely daughters  
Crowd in the golden ferment of the waters ,  
And halcyons brood , and there's a glistening show  
Of harps , mid bosoms and long arms of snow ;  
And from the breathing sea , in the God's eye ,  
A gush of voices breaks up to the sky  
To hail the laurelled bard , that goes careering by .

And who , thus gifted , but must hear and see  
Wonders like these , approaching Italy ? —  
Enchantress Italy , — who born again  
In Gothic fires , woke to a sphery strain ,

And rose and smiled, far lovelier than before,  
Copier of Greece, and Amazon no more,  
But altogether a diviner thing,  
Fit for the Queen of Europe's second spring,  
With fancies of her own, and finer powers  
Not to enslave these mere outsides of ours,  
But bend the godlike mind, and crown it with her flowers.

Thus did she reign, bright-eyed, with that sweet tone  
Long in her ears; and right before her throne  
Have sat the intellectual Graces three,  
Music, and Painting, and wing'd Poetry,  
Of whom were born those great ones, thoughtful-fac'd,  
That led the hierarchy of modern taste; —  
Heavenly composers, that with bow symphonious  
Drew out, at last, music's whole soul harmonious;  
Poets, that knew how Nature should be wooed,  
With frank address, and terms heart-understood;  
And Painters, worthy to be friends of theirs,  
Hands that could catch the very finest airs  
Of natural minds, and all that soul express  
Of ready concord, which was made to bless,  
And forms the secret of true amorousness.

Not that our English clime, how sharp soe'er,  
Yields in ripe genius to the warmest sphere,  
For what we want in sunshine out of doors,  
And the long leisure of abundant shores,  
By freedom, nay by sufferance, is supplied,  
And each man's sacred sunshine, his fire-side.  
But all the four great Masters of our Song,  
Stars that shine out amidst a starry throng,  
Have turned to Italy for added light,  
As earth is kissed by the sweet moon at night; —

Milton for half his style, Chaucer for tales,  
 Spenser for flowers to fill his isles and vales,  
 And Shakspeare's self for frames already done  
 To build his everlasting piles upon.  
 Her genius is more soft, harmonious, fine;  
 Our's bolder, deeper, and more masculine:  
 In short, as woman's sweetness to man's force,  
 Less grand, but softening by the intercourse,  
 So the two countries are, — so may they be, —  
 England the high-souled man, the charmer Italy.

But I must finish, and shall chatter less  
 On Greece, for reasons which yourself may guess.  
 Only remember what you promised me  
 About the flask from dark-welled Castaly, —  
 A draught, which but to think of, as I sit,  
 Makes the room round me almost turn with wit.  
 Gods! What may not come true, what dream divine,  
 If thus we are to drink the Delphic wine!  
 Remember too elsewhere a certain town,  
 Whose fame, you know, Cæsar will not hand down.

And pray, my Lord, in Italy take care,  
 You that are poet, and have pains to bear,  
 Of lovely girls, that step across the sight,  
 Like Hourian a heaven of warmth and light,  
 With rosy-cushioned mouths, in dimples set,  
 And ripe dark tresses and glib eyes of jet.  
 The very language, from a woman's tongue,  
 Is worth the finest of all others sung.

And so adieu, dear Byron, — dear to me  
 For many a cause, disinterestedly; —  
 • First, for unconscious sympathy, when boys,  
 In friendship, and the Muse's trying joys; —

Next for that frank surprise, when Moore and you  
Came to my cage, like warblers kind and true,  
And told me, with your arts of cordial lying,  
How well I look'd, when you both thought me dying; —  
Next for a rank worn simply, and the scorn  
Of those who trifle with an age freeborn; —  
For early storms, on Fortune's basking shore,  
That cut precocious ripeness to the core; —  
For faults unhidden, other's virtues owned;  
Nay, unless Cant's to be at once enthroned,  
For virtues too, with whatsoever blended,  
And e'en were none possessed, for none pretended; —  
Lastly, for older friends, — fine hearts, held fast.  
Through every dash of chance, from first to last; —  
For taking spirit as it means to be, —  
For a stretched hand, ever the same to me, —  
And total, glorious want of vile hypocrisy.

Adieu, adieu: — I say no more. — God speed you!  
Remember what we all expect, who read you.

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## SONNETS.

TO KOSCIUSKO,

Who never fought either for Buonaparte or the Allies.

'Tis like thy patient valour thus to keep,  
Great Kosciusko, to the rural shade,  
While Freedom's ill-found amulet still is made  
Pretence for old aggression, and a heap  
Of selfish mockeries. There, as in the sweep

Of stormier fields, thou, earnest with thy blade,  
 Transformed, not inly altered, to the spade,  
 Thy never-yielding right to a calm sleep.  
 Nature, 'twould seem, would leave to man's worse wit  
 The small and noisier parts of this world's frame,  
 And keep the calm green amplitudes of it  
 Sacred from fopperies and inconstant blame.  
 Cities may change, and sovereigns; but 'tis fit,  
 Thou, and the country old, be still the same.

12th November, 1816.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
 Catching your heart up at the feel of June,  
 Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,  
 When ev'n the bees lag at the summoning brass;  
 And you, warm little housekeeper, who class  
 With those who think the candles come too soon,  
 Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune  
 Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;  
 Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,  
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,  
 Both have your sunshine; both though small are strong  
 At your clear hearts; and both were sent on earth  
 To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song, —  
 In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

30th December, 1816.

WRITTEN UNDER THE ENGRAVING OF A PORTRAIT OF  
 RAFAEL, PAINTED BY HIMSELF WHEN HE WAS YOUNG.

Rafael! It must be he; we only miss  
 Something which manhood gave him, and the fair;  
 A look still sweeter and more thoughtful air;  
 But for the rest, 'tis every feature his,

'The oval cheek, clear eye, mouth made to kiss,  
 'Terse lightsome chin, and flush of gentle hair  
 Clipped ere it loitered into ringlets there, —  
 The beauty, the benignity, the bliss.  
 How sweetly sure he looks! how unforlorn!  
 • There is but one such visage at a time;  
 'Tis like the budding of an age new born,  
 Remembered youth, the cuckoo in the prime,  
 The maid's first kiss, or any other thing  
 Most lovely, and alone, and promising.

## TO BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON.

Haydon, whom now the conquered toil confesses  
 Painter indeed, gifted, laborious, true,  
 Fit to be numbered in succession due  
 With Michael, whose idea austere presses,  
 And sweet-soul'd Raphael with his amorous tresses;  
 Well hast thou urged thy radiant passage through  
 A host of clouds; and he who with thee grew,  
 The bard and friend, congratulates and blesses.  
 'Tis glorious thus to have one's own proud will,  
 And see the crown acknowledged that we earn;  
 But nobler yet, and nearer to the skies,  
 To feel one's-self, in hours serene and still,  
 One of the spirits chosen by heaven to turn  
 The sunny side of things to human eyes.

1816.

## THE NILE.

It flows through old hushed Ægypt and its sands,  
 Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream,  
 And times and things, as in that vision, seem  
 Keeping along it their eternal stands, —  
 Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands

That roamed through the young world, the glory extreme  
Of high Sesostriis, and that Southern beam,  
The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.  
Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,  
As of a world left empty of its throng,  
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,  
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along  
Twixt villages, and think how we shall take  
Our own calm journey on for human sake.

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## THE STORY OF RIMINI.

### CANTO III.

#### THE FATAL PASSION.

At times like these the princess tried to shun  
The face of Paulo as too kind a one;  
And shutting up her tears with resolute sigh,  
Would walk into the air, and see the sky,  
And feel about her all the garden green,  
And hear the birds that shot the covert boughs between.

A noble range it was, of many a rood,  
Walled round with trees, and ending in a wood:  
Indeed the whole was leafy; and it had  
A winding stream about it, clear and glad,  
That danced from shade to shade, and on its way  
Seemed smiling with delight to feel the day.  
There was the pouting rose, both red and white,  
The flamy heart's-ease, flushed with purple light,  
Blush-hiding strawberry, sunny-coloured box,  
Hyacinth, handsome with his clustering locks.

The lady lily, looking gently down,  
Pure lavender, to lay in bridal gown,  
The daisy, lovely on both sides, — in short,  
All the sweet cups to which the bees resort;  
With plots of grass, and perfumed walks between  
Of citron, honeysuckle, and jessamine,  
With orange, whose warm leaves so finely suit,  
And look as if they'd shade a golden fruit;  
And midst the flowers, turfed round beneath a shade  
Of circling pines, a babbling fountain played,  
And 'twixt their shafts you saw the water bright,  
Which through the darksome tops glimmered with show-  
ering light.

So now you walked beside an odorous bed  
Of gorgeous hues, white, azure, golden, red;  
And now turned off into a leafy walk,  
Close and continuous, fit for lovers' talk;  
And now pursued the stream, and as you trod  
Onward and onward o'er the velvet sod,  
Felt on your face an air, watery and sweet,  
And a new sense in your soft-lighting feet;  
And then perhaps you entered upon shades,  
Pillowed with dolls and uplands 'twixt the glades,  
Through which the distant palace, now and then,  
Looked lordly forth with many-windowed ken; •  
A land of trees, which reaching round about,  
In shady blessing stretched their old arms out,  
With spots of sunny opening, and with nooks,  
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks,  
Where at her drink you started the slim deer,  
Retreating lightly with a lovely fear.  
And all about, the birds kept leafy house,  
And sung and sparkled in and out the boughs;  
And all about, a lovely sky of blue

Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laughed through;  
And here and there, in every part, were seats,  
Some in the open walks, some in retreats;  
With bowering leaves o'erhead, to which the eye  
Looked up half sweetly and half awfully, —  
Places of nestling green, for poets made,  
Where when the sunshine struck a yellow shade,  
The slender trunks, to inward peeping sight,  
Thronged in dark pillars up the gold green light.

But 'twixt the wood and flowery walks, halfway,  
And formed of both, the loveliest portion lay,  
A spot, that struck you like enchanted ground: —  
It was a shallow dell, set in a mound  
Of sloping shrubs, that mounted by degrees,  
The birch and poplar mixed with heavier trees;  
From under which, sent through a marble spout,  
Betwixt the dark wet green, a rill gushed out,  
Whose low sweet talking seemed as if it said  
Something eternal to that happy shade:  
The ground within was lawn, with plots of flowers  
Heaped towards the centre, and with citron bowers;  
And in the midst of all, clustered about  
With bay and myrtle, and just gleaming out,  
Lurked a pavilion, — a delicious sight,  
Small, marble, well-proportioned, mellowy white,  
With yellow vine-leaves sprinkled, — but no more, —  
And a young orange either side the door.  
The door was to the wood, forward, and square,  
The rest was doomed at top, and circular;  
And through the dome the only light came in,  
Tinged, as it entered, with the vine-leaves thin.

It was a beauteous piece of ancient skill,  
Spared from the rage of war, and perfect still;

By most supposed the work of fairy hands,  
Famed for luxurious taste, and choice of lands, —  
Alcina, or Morgana, — who from fights  
And errant fame inveigled amorous knights,  
And lived with them in a long round of blisses,  
Feasts, concerts, baths, and bower-enshaded kisses.  
But 'twas a temple, as its sculpture told,  
Built to the nymphs that haunted there of old;  
For o'er the door was carved a sacrifice  
By girls and shepherds brought, with reverent eyes,  
Of sylvan drinks and foods, simple and sweet,  
And goats with struggling horns and planted feet :  
And on a line with this ran round about  
A like relief, touched exquisitely out,  
That shewed, in various scenes, the nymphs themselves :  
Some by the water side on bowery shelves  
Leaning at will, — some in the water sporting  
With sides half swelling forth, and looks of courting, —  
Some in a flowery dell, hearing a swain  
Play on his pipe, till the hills rang again, —  
Some tying up their long moist hair, — some sleeping  
Under the trees, with fauns and satyrs peeping, —  
Or, sidelong-eyed, pretending not to see  
The latter in the brakes come creepingly,  
While their forgotten urns, lying about  
In the green herbage, let the water out.  
Never, be sure, before or since was seen  
A summer-house so fine in such a nest of green.

All the green garden, flower-bed, shade, and plot,  
Francesca loved, but most of all this spot.  
Whenever she walked forth, wherever went  
About the grounds, to this at last she bent :  
Here she had brought a lute and a few books ;

Here would she lie for hours with grateful looks,  
Thanking at heart the sunshine and the leaves,  
The summer rain-drops counting from the eaves,  
And all that promising, calm smile we see  
In nature's face, when we look patiently.  
Then would she think of heaven; and you might hear  
Sometimes, when every thing was hushed and clear,  
Her gentle voice from out those shades emerging,  
Singing the evening anthem to the Virgin.  
The gardeners and the rest, who served the place,  
And blest whenever they beheld her face,  
Knelt when they heard it, bowing and uncovered,  
And felt as if in air some sainted beauty hovered.

One day, — 'twas on a summer afternoon,  
When airs and gurgling brooks are best in tune,  
And grasshoppers are loud, and day-work done,  
And shades have heavy outlines in the sun, —  
The princess came to her accustomed bower  
To get her, if she could, a soothing hour,  
Trying, as she was used, to leave her cares  
Without, and slumberously enjoy the airs,  
And the low-talking leaves, and that cool light  
The vines let in, and all that hushing sight  
Of closing wood seen through the opening door,  
And distant plash of waters tumbling o'er,  
And smell of citron blooms, and fifty luxuries more.

She tried, as usual, for the trial's sake,  
For even that diminished her heart-ache;  
And never yet, how ill soe'er at ease,  
Came she for nothing, midst the flowers and trees.  
Yet somehow or another, on that day,  
She seemed to feel too lightly borne away, —

Too much relieved, — too much inclined to draw  
A careless joy from every thing she saw,  
And looking round her with a new-born eye,  
As if some tree of knowledge had been nigh,  
To taste of nature, primitive and free,  
And bask at ease in her heart's liberty.

Painfully clear those rising thoughts appeared,  
With something dark at bottom that she feared;  
And snatching from the fields her thoughtful look,  
She reached o'er-head, and took her down a book,  
And fell to reading with as fixed an air,  
As though she had been wrapt since morning there.

'Twas Launelot of the Lake, a bright romance,  
That like a trumpet, made young pulses dance,  
Yet had a softer note that shook still more; —  
She had begun it but the day before,  
And read with a full heart, half sweet, half sad,  
How old King Ban was spoiled of all he had  
But one fair castle : how one summer's day  
With his fair queen and child he went away  
To ask the great King Arthur for assistance;  
How reaching by himself a hill at distance  
He turned to give his castle a last look,  
And saw its far white face : and how a smoke,  
As he was looking, burst in volumes forth,  
And good King Ban saw all that he was worth,  
And his fair castle, burning to the ground,  
So that his wearied pulse felt over-wound,  
And he lay down, and said a prayer apart  
For those he loved, and broke his poor old heart.  
Then read she of the queen with her young child,  
How she came up, and nearly had gone wild;  
And how in journeying on in her despair,

She reached a lake, and met a lady there,  
Who pitied her, and took the baby sweet  
Into her arms, when lo, with closing feet  
She sprang up all at once, like bird from brake,  
And vanished with him underneath the lake.  
The mother's feelings we as well may pass : —  
The fairy of the place that lady was,  
And Launcelot (so the boy was called) became  
Her inmate, till in search of knightly fame  
He went to Arthur's court, and play'd his part  
So rarely, and displayed so frank a heart,  
That what with all his charms of look and limb,  
The Queen Geneura fell in love with him : —  
And here, with growing interest in her reading,  
The princess, doubly fixed, was now proceeding.

Ready she sat with one hand to turn o'er  
The leaf, to which her thoughts ran on before,  
The other propping her white brow, and throwing  
Its ringlets out, under the skylight glowing.  
So sat she fixed; and so observed was she  
Of one, who at the door stood tenderly, —  
Paulo, — who from a window seeing her  
Go straight across the lawn, and guessing where.  
Had thought she was in tears, and found, that day  
His usual efforts vain to keep away.

“ May I come in ? ” said he : — it made her start, —  
That smiling voice ; — she coloured, pressed her heart  
A moment, as for breath, and then with free  
And usual tone said, “ O yes, — certainly.”

There's apt to be, at conscious times like these,  
An affectation of a bright-eyed ease,  
An air of something quite serene and sure,  
As if to seem so, was to be secure :

With this the lovers met, with this they spöke,  
With this they sat down to the self-same book,  
And Paulo, by degrees, gently embraced  
With one permitted arm her lovely waist;  
And both their cheeks, like peaches on a tree,  
Leaned with a touch together thrillingly;  
And o'er the book they hung, and nothing said,  
And every lingering page grew longer as they read.

As thus they sat, and felt with leaps of heart  
Their colour change, they came upon the part  
Where fond Geneura, with her flame long nurst,  
Smiled upon Launcelot when he kissed her first : —  
That touch, at last, through every fibre slid;  
And Paulo turned, scarce knowing what he did,  
Only he felt he could no more dissemble,  
And kissed her, mouth to mouth, all in a tremble.  
Sad were those hearts, and sweet was that long kiss :  
Sacred be love from sight, whate'er it is.  
The world was all forgot, the struggle o'er,  
Desperate the joy. — That day they read no more.

# CHARLES LAMB.

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## ESSAY ON LAMB'S MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.

CHARLES LAMB was born in London, in 1775, and educated at Christ's Hospital. <sup>1</sup>

Mr. Charles Lamb is distinguished at once as a poet and a periodical essayist.

• There is something very peculiar in the genius of this writer. His mind has not a very wide range; but every thing it sees arises up before it in vivid beauty. He is never deceived by mere seeming magnitudes. He tries every thing by the standard of moral worth. Splendid common-places have no charm for the simplicity of his mind. He has small pleasure in following others along the beaten high-road. He diversifies into green lanes and sunshiny glades, and not seldom into the darker and more holy places of undiscovered solitude. There is in him a rare union of originality of mind with delicacy of feeling and tenderness of heart. His understanding seems always to be guided by the kindest affections, and they are good and trusty guides; so that there is not in his volumes a single sentiment or opinion which does not dispose us to love the pure-minded and high-souled person who breathes them out with such cordial sincerity. — The style of his prose seems to us exceedingly beautiful; something, perhaps, savouring of affectation, or at least of too studious an imitation of the elder writers; but almost always easy, simple, graceful, and concise. It is a style well worthy of all commendation in these days, when grace, elegance, and simplicity have been sacrificed to false splendour and an ambitious magnificence. — Mr. Lamb first of all comes before us in those volumes as a poet. He has reprinted several compositions which formerly appeared along with those of his friends Coleridge and Lloyd, and added a few others of great

<sup>1</sup> He has published : — *Blank Verses*, by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb, 12mo. 1798. — *A Tale of Rosamond Grey and Old Blind Margaret*, 8vo. 1798. — *John Woodville*, trag. 12mo. 1802. — *Tales from Shakspeare*, 2 v. 12mo. 1807. — *The Adventures of Ulysses*, 12mo. 1808. — *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, with notes, cr. 8vo. 1808.

merit. He is far indeed from being a great poet, but he is a true one. He has not, perhaps, much imagination; at least he takes but short flights, but they are flights through purest Ether. There is a sort of timidity about him that chains his wings. He seems to want ambition. In reading his poems, we always feel that he might write for loftier things if he would. — But in his own sphere he delights us. He is the very best of those poets who are poets rather from fineness of perception, delicacy of fancy, and pure warmth of heart, than from the impulses of that higher creative power that works in the world of the imagination. We know that no man is more beloved by his friends than Charles Lamb; and it is impossible to read a page of his poetry without feeling that he deserves all their love. <sup>1</sup>

B. M.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lamb's literary efforts have procured him civic honours (a thing unheard of in our times), and he has been invited in his character of *Elia* \* to dine at a select party with the Lord Mayor. We should prefer this distinction to that of being Poet-laureat. We would recommend to Mr. Waithman's perusal (if Mr. Lamb has not anticipated us) the *Rosamond Gray* and the *John Woodvil* of the same author, as an agreeable relief to the noise of a city feast, and the heat of city elections.

H.....t.

: Mr. Lamb writes under that name in the periodicals.

## HESTER.

---

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,  
Their place ye may not well supply,  
Though ye among a thousand try,  
    With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,  
Yet cannot I by force be led  
To think upon the wormy bed,  
    And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,  
A rising step, did indicate  
Of pride and joy no common rate,  
    That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside  
I shall it call : — if 'twas not pride,  
It was a joy to that allied,  
    She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,  
Which doth the human feeling cool,  
But she was train'd in Nature's school,  
    Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,  
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,  
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,  
    Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore,  
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,  
Some summer morning,

When from thy chearful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,  
A bliss that would not go away,  
A sweet fore-warning?

---

### THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women!  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her —  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

• Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood.  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces —

How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me; all are departed;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

---

## A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

MAY the Babylonish curse  
Strait confound my stammering verse,  
If I can a passage see  
In this word-perplexity,  
Or a fit expression find,  
Or a language to my mind,  
(Still the phrase is wide or scant)  
To take leave of thee, great plant!  
Or in any terms relate  
Half my love, or half my hate:  
For I hate, yet love, thee so,  
That, whichever thing I shew,  
The plain truth will seem to be  
A constrain'd hyperbole,  
And the passion to proceed  
More for a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,  
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;  
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon  
Thy begrimed complexion,  
And, for thy pernicious sake,  
More and greater oaths to break  
Than reclaimed lovers take  
'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay

Much too in the female way,  
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath  
Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,  
That our worst foes cannot find us,  
And ill fortune, that would thwart us;  
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;  
While each man, thro' thy height'ning steam,  
Does like a smoking Etna seem,  
And all about us does express  
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)  
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost shew us,  
That our best friends do not know us,  
And, for those allowed features,  
Due to reasonable creatures,  
Liken'st us to fell chimeras,  
Monsters that, who see us, fear us;  
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,  
Or, who first lov'd a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow  
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,  
That but by reflex can'st shew,  
What his deity can do,  
As the false Egyptian shell  
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?  
Some few vapours thou may'st raise,  
The weak brain may serve to amaze,  
But to the reins and nobler heart  
Can'st nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,  
The old world was sure forlorn,

Wanting thee, ~~that~~ aidest more  
 The god's victories than before  
 All his panthers, and the brawls  
 Of his piping Bacchanals.  
 These, as stale, we disallow,  
 Or judge of thee meant : only thou  
 His true Indian conquest art ;  
 And, for ivy round his dart,  
 The reformed god now weaves  
 A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume  
 Chemic art did ne'er presume  
 Through her quaint alembic strain,  
 None so sov'reign to the brain.  
 Nature, that did in thee excel,  
 Fram'd again no second smell.  
 Roses, violets, but toys  
 For the smaller sort of boys,  
 Or for greener damsels meant ;  
 Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,  
 Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,  
 Africa, that brags her foyson,  
 Breeds no such prodigious poison,  
 Henbane, nightshade, both together,  
 Hemlock, aconite —

Nay, rather,

Plant divine, of rarest virtue;  
 Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.  
 'Twas but in a sort I blam'd thee;  
 None e'er prosper'd who defam'd thee;  
 Irony all, and feign'd abuse,

Such as perplex lovers use,  
At a need, when, in despair  
To paint forth their fairest fair,  
Or in part but to express  
That exceeding comeliness  
Which their fancies doth so strike,  
They borrow language of dislike;  
And, instead of Dearest Miss,  
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,  
And those forms of old admiring,  
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,  
Basilisk, and all that's evil,  
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,  
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,  
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;  
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe, —  
Not that she is truly so,  
But no other way they know  
A contentment to express,  
Borders so upon excess,  
That they do not rightly wot  
Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrain'd to part  
With what's nearest to their heart,  
While their sorrow's at the height,  
Lose discrimination quite,  
And their hasty wrath let fall,  
To appease their frantic gall,  
On the darling thing whatever,  
Whence they feel it death to sever,  
Though it be, as they, perforce,  
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

•For I must (nor let it grieve thee,

Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.  
 For thy sake, 'Tobacco, I  
 Would do any thing but die,  
 And but seek to extend my days  
 Long enough to sing thy praise.  
 But, as she, who once hath been  
 A king's consort, is a queen  
 Ever after, nor will bate  
 Any tittle of her state,  
 Though a widow, or divorced,  
 So I, from thy converse forced,  
 The old name and style retain,  
 A right Katherine of Spain;  
 And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys  
 Of the blest Tobacco Boys;  
 Where though I, by sour physician,  
 Am debarred the full fruition  
 Of thy favours, I may catch  
 Some collateral sweets, and snatch  
 Sidelong odours, that give life  
 Like glances from a neighbour's wife;  
 And still live in the by-places  
 And the suburbs of thy graces;  
 And in thy borders take delight,  
 An unconquer'd Canaanite.

---

TO T. L. H.

MODEL of thy parent dear,  
 Serious, infant worth a fear:  
 In thy unfaltering visage well

Picturing forth the son of Tell,  
When on his forehead, firm and good,  
Motionless mark, the apple stood;  
Guileless traitor, rebel mild,  
Convict unconscious, culprit-child!  
Gates that close with iron roar  
Have been to thee thy nursery door;  
Chains that chink in cheerless cells  
Have been thy rattles and thy bells;  
Walls contrived for giant sin  
Have hemmed thy faultless weakness in;  
Near thy sinless bed black guilt  
Her discordant house hath built,  
And filled it with her monstrous brood —  
Sights, by thee not understood —  
Sights of fear, and of distress,  
That pass a harmless infant's guess!

But the clouds, that overcast  
Thy young morning, may not last.  
Soon shall arrive the rescuing hour,  
That yields thee up to Nature's power.  
Nature, that so late doth greet thee,  
Shall in o'er-flowing measure meet thee,  
She shall recompense with cost  
For every lesson thou hast lost.  
Then wandering up thy sire's lov'd hill,  
Thou shalt take thy airy fill  
Of health and pastime: Birds shall sing  
For thy delight each May morning.  
'Mid new-year'd lambkins thou shalt play,  
Hardly less a lamb than they.  
Then thy prison's lengthened bound  
Shall be the horizon skirting round.

And while thou fillest thy lap with flowers,  
To make amends for wintry hours,  
The breeze, the sunshine, and the place,  
Shall from thy tender brow efface  
Each vestige of untimely care,  
That sour restraint had graven there;  
And on thy every look impress  
A more excelling childishness.

So shall be thy days beguil'd,  
Thornton Hunt, my favourite child.

---

#### DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MOTHER AND CHILD.

CHILD. — “O Lady, lay your costly robes aside,  
No longer may you glory in your pride.”

MOTHER. — Wherefore to day art singing in mine ear  
Sad songs, were made so long ago, my dear;  
This day I am to be a bride, you know,  
Why sing sad songs, were made so long ago?

CHILD. — O mother, lay your costly robes aside,  
For you may never be another's bride,  
*That* line I learn'd not in the old sad song.

MOTHER. — I pray thee, pretty one, now hold thy tongue,  
Play with the bride-maids, ~~and~~ be glad, my boy,  
For thou shalt be a second father's joy.

CHILD. — One father fondled me upon his knee,  
One father is enough alone for me.

---

## LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF TWO FEMALES BY LIONARDO  
DA VINCI.

---

THE lady Blanch, regardless of all her lovers' fears,  
To the Urs'line convent hastens, and long the abbess  
hears.

"O. Blanch, my child, repent ye of the courtly life ye  
lead."

Blanch looked on a rose-bud and little seem'd to heed.  
She looked on the rose-bud, she looked round, and  
thought

On all her heart had whisper'd, and all the Nun had  
taught.

"I am worshipped by lovers, and brightly shines my  
fame,

All Christendom resoundeth the noble Blanch's name.  
Nor shall I quickly wither like the rose-bud from the tree,  
My queen-like graces shining when my beauty's gone  
from me.

But when the sculptur'd marble is raised o'er my head,  
And the matchless Blanch lies lifeless among the noble  
dead,

This saintly lady Abbess hath made me justly fear,  
It nothing will avail me that I were worshipp'd here."

---

## LINES

ON THE SAME PICTURE BEING REMOVED TO MAKE PLACE  
FOR A PORTRAIT OF A LADY BY TITIAN.

---

Who art thou, fair one, who usurp'st the place  
Of Blanch, the lady of the matchless grace?  
Come fair and pretty, tell to me,  
Who, in thy life-time, thou might'st be.  
Thou pretty art and fair,  
But with the lady Blanch thou never must compare.  
No need for Blanch her history to tell;  
Whoever saw her face, they there did read it well.  
But when I look on thee, I only know  
There lived a pretty maid some hundred years ago.

---

## LINES

ON THE CELEBRATED PICTURE BY LIONARDO DA VINCI,  
CALLED THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS.

---

WHILE young John runs to greet  
The greater infant's feet,  
The mother standing by, with trembling passion  
Of devout admiration,  
Beholds the engaging mystic play, and pretty adoration;  
Nor knows as yet the full event

Of those so low beginnings,  
From whence we date our winnings,  
But wonders at the intent  
Of those new rites, and what that strange childworship  
meant.

But at her side .  
An angel doth abide ,  
With such a perfect joy  
As no dim doubts alloy ,  
An intuition ,  
A glory, an amenity ,  
Passing the dark condition  
Of blind humanity ,  
As if he surely knew  
All the blest wonders should ensue ,  
Or he had lately left the upper sphere ,  
And had read all the sovran schemes and divine riddles  
there.

## SONNETS.

TO MISS KELLY.

You are not, Kelly, of the common strain,  
That stoop their pride and female honor down  
To please that many-headed beast the town,  
And vend their lavish smiles and tricks for gain;  
By fortune thrown amid the actors' train,  
You keep your native dignity of thought;

<sup>1</sup> See on this clever actress Nodier's *Promenade en Ecosse*, and Dr P.....t literary tour in Britain.

The plaudits that attend you come unsought,  
 As tributes due unto your natural vein.  
 Your tears have passion in them, and a grace  
 Of genuine freshness, which our hearts avow;  
 Your smiles are winds whose ways we cannot trace,  
 That vanish and return we know not how —  
 And please the better from a pensive face,  
 A thoughtful eye, and a reflecting brow.

ON THE SIGHT OF SWANS IN KENSINGTON GARDEN.

Queen-bird that sittest on thy shining nest,  
 And thy young cygnets without sorrow hatchest,  
 And thou, thou other royal bird, that watchest,  
 Lest the white mother wandering feet molest :  
 Shrined are ~~your~~ offspring in a chrystal cradle,  
 Brighter than ~~the~~ Helen's, ere she yet had burst  
 Her shelly prison. They shall be born at first  
 Strong, active, graceful, perfect, swan-like, able  
 To tread the land or waters with security.  
 Unlike poor human births, conceived in sin,  
 In grief brought forth, both outwardly and in  
 Confessing weakness, error, and impurity.  
 Did heavenly creatures own succession's line,  
 The births of heaven like to your's would shine.

---

Was it some sweet device of faery  
 That mocked my steps with many a lonely glade,  
 And fancied wanderings with a fair-hair'd maid?  
 Have these things been? or what rare witchery,  
 Impregning with delights the charmed air,  
 Enligned up the semblance of a smile  
 In those fine eyes? methought they spake the while

Soft soothing things, which might enforce despair  
To drop the murdering knife, and let go by  
His foul resolve. And does the lonely glade  
Still court the footsteps of the fair-hair'd maid?  
Still in her locks the gales of summer sigh?  
While I forlorn do wander reckless where,  
And mid my wanderings meet no Anna there.

---

Methinks how dainty sweet it were, reclin'd  
Beneath the vast out-stretching branches high  
Of some old wood, in careless sort to lie,  
Nor of the busier scenes we left behind  
Aught envying. And, O Anna! mild-eyed maid!  
Beloved! I were well content to play  
With thy free tresses all a summer's day,  
Losing the time beneath the greenwood shade.  
Or we might sit and tell some tender tale  
Of faithful vows repaid by cruel scorn,  
A tale of true love, or of friend forgot;  
And I would teach thee, lady, how to rail  
In gentle sort, on those who practise not  
Or love or pity, though of woman born.

---

When last I roved these winding wood-walks green,  
Green winding walks, and shady pathways sweet,  
Oft times would Anna seek the silent scene,  
Shrouding her beauties in the lone retreat.  
No more I hear her footsteps in the shade:  
Her image only in these pleasant ways  
Meets me self-wandering, where in happier days  
I held free converse with the fair-hair'd maid.  
I passed the little cottage which she loved,

The cottage which did once my all contain ;  
It spake of days which ne'er must come again ,  
Spake to my heart , and much my heart was moved.  
“ Now fair befall thee , gentle maid ! ” said I ,  
And from the cottage turned me with a sigh .

---

A timid grace sits trembling in her eye ,  
As loth to meet the rudeness of men's sight ,  
Yet shedding a delicious lunar light ,  
That steeps in kind oblivious ecstasy  
The care-crazed mind , like some still melody :  
Speaking most plain the thoughts which do possess  
Her gentle sprite : peace , and meek quietness ,  
And innocent loves , and maiden purity :  
A look whereof might heal the cruel smart  
Of changed friends , or fortune's wrongs unkind ;  
Might to sweet deeds of mercy move the heart  
Of him who hates his brethren of mankind .  
Turned are those lights from me , who fondly yet  
Past joys , vain loves , and buried hopes regret .

---

If from my lips some angry accents fell ,  
Peevish complaint , or harsh reproof unkind ,  
'Twas but the error of a sickly mind  
And trouble thoughts , clouding the purer well ,  
And waters clear , of reason ; and for me  
Let this my verse the poor repentment be —  
My verse , which thou to praise wert ever inclined  
Too highly , and with a partial eye to see  
No blemish . Thou to me didst ever shew  
Kindest affection ; and would oft-times lend  
An ear to the desponding love-sick lay ,

Weeping my sorrows with me, who repay  
But ill the mighty debt of love I owe,  
Mary, to thee, my sister and my friend.

## THE FAMILY NAME.

What reason first imposed thee, gentle name,  
Name that my father bore, and his sire's sire,  
Without reproach? we trace our stream no higher;  
And I, a childless man, may end the same.  
Perchance some shepherd on Lincolnian plains,  
In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,  
Received thee first amid the merry mocks  
And arch allusions of his fellow swains.  
Perchance from Salem's holier fields returned,  
With glory gotten on the heads abhorred  
Of faithless Saracens, some martial lord  
Took his meek title, in whose zeal he burn'd.  
Whate'er the fount whence thy beginnings came,  
No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name.

## TO JOHN LAMB, ESQ. OF THE SOUTH-SEA-HOUSE.

John, you were figuring in the gay career  
Of blooming manhood, with a young man's joy,  
When I was yet a little peevish boy —  
Though time has made the difference disappear  
Betwixt our ages, which then seemed so great —  
And still by rightful custom you retain  
Much of the old authoritative strain,  
And keep the elder brother up in state.  
O! you do well in this. 'Tis man's worst deed  
To let the "things that have been" run to waste,  
And in the unmeaning present sink the past:

In whose dim glass even now I faintly read  
Old buried forms, and faces long ago,  
Which you, and I, and one more, only know.

---

O! I could laugh to hear the midnight wind,  
That rushing on its way with careless sweep,  
Scatters the ocean waves: And I could weep  
Like to a child. For now to my raised mind  
On wings of winds comes wild-eyed Phantasy,  
And her rude visions give severe delight.  
O winged bark! how swift along the night  
Pass'd thy proud keel! nor shall I let go by  
Lightly of that drear hour the memory,  
When wet and chilly on thy deck I stood,  
Unbonnetted, and gazed upon the flood,  
Even till it seem'd a pleasant thing to die, —  
To be resolv'd into th' elemental wave,  
Or take my portion with the winds that rave.

---

We were two pretty babes, the youngest she,  
The youngest, and the loveliest far, I ween,  
And innocence her name. The time has been,  
We two did love each other's company;  
Time was, we two had wept to have been apart.  
But when, by show of seeming good beguil'd,  
I left the garb and manners of a child,  
And my first love for man's society,  
Defiling with the world my virgin heart —  
My loved companion dropp'd a tear, and fled,  
And hid in deepest shades her awful head.  
Beloved, who shall tell me where thou art —  
In what delicious Eden to be found —  
That I may seek thee the wide world around?

---

 THE GRANDAME.

ON the green hill top,  
 Hard by the house of prayer, a modest roof,  
 And not distinguish'd from its neighbour-barn,  
 Save by a slender-tapering length of spire,  
 The Grandame sleeps. A plain stone barely tells  
 The name and date to the chance passenger.  
 For lowly born was she, and long had eat  
 Well-earn'd the bread of service :—her's was else  
 A mounting spirit, one that entertained  
 Scorn of base action, deed dishonorable,  
 Or aught unseemly. I remember well  
 Her reverend image : I remember, too,  
 With what a zeal she served her master's house ;  
 And how the prattling tongue of garrulous age  
 Delighted to recount the oft-told tale  
 Or anecdote domestic. Wise she was,  
 And wondrous skilled in genealogies,  
 And could in apt and voluble terms discourse  
 Of births, of titles, and alliances ;  
 Of marriages, and intermarriages ;  
 Relationships remote, or near of kin ;  
 Of friends offended, or by disgraced—  
 Maiden high-born, but wayward, disobeying  
 Parental strict injunction, and regardless  
 Of unmixed blood, and ancestry remote,  
 Stooping to wed with one of low degree.  
 But these are not thy praises ; and I wrong  
 Thy honor'd memory, recording chiefly

Things light or trivial. Better 'twere to tell,  
How with a nobler zeal, and warmer love,  
She served her heavenly master. I have seen  
That reverend form bent down with age and pain,  
And rankling malady. Yet not for this  
Ceased she to praise her Maker, or withdrew  
Her trust in him, her faith, and humble hope—  
So meekly had she learn'd to bear her cross—  
For she had studied patience in the school  
Of Christ, much comfort she had thence derived,  
And was a follower of the Nazarene.

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### COMPOSED AT MIDNIGHT.

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FROM broken vision of perturbed rest  
I wake, and start, and fear to sleep again.  
How total a privation of all sounds,  
Sights, and familiar objects, man, bird, beast,  
Herb, tree, or flower, and prodigal light of heaven.  
'Twere some relief to catch the drowsy cry  
Of the mechanic watchman, or the noise  
Of revel reeling home from midnight cups.  
Those are the moanings of the dying man,  
Who lies in the upper chamber; restless moans,  
And interrupted only by a cough  
Consumptive, torturing the spotted lungs.  
So in the bitterness of death he lies,  
And waits in anguish for the morning's light.  
What can that do for him, or what restore?  
Short taste, faint sense, affecting notices,  
And little images of pleasures past,

Of health, and active life—health not yet slain,  
Nor the other grace of life, a good name, sold  
For sin's black wages. On his tedious bed  
He writhes, and turns him from the accusing light,  
And finds no comfort in the sun, but says:  
“When night comes, I shall get a little rest.”  
Some few groans more, death comes, and there an end.  
'Tis darkness and conjecture all beyond;  
Weak nature fears, though charity must hope,  
And fancy, most licentious on such themes  
Where decent reverence well had kept her mute,  
Hath o'er-stock'd hell with devils, and brought down,  
By her enormous fablings and mad lies,  
Discredit on the gospel's serious truths  
And salutary fears. The man of parts,  
Poet, or prose declaimer, on his couch  
Lolling, like one indifferent, fabricates  
A heaven of gold, where he, and such as he,  
Their heads encompassed with crowns, their heels  
With fine wings garlanded, shall tread the stars  
Beneath their feet, heaven's pavement, far removed  
From damned spirits, and the torturing cries  
Of men, his breth'ren, fashioned of the earth,  
As he was, nourish'd with the self-same bread,  
Belike his kindred or companions once—  
Through everlasting ages now divorced,  
In chains and savage torments to repent  
Short years of folly on earth. Their groans unheard  
In heav'n, the saint nor pities feels, nor care,  
For those thus sentenced—pity might disturb  
The delicate sense and most divine repose  
Of spirit angelical. Blessed be God!  
The measure of his judgments is not fixed

By man's erroneous standard. He discerns  
No such inordinate difference and vast  
Betwixt the sinner and the saint, to doom  
Such disproportion'd fates. Compared with him,  
No man on earth is holy called! they best  
Stand in his sight approved, who at his feet  
Their little crowns of virtue cast, and yield  
To him of his own works the praise, his due.

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# GEORGE CROLY.

## A LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THE reverend George Croy has displayed in various works a great power of description, an impetuous elevation of feeling and passion with a rich musical ear. His tragedy of *Catiline*, considered as a poem or a drama, is a splendid performance; but was never brought out on the stage. Like Milman's and Byron's tragedies, 'tis rather a *reading play*.

"The Angel of the World", which stands first in the list of Croy's poems, is a beautiful paraphrase on one of the most graceful fictions of the Koran. The Angels Haruth and Maruth had, it seems, spoken uncharitably concerning mankind — and expressed, in the regions above, great contempt for those temptations which are, and have long been found, most efficacious for overthrowing the resolutions of terrestrial virtue. That they might have their own fearless purity put to the proof, the two proud angels were sent down to dwell for a season on the earth, and to mingle with those that it inherit. A *woman* was sent to tempt them, and they fell. Her charms won them first to drink of the forbidden fruit of the grape; and after that fall, all others were easy. They stained their essence with the corruptions of sense, and betrayed to mortal ears "the words that raise men to Angels."

In order to simplify, and thereby increase the interest of this story, our poet has contented himself with narrating the seduction of one Angel only; but he has wisely adhered, in all other respects, to the original of the legend. With infinite splendour of language, he describes "the Angel of the World" as tabernacled within a tower near the city of Damascus, there listening to the petitions of the children of earth. A variety of temptations appear in different human shapes, and are all steadily resisted, except the last.

There is another poem of Croy, against the subject of which

<sup>1</sup> He has published: — Paris in 1816, a poem. — The angel of the World and other poems. — Catiline, a tragedy, etc.

nothing can be said, but we are afraid, in its execution, Mr. Croly has indulged himself in very culpable haste and negligence — faults, of which comparatively few traces can be discovered in “the Angel of the World.” This is the tale of *Sebastian*, a fine romantic sketch of Spanish adventure, breathing, throughout all the rich and passionate spirit of the land where its scene is laid. It is a pity that the young poet has not bestowed more pains on this production, for the story is very happy; and here and there do occur particular passages elaborated in a style superior to any thing he has else where exhibited, and scarcely inferior, we must add, to any thing we can remember in the poetry of his most celebrated contemporaries. Nothing, we think, can be more exquisitely written than the apostrophe to the old moorish palace of the Alhambra, and yet the beauty of the writing is far from being even the chief of its merits.

Of the four young poets who have made any impression lately on the public mind, there are three to whose writings we can turn with well nigh unmingled satisfaction: Milman, Cornwall and Croly. In all the writings of these men, it is easy to discover faults of youth; but in all of them, the faults are of the right kind — faults, namely, of redundance, not of poverty — faults of careless execution, not of cold conception. They are all of them imitators of the great poets that have immediately preceded them in the march of English literature — it was impossible, probably, that they should have been otherwise — but none of them are servile in their imitation, and they are all, in the best sense of the word, original poets.

B. M.

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## THE ALHAMBRA.

PALACE of beauty! where the Moorish Lord,  
King of the bow, the bridle, and the sword,  
Sat like a Genie in the diamond's blaze.  
Oh! to have seen thee in the ancient days,  
When at thy morning gates the coursers stood,  
The "thousand," milk-white, Yemen's fiery blood,  
In pearl and ruby harness'd for the king;  
And thro' thy portals pour'd the gorgeous flood  
Of jewell'd Sheik and Emir, hastening,  
Before the sky the dawning purple show'd,  
Their turbans at the Caliph's feet to fling.  
Lovely thy morn, — thy evening lovelier still,  
When at the waking of the first blue star  
That trembled on the Atalaya hill,  
The splendours of the trumpet's voice arose,  
Brilliant and bold, and yet no sound of war;  
It summon'd all thy beauty from repose,  
The shaded slumber of the burning noon.  
Then in the slant sun all thy fountains shone,  
Shooting the sparkling column from the vase  
Of crystal cool, and falling in a haze  
Of rainbow hues on floors of porphyry,  
And the rich bordering beds of every bloom  
That breathes to African or Indian sky.  
Carnation, tuberosc, thick anemone,  
Pure lily, that its virgin head low waved

Mr. de Chateaubriand, in *le dernier des Abencerrages*, has introduced a poetical prose description of this Palace of Granada. (EN.)

Beneath the fountain drops, yet still would come,  
 Like hearts by love and destiny enslaved,  
 That see, and shrink, — and yet *will* seek their doom.  
 Then was the harping of the minstrels heard,  
 In the deep arbours, or the regal hall,  
 Hushing the tumult of the festival,  
 When the pale bard his kindling eyeball rear'd,  
 And told of eastern glories, silken hosts,  
 Tower'd elephants, and chiefs in topaz arm'd :  
 Or of the myriads from the cloudy coasts  
 Of the far western sea, the sons of blood,  
 The iron men of tournament and feud,  
 That round the bulwarks of their fathers swarm'd,  
 Doomed by the Moslem scymetar to fall ;  
 Till the red cross was hurl'd from Salem's wall.

Where are thy pomps, Alhambra, earthly sun,  
 That had no rival, and no second? — gone!  
 Thy glory down the arch of time has roll'd,  
 Like the great day-star to the ocean dim,  
 The billows of the ages o'er thee swim,  
 Gloomy and fathomless; thy tale is told.  
 Where is thy horn of battle? that but blown  
 Brought every chief of Afric from his throne;  
 Brought every spear of Afric from the wall;  
 Brought every charger barded from the stall,  
 Till all its tribes sat mounted on the shore;  
 Waiting the waving of thy torch to pour  
 The living deluge on the fields of Spain.  
 Queen of earth's loveliness, there was a stain  
 Upon thy brow — the stain of guilt and gore,  
 Thy course was bright, bold, treach'rous, — and 'tis o'er.  
 The spear and diadem are from thee gone;  
 Silence is now sole monarch on thy throne!

## S A T A N.

FROM A PICTURE BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"Satan dilated stood."

MILTON.

PRINCE of the fall'n! around thee sweep  
 The billows of the burning deep.  
 Above thee low'rs the sullen fire,  
 Beneath thee bursts the flaming spire.  
 And on thy sleepless vision rise  
 Hell's living clouds of agonies.

But thou dost like a mountain stand,  
 The spear unlifted in thy hand;  
 Thy gorgeous eye, — a comet shorn,  
 Calm into utter darkness born;  
 A naked giant, stern, sublime,  
 Arm'd in despair, and scorning Time.

On thy curl'd lip is thronéd disdain,  
 That may revenge, but not complain :  
 Thy mighty check is firm, tho' pale,  
 There smote the blast of fiery hail,  
 Yet wan, wild beauty lingers there,  
 The wreck of an archangel's sphere.

Thy forehead wears no diadem.  
 The king is in thy eye-ball's beam;  
 Thy form is grandeur unsubdued,  
 Sole Chief of Hell's dark multitude.  
 Thou prison'd, ruin'd, unforgiven!  
 Yet fit to master all but Heaven.

## APPROACH OF EVENING.

NIGHT's wing is on the east—the clouds repose  
 Like weary armies of the firmament,  
 Encamp'd beneath their vanes of pearl and rose,  
 Till the wind's sudden trumpet through them sent,  
 Shakes their pavilions, and their pomps are blent  
 In rich confusion. Now the air is fill'd  
 With thousand odours, sigh'd by blossoms bent  
 In closing beauty, where the dew distill'd  
 From Evening's airy urns their purple lips has chill'd.

Twilight has come in saffron mists embower'd,  
 For the broad sun on the Atlantic surge,  
 Now sparkling in the fiery flashes shower'd  
 From his swift wheels—the forest vapours urge  
 Their solemn wings above—white stars emerge  
 From the dark east, like spires of mountain snows  
 Touch'd by the light upon th' horizon's verge;  
 Just rising from her sleep, the young Moon shows,  
 Supine upon the clouds, her cheeks suffused with rose.

This is the loveliest hour of all that Day  
 Calls upwards through its kingdom of the air.—  
 The sights and sounds of earth have died away;  
 Above, the clouds are roll'd against the glare  
 Of the red west—high volumed waves, that war  
 Against a diamond promontory's side,  
 Crested with one sweet solitary star,  
 That, like a watch-fire trembles on the tide,  
 Brightening with every shade that on its surge doth ride.

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## WEDDED LOVE.

“ Not sacred more than fond. ”

THERE is a love! 'tis not the wandering fire  
 That must be fed on folly, or expire;  
 Gleam of polluted hearts, the meteor ray  
 That fades as rises Reason's nobler day;  
 But passion made *essential*, holy, bright,  
 Like the rais'd dead, our dust transform'd to light.  
 Earth has its pangs for all; its happiest breast  
 Not his who meets them least, but bears them best.  
 Like must be toil! yet oh, that toil how drear!  
 But for this soother of its brief career.  
 The charm that virtue, beauty, fondness bind,  
 Till the mind mingles with its kindred mind!  
 'Tis not the cold romancer's ecstacy,  
 The flame new lit at every passing eye,  
 But the high impulse that the stately soul  
 Feels slow engross it, but engross it whole;  
 Yet seeks it not, nay, turns with stern disdain  
 On its own weakness that *can* wear a chain;  
 Still wrestling with the angel, till its pride  
 Feels all the strength departed from its side.  
 Then join'd, and join'd for ever, loving, lov'd,  
 Life's darkest hours are met, and met unmov'd;  
 Hand link'd in hand, the wedded pair pass on  
 Thro' the world's changes, still unchanging, one;  
 On earth, one heart, one hope, one joy, one gloom,  
 One closing hour, one individed tomb!

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## MARTYRDOM OF LOUIS XVI.

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PARIS! there was no sleep beneath thy roofs,  
The morn that saw this deed. The dim streets rung,  
Long before day, with cannon, trampling hoofs,  
And fearfullest of all, the Toesin's tongue.  
Startling the eye, the passing torches flung  
Their flash thro' many a chamber from beneath,  
Then vanish'd with the thick and hurrying throng;  
While the heart-sinking listener held his breath,  
Catching in every sound the distant roar of death.

But earlier than that dim and early hour,  
A lonely taper twinkled thro' the gloom,  
'Twas from the casement of the Temple tower,  
'Twas from a king's, a martyr's, dungeon room!  
There he subdued his spirit for its doom;  
And one old priest, and one pale follower,  
Knelt weeping, as beside their master's tomb.  
Rude was the altar, but the heart was there,  
And peace and glorious hope were in that prison prayer.

But trumpets peal'd, and torches glared below,  
And from the Tower rose woman's loud lament  
And infant cries; and shadows seemed to go  
With tossing arms, and heads in anguish bent,  
Backwards and forwards hurrying, then, as spent,  
Sink down, and all be silent for a time;  
Until the royal victims' souls were rent  
With some new yell of cruelty and crime,  
Or thunder'd thro' the dusk the Toesin's deadly chime.

And 'twas as wild and still within the square,  
 This square of Luxury! The morn arose;  
 An iron harvest bristled through the air,  
 Bayonet and pike in countless, close-rock'd rows.  
 Silent as Death the crowd, — the grim repose  
 Before the earthquake; — none from roof or wall  
 Might look; no hand the casement might uncloze.  
 And in their centre, frowning o'er them all,  
 Their Idol — the sole God before whose name they fall.

The Guillotine! — when Hell prepared the feast,  
 Where guilty France was drunk, but not with wine,  
 Till madness sat upon her vision'd breast.  
 This was the press that crush'd her bloody vine.  
 To this grim altar came the shuddering line,  
 Whose worship was, — beneath its knife to lie;  
 The haggard traitors to the throne and shrine,  
 By traitors crush'd, that in their turn must die;  
 Till massacre engulfed the wreck of Liberty.

The Guillotine! — It stood in that pale day  
 Like a huge spectre, just from earth upsprung,  
 To summon to the tomb the fierce array  
 That round its feet in desperate homage clung.  
 But on the wind a sudden trumpet rung.  
 All eyes were turn'd, and far as eye could stray,  
 Was caught a light, from moving helmets flung,  
 A banner tossing in the tempest's sway,  
 A wain that thro' the throng slow toil'd its weary way.

'Tis done, the monarch on the scaffold stands;  
 The headsman grasp him! — Of the myriads there,  
 That hear his voice, that see his fetter'd hands,  
 Not one has given a blessing or a tear;  
 But that old priest who answers him in prayer.

He speaks; his dying thoughts to France are given,  
His voice is drown'd; for murder has no ear.  
The saint un murmuring to the axe is driven.  
If ever spirit rose, that heart is calm in Heaven.

. . . . .

France was anathema. — Her cup before  
Was full, but this o'ertopp'd its burning brim,  
And plagues like serpent-teeth her entrails tore;  
Crime slipped to ravage thro' a land of crime!  
In the sack'd sepulchre caroused the mine!  
On God's high altar sat Idolatry;  
Before the harlot knelt the nation's prime,  
And sons dragg'd fathers, fathers sons to die;  
'Till Judgment girt the bow on its eternal thigh.

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# JOANNA BAILLIE.

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## A LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

JOHANNA BAILLIE<sup>1</sup>, was born about 1764 at Bothwell, in Scotland, of which place her father was Minister. Her mother was sister to the celebrated Physicians John and William Hunter. Her brother, late Dr. Baillie, was one of the principal physicians in London.

Miss Baillie's design was to compose a series of tragedies, more simple in their general plan, less embellished by poetical ornament, and less pompous in their diction, than those of preceding writers. Above all, her principal object was, to trace the progress of powerful passions in the human heart, by selecting one particular passion as the subject of each drama. This plan, she says, is better calculated than any other to produce a moral effect, and to interest all classes of people. Her tragedies are accompanied by a series of comedies, written on a similar principle.

Both the system and the plays of Miss Baillie have been the subject of critical censure. It has been observed, ~~that~~ the true object of every dramatic work is to please and interest, and this object may be obtained as well by situation as by character. Character distinguishes men one from another, while passion renders them all nearly alike. A predominant passion, instead of developing the character, perverts it. To attempt to delineate character by tracing the progress of a passion, would be to follow a cloud, in order to distinguish more clearly the objects it envelopes. Besides, unity of passion is impossible; for, to give due effect to the energy of any particular passion, it is necessary to oppose to it another of a different kind, so as to produce a powerful conflict in the heart. The objects and the victims of the hero's passion should also form some portion of dramatic interest. Miss Baillie has been forced to submit to this necessity for con-

<sup>1</sup> A Series of Plays, in which it is attempted to delineate the stronger Passions of the Mind, 8vo. vol. 1, 1798, vol. 2, 1802, (5th edit. 1806), vol. 3, 1812. Miscellaneous Plays. 8vo. 1804, (2nd edit. 1806.) — The Family Legend, Trag. 8vo. 1810. Metrical Legends of exalted characters.

trasts. Her first tragedy, "Count Basil," is founded on love; yet the Count's soul is divided between that passion and glory. The second, "De Montfort," is founded on hatred, and affords a better illustration of Miss Baillie's intention and general plan. But hatred is a passion of slow growth, and it would have been too great a violation of the unity of time, to have attempted to trace it from its commencement. Yet even here, De Montfort's hatred for Rezenvelt is long opposed by a strong feeling of honour. The same observations may be applied to this lady's tragedies founded on ambition.

The most reasonable objection that can be urged against Miss Baillie's dramas, is their want of interest. She fears to distract the attention of the spectator by multiplying incidents; thus the progress of her action, though regular, is always slow. There is nothing new in her mode of delineating her characters, by making them, like those of Shakspeare, unfold themselves by the operation of accidental circumstances, and by those genuine touches of nature, which escape from them when unobserved. They do not, however, possess that air of individuality which lays such hold of the imagination. They are, in fact, theories personified, mere generalisations of a few intellectual attributes. In her comedies, she has completely failed; they may be termed, moral tales in dialogue, rather than dramas.

In tragedy, indeed, the diction and poetry of our authoress are sometimes sufficient to redeem her defects. She has steered equally clear of the exaggeration and the monotonous pomp of the artificial style, and the mawkish simplicity and prosaic ecstasies which the imitation of Kotzebue brought so much into fashion. Her dialogue is evidently formed on the model of the finest productions of Shakspeare, and she has, in a great measure, adopted his words. She has succeeded, oftener than the critics are willing to admit, in imitating the manner of the great poet, in those passages which require animation and vigour; but she is less happy in the familiar style.

The Edinburgh reviewers were by no means indulgent towards the labours of their fair country-woman, and, on the appearance of her third volume, Miss Baillie seemed to have abandoned her favourite system. The critics, however, were only the more severe, and she returned to her original plan. Her tragedy of "De Montfort," is the only one which has met with any degree of success on the stage, and for that it was indebted to the masterly acting of John Kemble.

(Ed.)

## THE FIRST SCENE OF ETHWALD.

---

Ethwald, a stripling, the younger son of an inferior Thane, is discovered leaning against a pillar, in a small apartment of his father's castle. After a pause, he comes forward.

Is it delusion this?

Or wears the mind of man within itself

A conscious feeling of its destination?

What say these suddenly imposed thoughts,

Which mark such deepen'd traces on the brain,

Of vivid real persuasion, as do make

My nerved foot tread firmer on the earth,

And my dilating form tower on its way?

That I am born within these narrow walls,

The younger brother of a petty chief,

'The two parts of Ethwald are Tragedies on Ambition; — they form the history of an imaginary Sovereign, whose existence the dramatist has feigned during the half-civilized, half-barbarous times of the Heptarchy, with such a persuasive truth of sentiment, of manners, and of character, as almost to induce the reader to seek in the pages of authentic history for the records of her hero's actions.

In defiance of every precaution, Ethwald leaves his father's home, on hearing the rumours of impending war, recalls the flying troops to their duty, and is highly honoured by his sovereign, for the aid which he had afforded him in so desperate a moment. The news of his exploit have arrived at his father's castle where he is expected by Bertha; but he does not return. Fortune smiles on the schemes of his ambition. The aged monarch dies; the young Edward, the lawful heir to the crown, is artfully dispossessed of his right: Ethwald, having usurped his power, is united to the daughter of the deceased king, the cold, the imperious, the cheerless Elburga

To live my term in dark obscurity,  
 Until some foul disease or bloody gash,  
 In low marauding strife, shall lay me low?  
 My spirit sickens at the hateful thought!  
 It hangs upon it with such thick oppression,  
 As doth the heavy, dense, sulphureous air  
 Upon the breath it stilles.

(Pulling up the sleeve of his garment, and baring his right arm from the shoulder.)

A firmer strung, a stronger arm than this,  
 Own'd ever valiant chief of ancient story?  
 And lacks my soul within, what should impel it?  
 Ah! but occasion, like th' unveiling moon,  
 Which calls the advent'rer forth, did shine on them!  
 I sit i' the shade! no star-beam falls on me!

(Bursts into tears and throws himself back against the pillar.  
 A pause - - He then starts forward full of animation, and  
 tosses his arms high as he speaks.)

No! storms are hush'd within their silent cave,  
 And unflesh'd lions slumber in the den.  
 But there doth come a time! —

(Enter Bertha, stealing softly upon him before he is aware.)

What, Bertha, is it thee who steal'st upon me?

BER. I heard thee loud:

Conversest thou with spirits in the air?

ETH. With those whose answering voice thou canst not  
 hear.

BER. Thou hast of late the friend of such become,  
 And only *they*. Thou art indeed so strange,  
 Thy very dogs have ceased to follow thee;  
 For thou no more their fawning court receiv'st,  
 Nor callest to them with a master's voice.  
 What art thou grown, since thou hast loved to pore  
 Upon those magic books?

ETH. No matter what ! A hermit an thou wilt.

BER. Nay, rather, by thy high-assumed gait  
And lofty mien, which I have mark'd of late,  
Ofttimes thou art, within thy own mind's world,  
Some king or mighty chief;  
If so it be, tell me thine honour's pitch,  
And I will tuck my regal mantle on,  
And mate thy dignity.

( Assuming much state. )

ETH. Out on thy foolery !

BER. Dost thou remember  
How, on our throne of turf, with birchen crowns,  
And willow branches waving in our hands,  
We shook our careless feet and caroll'd out,  
And call'd ourselves the King and Queen of Kent ?

ETH. Yes, children ever in their mimic play  
Such fairy state assume.

BER. And bearded men  
Do sometimes gild the dull enchanting face  
Of sombre stilly life with like conceits.  
Come, an you will, we'll go to play again.

( Tripping gayly round him. )

ETH. Who sent thee here to gamble round me thus ?

BER. Nay, fie upon thee ! for thou know'st right well  
It is an errand of my own good will.

Know'st thou not the wand'ring clown is here,  
Who doth the ozier wands and rushes weave  
Into all shapes, who chaunts gay stories too;  
And who was wont to tell thee, when a boy,  
Of all the bloody wars of furious Penda ?

E'en now he is at work before the gate,  
With heaps of pliant rushes round him strew'd;  
In which birds, dogs, and children roll and nestle,  
Whilst, crouching by his side, with watchful eye

The playful kitten marks each trembling rush,  
As he entwists his many circling bands.  
Nay, men and matrons, too, around him flock,  
And Ethelbert, low seated on a stone,  
With arms thus cross'd, o'erlooks his curious craft.  
Wilt thou not come !

ETH. Away ! care not for it.

BER. Nay, do not shake thy head, for thou must come.  
This magic girdle will compel thy steps.

( Throws a girdle round him playfully, and pulls it till it breaks. )

ETH. ( Smiling coldly. ) Thou see'st it cannot hold me.

( Bertha's face changes immediately ; she bursts into tears, and turns away to conceal it. )

ETH. ( Soothing her. ) My gentle Bertha ! Little foolish maid !  
Why fall those tears ? Wilt thou not look on me ?

Dost thou not know I am a wayward man,  
Sullen by fits, but meaning no unkindness ?

BER. O, thou wert wont to make the hall rejoice,  
And clear the gloomy face of dark December !

ETH. And will, perhaps, again. Cheer up, my love !

( Assuming a cheerful voice. )

And plies the wand'ring clown his pleasing craft,  
Whilst dogs, and men, and children round him flock ?  
Come, let us join them too.

( Holding out his hand to her, whilst she smiles through her tears. )

How course those glancing drops adown thy cheeks.  
Like to a whim'ring child ! — Fie on thee, Bertha !

( Wipes off her tears, and leads her out affectionately. )

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## COLUMBUS' FIRST VIEW OF AMERICA.

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It was a land, unmarred by art,  
To please the eye and cheer the heart :  
The native's simple huts were seen  
Peeping their palmy groves between, —  
Groves, where each dome of sweepy leaves  
In air of morning gently heaves,  
And, as the deep vans fall and rise,  
Changes its richly verdant dyes;  
A land whose simple sons till now  
Had scarcely seen a careful brow;  
They spent at will each passing day  
In lightsome toil or active play.  
Some their light canoes were guiding,  
Along the shore's sweet margin gliding;  
Some in the sunny sea were swimming,  
The bright waves o'er their dark forms gleaming;  
Some on the beach for shellfish stooping,  
Or on the smooth sand gaily trooping;  
Or in link'd circles featly dancing  
With golden braid and bracelet glancing. —  
By shelter'd door were infants creeping,  
Or on the shaded herbage sleeping;  
Gay feather'd birds the air were winging,  
And parrots on their high perch swinging,  
While humming birds, like sparks of light,  
Twinkled and vanish'd from the sight.

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## LORD JOHN OF THE EAST.

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THE fires blazed bright till deep midnight,  
And the guests sat in the hall,  
And the Lord of the feast, Lord John of the East,  
Was the merriest of them all.

His dark-grey eye, that wont so sly  
Beneath his helm to scowl,  
Flash'd keenly bright, like a new-waked sprite,  
As pass'd the circling bowl.

In laughter light, or jocund lay,  
That voice was heard, whose sound,  
Stern, loud, and deep, in battle-fray  
Did foemen fierce astound;

And stretch'd so balm, like lady's palm,  
To every jester near,  
That hand which through a prostrate foe  
Oft thrust the ruthless spear.

The gallants sang, and the goblets rang,  
And they revell'd in careless state,  
Till a thundering sound, that shook the ground,  
Was heard at the castle-gate.

“ Who knocks without, so loud and stout?  
Some wandering knight, I ween,  
Who from afar, like a guiding star,  
Our blazing hall hath seen.

“ If a stranger it be of high degree ,  
    ( No churl durst make such a din ) ,  
Step forth amain , my pages twain ,  
    And soothly ask him in .

“ Tell him our cheer is the forest deer ,  
    Our bowl is mantling high ,  
And the Lord of the feast is John of the East ,  
    Who welcomes him courteously . ”

The pages twain return'd again ,  
    And a wild scared look had they :  
“ Why look ye so ? — is it friend or foe ? ”  
Did the angry Baron say .

“ A stately knight without doth wait ,  
    But further he will not hie ,  
Till the Baron himself shall come to the gate ,  
    And ask him courteously . ”

“ By my mother's shroud , he is full proud !  
    What earthly man is he ? ”  
“ I know not in truth , ” quoth the trembling youth ,  
    “ If earthly man it be .

“ In traveller's plight he is bedight ,  
    With a vest of the crim'sy meet ;  
But his mantle behind , that streams on the wind ,  
    Is a corse's bloody sheet . ”

“ Out , paltry child ! thy wits are wild ,  
    Thy comrade will me true :  
Say plainly , then , what hast thou seen ?  
    Or dearly shalt thou rue . ”

Faint spoke the second page with fear ,  
    And bent him on his knee ,

“ Were I on your father’s sword to swear,  
The same it appear’d to me.”

Then dark, dark lower’d the Baron’s eye,  
And his red cheek changed to wan;  
For again at the gate more furiously  
The thundering din began.

“ And is there ne’er of my vassals here,  
Of high or low degree,  
That will unto this stranger go —  
Will go for the love of me?”

Then spoke and said fierce Donald the Red —  
(A fearless man was he),

“ Yes; I will straight to the castle-gate,  
Lord John, for the love of thee.”

With heart full stout he hied him out,  
While silent all remain;  
Nor moved a tongue those gallants among,  
Till Donald return’d again.

“ O speak,” said his Lord; “ by thy hopes of grace,  
What stranger must we hail?”

But the haggard look of Donald’s face  
Made his faltering words to fail.

“ It is a knight in some foreign guise —  
His like I did never behold;  
For the stony look of his beamless eyes  
Made my very life-blood cold.

“ I did him greet in fashion meet,  
And bade him your feast partake;  
But the voice that spoke, when he silence broke,  
Made the earth beneath me quake.

“ O such a tone did tongue ne’er own  
That dwelt in mortal head;  
It is like a sound from the hollow ground —  
Like the voice of the coffin’d dead.

“ I bade him to your social board;  
But in he will not hie,  
Until at the gate this castle’s Lord  
Shall entreat him courteously.

“ And he stretch’d him the while, with a ghastly smile,  
And sternly bade me say,  
’Twas no depute’s task your guest to ask  
To the feast of the woody bay.”

Pale grew the Baron, and faintly said,  
As he heaved his breath with pain —  
“ From such a feast as there was spread,  
Do any return again?

“ I bade my guest to a bloody feast,  
Where the death’s-wound was his fare;  
And the isle’s bright maid, who my love betray’d,  
She tore her raven hair.

“ The sea-fowl screams, and the watch-tower gleams,  
And the deafening billows roar,  
Where the unblest was put to rest  
On a wild and distant shore.

“ Do the hollow grave and the whelming wave  
Give up their dead again?  
Doth the surgy waste waft o’er its breast  
The spirits of the slain?”

But his loosen’d limbs shook fast, and pour’d  
The big drops from his brow,

As louder still the third time roar'd  
The thundering gate below.

“ O rouse thee, Baron, for manhood's worth!  
Let good or ill befall,  
Thou must to the stranger knight go forth,  
And ask him to your hall. ”

“ Rouse thy bold breast, ” said each eager guest;  
“ What boots it shrinking so?  
Be it fiend or sprite, or murder'd knight,  
In God's name thou must go.

“ Why should'st thou fear? dost thou not wear  
A gift from the great Glendower —  
Sandals blest by a holy priest,  
O'er which nought ill hath power? ”

All ghastly pale did the Baron quail,  
As he turn'd him to the door,  
And his sandals blest by a holy priest,  
Sound feebly on the floor.

Then back to the hall, and his merry mates all,  
He cast his parting eye :  
“ God send thee amain safe back again! ”  
He heaved a heavy sigh.

Then listen'd they, on the lengthen'd way,  
To his faint and lessening tread;  
And, when that was past, to the wailing blast,  
That wail'd as for the dead.

But wilder it grew, and stronger it blew,  
And it rose with an elrich sound,  
Till the lofty keep on its rocky steep  
Fell hurtling to the ground.

Each fearful eye then glanced on high,  
To the lofty-window'd wall;  
When a fiery trace of the Baron's face  
Through the casements shone on all.

But the vision'd glare pass'd through the air,  
And the raging tempest ceased :  
And never more, on sea or shore,  
Was seen Lord John of the East.

The sandals blest by a holy priest,  
Lay unscathed on the swarded green;  
But never again, on land or main,  
Lord John of the East was seen.

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### FISHERMAN'S SONG.

No fish stir in our heaving net,  
And the sky is dark, and the night is wet,  
And we must ply the lusty oar,  
For the tide is ebbing from the shore;  
And sad are they whose faggots burn,  
So kindly stor'd for our return.

Our boat is small, and the tempest raves,  
And nought is heard but the lashing waves,  
And the sullen roar of the angry sea,  
And the wild winds piping drearily :  
Yet sea and tempest rise in vain,  
We'll bless our blazing hearths again.

Push bravely, Mates! our guiding star  
Now from its towerlet streameth far;

And now along the nearing strand ,  
See , swiftly moves yon flaming brand :  
Before the midnight watch is past ,  
We'll quaff our bowl , and mock the blast.

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## SONG FROM THE BEACON.

### I.

Wish'd-for gales the light vane weering ,  
Better dreams the dull night cheering ;  
Lighter heart the morning greeting ,  
Things of better omen meeting ;  
Eyes each passing stranger watching ,  
Ears each feeble rumour catching ,  
Say he existeth still on earthly ground ,  
The absent will return , the long , long lost be found.

### II.

In the tower the ward-bell ringing ,  
In the court the carols singing ;  
Busy hands the gay board dressing ,  
Eager steps the threshold pressing ;  
Open'd arms in haste advancing ,  
Joyful looks through blind tears glancing ;  
The gladsome bounding of his aged hound ,  
Say he in truth is here , our long , long lost is found.

### III.

Hymned thanks and bedesmen praying ,  
With sheathed sword the urchin playing ;  
Blazon'd hall with torches burning ,  
Cheerful morn in peace returning ,

Converse sweet that strangely borrows  
Present bliss from former sorrows—  
O, who can tell each blessed sight and sound,  
That says, he with us hides, our 'long, long lost is  
found!

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### ANOTHER SONG.

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Oh, welcome, bat and owlet gray,  
Thus winging low your airy way;  
And welcome, moth and drowsy fly,  
That to mine ear came humming by;  
And welcome, shadows long and deep,  
And stars that from the blue sky peep;  
Oh, welcome all! to me ye say,  
My woodland love is on her way;  
Upon the soft wind floats her hair,  
Her breath is in the dewy air,  
Her steps are in the whispering wind,  
That steals along the stilly glen;  
Oh, dawn of day, in rosy hue,  
What art thou to this wite of dew;  
Oh, noon of day, in sunshine bright,  
What art thou to this fall of night!

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# MISS L. E. LANDON.

## ON MISS LANDON'S POETRY.

**T**HIS new sister to the British Nine is yet in her teens, and has already published three volumes of poetry<sup>1</sup>, besides Miscellanies in various Reviews and poetical albums. We are glad we want materials to write her biography. Miss Landon is unknown yet, in the blue stocking Clubs of London. There is nothing in her of the Italian *improvisatrice* but the vivid and heart-stirring inspiration. Miss Landon is, to use a modern phrase, an Amorist in poetry, and a rival to Tom Moore himself, in that respect. Some English papers have perhaps over-puffed her lyrical strains, while others have used her rather unkindly: the French *Globe* has favoured its readers with two clever articles, at once courteous and impartial on the subject of Miss Landon's poems, and since she has been quoted in France by a sister Muse<sup>2</sup>

— "Whose every song and tale....  
Some echoes of the heart.

(MISS LANDON'S, *Legend of the Rhine*.)

Her, in real and true warmth and tenderness of  
Miss Landon has a good command of language,  
of poetical ideas, with a great deal of taste in  
an ear tuned to the varied melodies of the lan-  
do much better, if she did not write after so  
models, and in so many distinct keys.  
 poem of Miss Landon's, is entitled — the

<sup>1</sup> The *Improvisatrice*, the *Troubadour*, and the *Golden Violet*.

<sup>2</sup> Madame Tastu to whom every English reader who knows her poem intitled *Shakspeare*, will address those verses of Walter Scott to Miss Joanna Baillie.

— The wild harp..... silent hung  
By silver Avon's holy shore;  
When she the bold Enchantress came  
With fearless hand and heart of flame!  
From the pale Willow snatch'd the treasure,  
And swept it with a kindred measure.

*Introd. to Marmion, c. III.*

Improvisatrice. The idea is pretty; a young lady of great poetical powers falls in love, unhappily, as usual, and her adventures afford a thread on which to hang little poems of her composition. The opening is a very melodious piece of versification, and some of the stories introduced are highly poetical — particularly the Moorish Romance, which is a counter-part to Byron's *Bride of Abydos*.

There is now in England a whole sisterhood of female writers, but they are very unlike the Muses of the *Della-Cruscan* school : Miss Joanna Baillie, Miss Helen Williams, Charlotte Smith had never absurd pretensions to the *Italianism* and caricatured refinement of Gifford's Heroines : and the public taste has been awakened to the tones of nature by their younger sisters, Mistress Hemans, Miss Mitford, and L. E. Landon. A.

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## THE IMPROVISATRICE.

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“**I** AM a daughter of that land,  
Where the poet's lip and the painter's hand  
Are most divine, — where earth and sky  
Are picture both and poetry —  
I am of Florence. 'Mid the chill  
Of hope and feeling! oh! I still  
Am proud to think to where I owe  
My birth, though but the dawn of woe!

My childhood pass'd 'mid radiant things,  
Glorious as Hope's imaginings;  
Statues but known from shapes of the earth,  
By being too lovely for mortal birth;  
Paintings whose colours of life were caught  
From the fairy tints in the rainbow wrought;  
Music whose sighs had a spell like those  
That float on the sea at the evening's close;  
Language so silvery, that every word  
Was like the lute's awakening chord;  
Skies half sunshine, and half starlight;  
Flowers whose lives were a breath of delight;  
Leaves whose green pomp knew no withering;  
Fountains bright as the skies of our Spring;  
And songs whose wild and passionate line  
Suited a soul of romance like mine.”  
My power was but a woman's power,  
Yet, in that great and glorious dower  
Which genius gives, I had my part :

I poured my full and burning heart  
In song, and on the canvass made  
My dream of bliss visible;  
I knew not which I loved the most  
Pencil or lute, — both loved so well.

Florence! With what idolatry  
I've lingered in thy radiant halls,  
Worshipping till my dizzy eye  
Grew dim with gazing on those walls,  
Where time had spared each glorious gift  
By genius unto memory left!  
And when seen by the pale moonlight,  
More pure, more perfect, though less bright,  
What dreams of song flashed on my brain  
Till each shade seemed to live again;  
And then the beautiful, the grand,  
The glorious of my native land,  
In every flower that threw its veil  
Aside, when wooed by the spring gale;  
In every vineyard, where the sun,  
His task of summer ripening done,  
Shone on their clusters, and a song  
Came lightly from the peasant throng; —  
In the dim loveliness of night,  
In fountains with their diamond light,  
In aged temple, ruined shrine,  
And its green wreath of ivy twine;—  
In every change of earth and sky  
Breathed the deep soul of Poetry.

One evening, in the lovely June,  
Over the Arno's waters gliding,  
I had been watching the fair moon  
Amid her court of white clouds driving:

I had been listening to the gale,  
Which wafted music from around,  
(For scarce a lover, at that hour,  
But waked his mandolin's light sound.)  
And odour was upon the breeze,  
Sweet thefts from rose and lemon trees.  
They stole me from my lulling dream,  
And said they knew that such an hour  
Had ever influence on my soul,  
And raised my sweetest minstrel power.  
I took my lute, — my eye had been  
Wandering round the lovely scene,  
Filled with those melancholy tears,  
Which come when all most bright appears,  
And hold their strange and secret power  
Even on pleasure's golden hour.  
I had been looking on the river,  
Half marvelling to think that ever  
Wind, wave, or sky, could darken where  
All seemed so gentle and so fair:  
And iningled with these thoughts there came  
A tale, just one that memory keeps —  
Forgotten music, till some chance  
Vibrate the chord whereon it sleeps!

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## THE CRUSADER.

HE is come from the land of the sword and shrine,  
From the sainted battles of Palestine;  
The snow-plumes wave o'er his victor crest —  
Like a glory the red cross hangs at his breast;  
The courser is black as black can be,

Save the brow-star, white as the foam of the sea.

And he wears a scarf of broidery rare,

The last love-gift of his lady fair:

It bore for device a cross and a dove,

And the words, "I am vow'd to my God and my love!"

He comes not back the same that he went,

For his sword has been tried, and his strength has been  
spent;

His golden hair has a deeper brown,

And his brow has caught a darker frown,

And his lip hath lost its boyish red,

And the shade of the south o'er his cheek is spread;

But stately his steps, and his bearing high,

And wild the light of his fiery eye,

And proud in the lists were the maiden bright

Who might claim the Knight of the Cross for her knight:

But he rides for the home he has pined to see,

In the court, in the camp, in captivity.

He reach'd the castle — the gate was thrown

Open and wide, but he stood there alone:

He enter'd the door — his own step was all

That echoed within the deserted hall:

He stood on the roof of the ancient tower,

And for banner there waved one pale wall-flower;

And for sound of the trumpet and sound of the horn,

Came the scream of the owl on the night-wind borne:

And the turrets were falling, the vassals were flown,

And the bat ruled the halls he had thought his own.

His heart throbb'd high; oh, never again

Might he sooth with sweet thoughts his spirit's pain!

He never might think on his boyish years,

Till his eyes grew dim with those sweet warm tears;

Which hope and memory shed when they meet —

The grave of his kindred was at his feet.  
He stood alone, the last of his race,  
With the cold wide world for his dwelling-place :  
The home of his fathers , gone to decay, —  
All but their memory was pass'd away;  
No one to welcome, no one to share  
The laurel he no more was proud to wear!  
He came in the pride of his war-success  
But to weep over very desolateness.  
They pointed him to a barren plain,  
Where his fathers, his brothers, his kinsmen , were slain;  
They show'd him the lowly grave where slept  
The maiden whose scarf he so truly had kept;  
But they could not show him one living thing  
To which his wither'd heart could cling.

Amid the warriors of Palestine  
Is one, the first in the battle line;  
It is not for glory he seeks the field,  
For a blasted tree is upon his shield,  
And the motto he bears is, " I fight for a grave : "  
He found it — that warrior has died with the brave !

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## THE RECORD.

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" HE sleeps, his head upon his sword,  
His soldier's cloak a shroud;  
His church yard is the open field  
Three times it has been plough'd :

The first time that the wheat sprung up,  
'Twas black as if with blood ,

The meanest beggar turn'd away  
From the unholy food.

The third year, and the grain grew fair,  
As it was wont to wave :  
None would have thought that golden corn  
Was growing on the grave.

His lot was but a peasant's lot,  
His name a peasant's name ;  
Not his, the place of death that turns  
Into a place of fame.

He fell as other thousands do,  
Trampled down where they fall,  
While on a single name is heap'd  
The glory gain'd by all.

Yet even he whose common grave  
Lies in the open fields,  
Died not without a thought of all,  
The joy that glory yields.

That small white church in his own land,  
The lime trees almost hide,  
Bears on the walls the names of those  
Who for their country died.

His name is written on those walls,  
His mother read it there,  
With pride, — oh ! no, there could not be  
Pride in the widow's prayer.

And many a stranger who shall mark  
That peasant roll of fame,  
Will think on prouder ones, yet say  
"This was a hero's name."

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## A CHILD SCREENING A DOVE FROM A HAWK,

BY STEWARDSON.

Ay, screen thy favourite dove, fair child,  
Ay, screen it if you may.  
Yet I misdoubt thy trembling hand  
Will scare the hawk away.

That dove will die, that child will weep,  
Is this their destiny?  
Ever amid the sweets of life  
Some evil thing must be.

Ay, moralize, ... is it not thus  
We've mourn'd our hope and love!  
Alas! there's tears for every eye,  
A hawk for every dove!

## THE SULTANA'S REMONSTRANCE.<sup>1</sup>

It suits thee well to weep,  
As thou lookest on the fair land,  
Whose sceptre thou hast held  
With less than woman's hand.

<sup>1</sup> When Proud Grenada fell, and forced to fly Boabdil wept, etc.  
(DON JUAN.)

The same tale is told in Chateaubriand's *last of the Abençerages*.  
(*Éd.*)

On yon bright city gaze,  
    With its white and marble halls,  
The glory of its lofty towers,  
    The strength of its proud walls.

And look to yonder palace,  
    With its garden of rose,  
With its groves and silver fountains,  
    Fit for a king's repose.

There is weeping in that city,  
    And a cry of woe and shame,  
There's a whisper of dishonour,  
    And that whisper is thy name.

And the stranger's feast is spread,  
    But it is no feast of thine;  
In thine own halls accursed lips  
    Drain the forbidden wine.

And aged men are in the streets  
    Who mourn their length of days,  
And young knights stand with folded arms,  
    And eyes they dare not raise.

There is not one whose blood was not  
    As the waves of ocean free;  
Their fathers died for thy fathers,  
    They would have died for thee.

Weep not, 'tis mine to weep,  
    That ever thou wert born,  
Alas, that all a mother's love  
    Is lost in a queen's scorn!

Yet weep thou less than woman weep,  
    Those tears become thine eye;  
It suits thee well to weep the land  
    For which thou daredst not die.

# BERNARD BARTON.

## AN ESSAY ON BARTON, THE QUAKER POET.

BERNARD BARTON was born a Quaker in the year 1784, and educated at a Quaker seminary. In the year 1806, Mr. Barton took up his residence at Woodbridge, Suffolk, and now holds a situation in the Bank at that place. In 1810 he began to 'commit the sin of rhyme,' and in 1812 published an anonymous volume, entitled, 'Metrical Effusions,' which was followed in 1818 by a volume of 'Poems by an Amateur.' Encouraged by the very flattering manner in which these impressions of his Poems were received by his friends, he at last ventured to publish in a small volume, 'Poems by Bernard Barton,' which was very favourably noticed by the Literary Journals, and has reached a third edition. Little more than a year ago he published 'Napoleon, and other Poems.'

"Such has been the literary career of Bernard Barton. If it have not left behind it the brilliant track of other poetical comets, it has been less erratic in its course; — and his Parnasian vespers may be said to possess all the mild and soothing beauties of the Evening star. If his Muse have not always reached the sun-ward path of the soaring eagle, it is no extravagant praise to say that she has often emulated the sublimity of his aerial flight. But the great charm thrown around the effusions of the Suffolk bard is that 'lucid veil' of morality and religion which 'covers but not conceals;' that 'silver network' through which shine his poetic 'apples of gold.' "

T. T.

The society of Friends was for a good while confined to the lower classes; and when it first became numerous and respectable, the revolting corruption of poetry which took place after the Restoration, afforded but too good an apology for the prejudices which were conceived against it; and as the Quakers are peculiarly tenacious of all the maxims that have been handed down from the patriarchal times of their institution, it is easy to understand how this prejudice should have outlived the causes

that produced it. It should not however be forgotten, that W. Penn amused himself with verses, that Elwood the Quaker is remembered as the friend and admirer of Milton, and the man to whose suggestion the world is indebted for the paradise regained. In later times, we only remember Mr. Scott of AIMWELL as a poetical writer of the society. — B. Barton's poetry has all the purity, the piety and gentleness, of the sect to which its author belongs — with something too much perhaps of their sobriety. The style is rather diffuse and wordy, though generally graceful, flowing and easy; and though it cannot be said to contain many bright thoughts or original images, it is recommended throughout by a truth of feeling and an unstudied earnestness of manner, that wins both upon the heart and the attention. In these qualities, as well as in the copiousness of the diction and the facility of the versification, it frequently reminds us of the smaller pieces of Cowper, — the author, like that eminent and most amiable writer, never disdaining ordinary words and sentiments, when they come in his way, and combining, with his most solemn and contemplative strains, a certain air of homeliness and simplicity; which seems to show that the matter was more in his thoughts than the manner, and that the glory of fine writing was less considered than the clear and complete expression of the sentiments for the sake of which alone he was induced to become a writer. — There is something of uniformity in the strain and tenor of Barton's poetry. There is no story, and of course no incident, nor any characters shown in action. The staple of the whole is description and meditation — description of quiet, home scenery, sweetly and feelingly wrought out — and meditation overshadowed with tenderness, and exalted by devotion — but all terminating in soothing and even cheerful views of the condition and prospects of mortality. In short, it is evidently the work of a man of a fine and cultivated rather than of a bard and original mind — of a man who prefers following out the suggestions of his own mild and contemplative spirit, to counterfeiting the raptures of more vehement natures, and thinks it better to work up the genuine though less splendid materials of his actual experience and observation, than to distract himself and his readers with more ambitious and less manageable imaginations. His thoughts and reflections, accordingly, have not only the merit of truth and consistency, but bear the distinct impress of individual character — and of a character with which no reader can thus become acquainted without loving and wishing to share in its virtues. — The following piece consists

508 AN ESSAY ON BARTON, THE QUAKER POET.

of "verses written in a Quaker-Burial ground;" and contains, among other things, this justification of their disallowance of sepulchral monuments.

"Could we conceive death was indeed the close  
Of our existence," nature might demand'  
That, where the reliques of our friends repose,  
Some record to their memory should stand,  
To keep them unforgotten in the land : —  
Then, then indeed, urn, tomb, or marble bust,  
By sculptor's art elaborately plann'd,  
Would seem a debt due to their mouldering dust  
Though time would soon efface the perishable trust.

But hoping, and believing; yea, through faith,  
Knowing, because his word has told us so,  
That Christ, our Captain, triumph'd over death,  
And is the first fruit of the dead below; —  
That he has trod for man this path of woe,  
Dying—to rise again! — We would not grace  
Death's transitory spell with trophied show;  
As if that "shadowy vale" supply'd no trace,  
To prove the grave is not our final dwelling-place.

Then, be our burial grounds, as should become  
A simple, but a not unfeeling race :  
Let them appear, to outward semblance, dumb,  
As best befits the quiet dwelling-place  
Appointed for the prisoners of grace,  
Who wait the promise by the Gospel given, —  
When the last trump shall sound, — the trembling base  
Of tombs, of temples, pyramids be riven,  
And all the dead arise before the hosts of heaven!

Oh! in that awful hour, of what avail  
Unto the "spiritual body" will be found  
The costliest canopy, or proudest tale  
Recorded on it? — What avail the bound  
Of holy, or unconsecrated ground?  
As freely will the unencumber'd sod  
Be cleft asunder at that trumpet's sound,  
As royalty's magnificent abode :  
As pure its immate rise, and stand before his god

Onward the queen of night advances : slow  
Through fleecy clouds with majesty she wheels  
Yon tower's indented outline, tombstones low  
And mossy grey her silver light reveals;  
Now quivering through the lime-tree's foliage steals;  
And now each humble, narrow, nameless bed,  
Whose grassy hillock not in vain appeals  
To eyes that pass by epitaphs unread  
Rise to the view. How still the dwelling of the dead!

ED. REV.

## TO MARY.

---

It is not alone while we live in the light  
Of Friendship's kindling glance,  
That its beams so true, and so tenderly bright,  
Our purest joys can enhance : —  
But that ray shines on through a night of tears,  
And its light is round us in after years.

Nor is it while yet on the listening ear  
The accents of Friendship steal,  
That we know the extent of the joy so dear,  
Which its touching tones reveal : —  
'Tis in after-moments of sorrow and pain,  
Their echo surpasses music's strain.

Though years have roll'd by, dear Mary! since we  
Have look'd on each other's face,  
Yet thy memory is fondly cherished by me,  
For my heart is its dwelling-place;  
And, if on this earth we should meet no more,  
It must linger there still until life is o'er.

The traveller who journeys the live-long day  
Through some enchanting vale, —  
Should he, when the mists of evening are grey,  
Some neighb'ring mountain scale, —  
O! will he not stop, and look back to review  
The delightful retreats he has wander'd through?

So I, who have toiled up life's steep hill  
Some steps, — since we parted last,

Often pensively pause, and look eagerly still  
On the few bright spots I have pass'd : —  
And some of the brightest, dear Mary! to me,  
Were the lovely ones I enjoyed with thee.

I know not how soon dark clouds may shade  
The valley of years gone by;  
Or how quickly its happiest haunts may fade  
In the mists of an evening sky; —  
But — till quench'd is the lustre of life's setting sun,  
I shall look back at times, as I now have done.

---

## WINTER.

---

Thou hast thy beauties; sterner ones I own,  
Than those of thy precursors; yet to thee  
Belong the charms of solemn majesty  
And naked grandeur. Awful is the tone  
Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds are blown  
By hurrying winds across the troubled sky :  
Pensive, when softer breezes faintly sigh  
Through leafless boughs, with ivy overgrown.  
Thou hast thy decorations too; although  
Thou art austere : thy studded mantle, gay  
With icy brilliants, which as proudly glow  
As erst Golconda's; and thy pure array  
Of regal ermine, when the drifted snow  
Envelopes nature; till her features seem  
Like pale, but lovely ones, seen when we dream.

---

## TO THE CLOUDS.

---

YE glorious pageants! hung in air  
To greet our raptur'd view;  
What in creation can compare  
For loveliness, with you?

This earth is beautiful, indeed,  
And in itself appeals  
To ~~eyes~~ that have been taught to read  
The beauties it reveals.

Its giant mountains, which ascend  
To your exalted sphere,  
And seem at times with you to blend  
In majesty austere :

Its lovely valleys, forests vast;  
Its rivers, lakes, and seas;  
With every glance upon them cast,  
The sight, the sense must please.

When through the eastern gates of heaven  
The sun's first glories shine;  
Or when his gentlest beams are given  
To gild the day's decline;

All glorious as that orb appears,  
His radiance still would lose  
Each gentle charm, that most endears,  
Without your softening hues.

When these with his refulgent rays  
    Harmoniously unite,  
Who on your splendid pomp can gaze,  
    Nor feel a hush'd delight?

'Tis then, if to the raptur'd eye  
    Her aid the fancy brings,  
In you our vision can descry  
    Unutterable things!

Not merely mountains, cliffs, and caves,  
    Domes, battlements, and towers,  
Torrents of light, that fling their waves  
    O'er coral rocks and bowers;

Not only what to man is known  
    In nature, or in art;  
But objects which on earth can own  
    No seeming counterpart.

As once the Seer in Patmos saw  
    Heaven's op'ning door reveal'd,  
And scenes inspiring love and awe  
    To his rapt sight unseal'd :

So, in a faint and low degree,  
    Through your unfoldings bright,  
Phantoms of glory yet to be  
    Dawn on the wond'ring sight.

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## THE SOLITARY TOMB.

---

NOT a leaf of the tree which stood near me was stirr'd,  
    Tho' a breath might have mov'd it so lightly;

Nor a farewell note from a sweet-singing bird,  
Bade adieu to the sun setting brightly.

The sky was cloudless and calm, except  
In the west, where the sun was descending;  
And there the rich tints of the rainbow slept,  
As his beams with their beauty were blending.

And the evening star, with its ray so clear,  
So tremulous, soft, and tender,  
Had lit up its lamp, and shot down from its sphere  
Its dewy, delightful splendour.

And I stood all alone on that gentle hill,  
With a landscape so lovely before me;  
And its spirit and tone, so serene and still,  
Seem'd silently gathering o'er me.

Far off was the Deben, whose briny flood  
By its winding banks was sweeping;  
And close by the foot of the hill where I stood  
The dead in their damp graves were sleeping.

How lonely and lovely their resting-place seem'd!  
An enclosure which care could not enter;  
And how sweetly the grey lights of evening gleam'd  
On the solitary tomb in its centre!

When, at morn or at eve, I have wander'd near,  
And in various lights have view'd it;  
With what different forms, to friendship dear,  
Hath the magic of fancy endued it!

It hath sometimes seem'd like a lonely sail,  
A white speck on the emerald billow;  
And at times, like a lamb in a low grassy vale,  
Stretch'd in peace on its verdant pillow.

But no image of gloom, or of care, or of strife,  
Hath it e'er given birth to, one minute;  
For lamented in death, as beloved in life,  
Was he who now slumbers within it.

He was one who, in youth, on the stormy seas,  
Was a far and a fearless ranger;  
Who, borne on the billow, and blown by the breeze,  
Had deem'd lightly of death or of danger.

Yet in this rude school had his heart still kept  
All the freshness of gentlest feeling;  
Nor in woman's warm eye hath a tear ever slept  
More of softness and kindness revealing.

And here, when the bustle of youth was past,  
He liv'd, — and he lov'd, — and he died too; —  
O! why was affection, which death could out-last,  
A more lengthen'd enjoyment denied to?

But here he slumbers; and many there are  
Who love that lone tomb, and revere it;  
And one far off, like eve's dewy star,  
Tho' at distance, in fancy dwells near it.

---

#### TO A FRIEND ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR ROME.

“YES, go! and on those ruins gaze,  
Whose silent eloquent appeal  
To meditation's eye displays  
What spirits thou'd like thine can feel.  
Go! stand by Tiber's yellow stream,  
'Mid crumbling columns, domes, and towers;

Behold past glory's ling'ring gleam,  
 And find a still exhaustless theme  
 • For thought's sublimest powers.

Ascend the lofty Palatine !

Gaze from its piny summits round :  
 And oh ! what feelings will be thine.

When treading that immortal ground :  
 Each sculptur'd vase, each speaking bust,  
 Shrine, temple, palace, tomb, and fane,  
 Will plead to thee their earliest trust ;  
 To genius, greatness, goodness just,  
 Nor will they plead in vain.

Thou hast held communion long  
 With minds that stamp'd the Augustan age ;  
 With MARO's but once rivall'd song ;  
 And, matchless still, the SABINE PAGE :  
 And thou o'er many a name hast por'd,  
 That faithful time has ne'er forgot ;  
 As men admir'd, as gods ador'd ;  
 And in thy immost heart deplor'd  
 The " ETERNAL CITY's " lot.

Oh ! I could envy thee the gush  
 Of feeling, and of thought sublime,  
 When thou, beneath moor's orient blush,  
 Or stillest hour of eve, shalt climb  
 O'er envied ruins once august,  
 And now in splendid fragments hurl'd :  
 Their haunts, who, sepulchred in dust,  
 Unknown, except by urn or bust,  
 Once sway'd a subject world.

" And this " — ( Oh friend ! I hear thee say,  
 • As gazing round with proud delight,

Where reliques glorious in decay  
 Shall burst on thy enraptur'd sight) —  
 And this was ROME! and where I tread,  
 The great, the wise have trod of yore :  
 Whose names through every clime are spread;  
 Whose minds the world itself have fed  
 From their exhaustless store.

“ Whose deeds are told by hist'ry's pen,  
 Whose works in sculpture, colour, song,  
 Still rise magnificent, as when  
 Here liv'd and mov'd the exalted throng  
 Of painters, sculptors, bards, whose fame  
 With time successfully has striven :  
 Till he, who would their worth proclaim,  
 Shall find the beam that gilds his name  
 Is from their glory given.”

I feel, — I own thy language just :  
 And yet a Briton, standing there,  
 If mindful of the sacred trust  
 Committed now to ALBION's care,  
 E'en while he granted — gave to ROME  
 All Rome's just glory could demand;  
 With feelings worthy of his home,  
 Encircled by free Ocean's foam,  
 Must love his native land !

When Art arrays her magic strife  
 In hues from young Aurora thrown :  
 In wakening forth to all but life  
 Each breathless form of Parian stone.  
 And e'en in song, whose source and aim  
 Demanded but an earthly lyre,  
 Unfed by heaven's ethereal flame ;

I grant to Rome all Rome can claim,  
Or genius can admire.

Yet I, in British freedom, say  
That Albion even now has won  
A fame less subject to decay,  
Than grac'd proud Rome's meridian sun :  
And, IN THAT FREEDOM, she contains  
Of soul sublimer loftier powers,  
Than e'er enrich'd the Latian plains,  
When monarchs clash'd their captive chains  
Beneath her conquering towers.

And, were I what thou art, I should,  
E'en on the Palatine's proud height,  
Or stretch'd by Tiber's golden flood,  
Or where Soracte gleams in sight,  
Still turn from Rome's majestic ground,  
To Benhall's sweet sequester'd dome,  
Her sylvan glades with beauty crown'd;  
And own, that there my heart had found  
Its fondly cherish'd home.

---

## TO NAPOLEON, AT ST. HELENA.

---

FAR from the battle's shock  
Fate hath fast bound thee;  
Chained to the rugged rock,  
Waves warring round thee.

Instead of the trumpet's sound  
Sea birds are shrieking;

Hoarse on thy rampart's bound  
 Billows are breaking.

Far ensigns unfurling  
 Like sunbeams in brightness;  
 Are crested waves curling  
 Like snow-wreaths in whiteness.

No sycophants mock thee  
 With dreams of dominion;  
 But rude tempests rock thee  
 And ruffle thy pinion.

## TO THE MEMORY OF MARY FLETCHER.

ENTHUSIAST, fanatic and fool,  
 Many who read thy life will style thee;  
 And others more sedate and cool  
 Will pity, who dare not revile thee.

For me, I feel, on laying down  
 The volume, neither power nor will  
 To ape the critic's frigid frown:  
 To flatter thee were idler still.

While *living*, praise of man to thee  
 Was nothing; o'er thy mouldering earth,  
 Its empty echo now would be  
 But mockery of thy christian worth!

Yet there are those, with whom the test  
 Of truth is not the Gospel creed;  
 To whom thy life will be a jest!  
 Thy path — a parable indeed!

And these, perchance, to show their wit,  
Will heap thy name with obloquy;  
And o'er thy hallow'd pages sit,  
"Drest up in brief authority."

To thee it matters not; but those  
Who honour and revere thy name  
May be allow'd to interpose  
And vindicate thy well earn'd fame,  
Not for thy sake alone, but theirs,  
Who tread the path which thou hast trod.

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# EDWARD THURLOW.

## A LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

LORD EDWARD THURLOW, is the son of the late Dr. Thomas Thurlow, Bishop of Durham, brother of the great Lord Chancellor Thurlow. The mother of his lordship was a woman of a low extraction. As the chancellor had no legitimate issue of his own, he procured a settlement of his title on the sons of his brother the bishop. The present Lord was educated at the Charter-House, and afterwards at Cambridge. He is one of the Prothonotaries of the Court of Chancery, in reversion. In 1814 he married the accomplished Miss Bolton, of Covent Garden Theatre, the daughter of an attorney in Long Acre.

His lordship is evidently an enthusiast in his art, and loves the Muse with a warmth which makes us regret that the passion is not always mutual. At times he contrives, by the mere force of devotion, to work himself up into a sort of inspiration, and ecstasies which are very like the true symptoms of divine afflation. — Another peculiarity by which this noble author seduces us into a feeling of interest about his writings, is that air of antiquity, which his study of earlier English writers enables him to throw not only over his verses but his prose. 'Tis a curious mimicry of the diction of those mighty elders; — a resemblance, which is laboriously faithful to some of their beauties, but sometimes the mere mouldering form of their phraseology. Lord Thurlow first presented himself to the public as the panegyrist of various living characters, which he extols in sonnets, since which he has published *moonlight*, a poem wherein is described with much pretty sentiment the contemplations of a bard during that period of solemnity and repose — in this poem his lordship has constantly kept Milton in view.

The productions of Lord Thurlow have met with a severe criticism in the Edinburgh review; but the northern review was never kind to lords: there are many verses in Lord Thurlow's poetry, which indicate a true votary of the Nine. E. D.

His Lordship has published: *The Defence of Poesy*, by Sir Philip Sidney, 4to. 1810. — *Verses on several Occasions*, 8vo. 1812. — *Moonlight*, a poem, with several Copies of Verses, 4to. 1814. — *The Doge's Daughter*, with Translations from Anacreon and Horace, 8vo. 1814. — *Carmen Britannicum, or the Song of Britain*, 4to. 1814.

## A DIALOGUE OF TWO SHEPHERDS.

THE NOT.

THE softer season now will soon be here,  
To clothe the world in purple, and in green;  
And Philomel, that rules the warbling year,  
Her gentle descants will ensue, between  
The flow'ring orange, and the myrtle green;  
And Phœbus, who too much his course delays,  
Enthron'd in joy, will lengthen out the days.

Then shall we lie amid the meads again,  
And crown our locks with garlands of the spring,  
And from our slender pipes breathe out a strain  
Of joyous welcome, and sweet revelling,  
To which the shepherds, and their nymphs will sing;  
And ever, 'gainst the warm and summer hours,  
The laughing Pan we will y-bind in flow'rs.

For now, the bitter cold of winter past,  
The lovely mavis singeth on the bough;  
And I, who thought the cruel time surpast  
All other ills, which I have felt till now,  
To Pan, and Flora will renew my vow;  
And eke to Phœbus, that with golden ray,  
O happy light! doth over-crown the day.

Methinks already on my reeds I blow,  
And charm the world with glory of my song;  
For winter now is gone, and with it woe,  
And sparkling summer will be here ere long;  
Then cast I here away the winter's wrong:

This day I call the fairest of the year,  
That shows the soft delights of spring are near.

## MENAICAAS.

I know not, Thenot, sith thy speech is so,  
Or happy, or unhappy thee to call;  
But youthful minds cannot endure with woe,  
But of soft joy, and hope are prodigal,  
Whereby into more grief oftimes they fall:  
But let not the like case in thee be found,  
Who shall, I think, in happiness abound.

But foolish boy, is summer then so near?  
The grass-hoppers are wiser far than thee;  
And Philomel can better count the year,  
That finds it not of promise yet so free,  
But foreign to our meads she still would be;  
All prodigal delights before their time  
Must perish in dark winter's baleful clime.

The wint'ry wind, which is but sleeping now,  
Shall blow throughout the reeds, of which you boast,  
Ere from the river's brink, to breathe your vow,  
You gather the soft stalks, that to their cost  
Must to and fro in the wild storm be tost;  
But not the less their music will be sweet,  
When with the spring, and with your voice they meet.

I think you see the summer in the face  
Of that divine, and merest paragon;  
That violet, to whom all plants are base,  
That star, that is but joy to look upon,  
With whom you would be in the world alone;  
And fain would die, so in her sight to die,  
And count it gain, and cheap felicity.

O happy shepherd, yet unhappy too!  
'Twas here you saw the lovely summer smile;  
Forgetful, that the coming days renew  
The wasteful winter, while you so beguile  
Yourself with love, and softly smoothe your style;  
Wherein in silver songs we soon shall hear  
Of whate'er crowns the forehead of the year.

The fault of age, which age may yet amend;  
But wot you well, that women's hearts are light,  
And purpose frail; when fairest they intend,  
They oft are seen to wander from the right;  
So folly, and so fraud their leaves may blight:  
But ~~come~~ as lovely, and as fix'd in soul,  
As that fair star, that lights the northern pole.

And so may she, to whom your vows are due,  
With fair requital those sweet vows repay;  
But lose not soul and honour in her view,  
Nor think within her arms to make delay  
Of time and season, that for none can stay;  
For lovers, that the summer antedate,  
Will scant endure, when those soft days abate.

So said the Shepherd to his younger peer,  
The while to pasture for the night he drove  
In meads, where his soft charge no winds may fear;  
But Thenot, whose delight was all in love,  
Found little in his counsel to approve;  
But weaving a soft crown of myrtle green,  
He bound in thought the forehead of his queen.

## S O N G.

TO MAY.

MAY, queen of blossoms,  
And fulfilling flowers,  
With what pretty music  
Shall we charm the hours?  
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,  
Blown in the open mead?  
Or to the lute give heed  
In the green bowers!

Thou hast no need of us,  
Or pipe or wire,  
That hast the golden bee  
Ripen'd with fire;  
And many thousand more  
Songsters that thee adore,  
Filling earth's grassy floor  
With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,  
Tame, and free livers;  
Doubt not, thy music too,  
In the deep rivers;  
And the whole plummy flight,  
Warbling the day and night;  
Up at the gates of light,  
See, the lark quivers!

When with the jacinth  
Coy fountains are tressed;

And for the mournful bird  
 Green woods are dressed,  
 That did for Tereus pine;  
 Then shall our songs be thine,  
 To whom our hearts incline :  
 MAY, be thou blessed !

## SONNETS. ·

ON BEHOLDING THE PORTRAITURE OF SIR PHILIP  
 SIDNEY, IN THE GALLERY AT PENSURST.

THE man that looks, sweet Sidney, in thy face,  
 Beholding there love's truest majesty,  
 And the soft image of departed grace,  
 Shall fill his mind with magnanimity :  
 There may he read unfeign'd humility,  
 And golden pity, born of heav'nly brood,  
 Unsullied thoughts of immortality,  
 And musing virtue, prodigal of blood :  
 Yes, in this map of what is fair and good,  
 This glorious index of a heav'nly book,  
 Not seldom, as in youthful years he stood,  
 Divinest Spenser would admiring look;  
 And, framing thence high wit and pure desire,  
 Imagin'd deed, that set the world on fire !

How oft, O Moon, in thy most tragic face,  
 The travell'd map of mournful history,  
 Some record of long-perish'd woe I trace,  
 Fetch'd from old kings' moth-eaten memory ;

Which thou, perhaps, didst in its acting see,  
The perturbation of its doleful birth,  
Then crawling on to sad maturity,  
And it's last sleep in the forgetful earth :  
But if, in style proportion'd to its worth,  
We raise it up, to shake the world again,  
To madness we shall turn heart-easing mirth,  
With horror laying waste the minds of men :  
O, marble is the flesh, unmqu'd can be,  
When it beholds so fearful tragedy!

---

I grieve to think, so often as I muse,  
Musing on sweet and bitter argument,  
How many souls posterity doth lose,  
In that they leave behind no monument :  
Souls, that have fed upon divinest thought,  
Yet lacking utt'rance of their music's store,  
To us, that breathe hereafter, are as nought,  
Or question'd but as names, that dwelt before :  
Were it sad chance, that them of fame bereft,  
Love, grief, or sickness, or resentful woe,  
Or abstinence or virtue made a theft  
Of that, which virtue to itself doth owe ;  
The cause unknown, their worth unwritten too,  
Let the world weep, for they are pity's due!

---

The nightingale is mute, and so art thou,  
Whose voice is sweeter than the nightingale :  
While ev'ry idle scholar makes a vow,  
Above thy worth and glory to prevail :  
Yet shall not envy to that level bring  
The true precedence, which is born in thee ;

Thou art no less the prophet of the Spring,  
 Though in the woods thy voice now silent be;  
 For silence may impair, but cannot kill  
 The music, that is native to thy soul;  
 Nor thy sweet mind, in this thy froward will,  
 Upon thy purest honour have controul:  
 But, since thou wilt not to our wishes sing,  
 This truth I speak, thou art of poets king.

The largest reign of silence yet hath sway  
 In beauty, which is music to the soul;  
 The lily hath no voice, yet shames the day;  
 Nay, the sweet air is liken'd in controul:  
 The silver Moon, more paler than desire,  
 That with unvoiced wheel doth climb on high,  
 In meditation's ear is as a quire,  
 That leads th' o'er-visioned Night along the sky:  
 All silence in it's pleasure hath a voice,  
 If balanc'd in the fine esteem of thought;  
 Then let dumb nature in that plea rejoice,  
 But be not thou to that dominion brought:  
 For speech in thee, some men's disparagement,  
 Thy purer gifts with glory shall augment.

In Parian marble of divinest price,  
 In fairest gems, in silver and in gold,  
 In flow'ry sweets, that have been steeped thrice  
 In Phœbus' beams, and now his image hold,  
 In fountains, and in woods, in beauteous meads,  
 In palaces of pomp, and love withal,  
 In scooped chariots, and in fiery steeds,  
 I am, indeed, most rich and prodigal!

The Sun cannot behold a greater lord,  
 Nor doth the eye of Jove survey a man,  
 Whose fortune can such boundless wealth afford,  
 E'er since the artificial world began :  
 Thy face, which faults Olympus, is to me  
 This orb'd World, and Nature's treasury!

## TO THE MUSE

Daughter of Jove, encircled by the Hours,  
 The warbling Spring comes dancing from the gate  
 Of Heaven, and, ripe in majesty and state,  
 Pours from her golden ewer the purpling flowers  
 On mead, on mountains, on the hallow'd marge  
 Of sacred rivers; and the Mermaid chants  
 The seas into a calm; and the wood-haunts  
 Of coy Diana echo all at large  
 With the smooth songs of Philomel : awake,  
 Daughter of Heaven, and blameless memory;  
 Put on thy flowery sandals, and uptake  
 Thy golden rod, beloved of the Sky!  
 And with a tongue, like vernal thunder, make  
 Virtue the heir of immortality! .

TO A BIRD THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS OF LAKEN  
IN THE WINTER.

O MELANCHOLY bird, a winter's day,  
 Thou standest by the margin of the pool;  
 And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school  
 To patience, which all evil can allay :  
 God has appointed thee the fish thy prey;  
 And giv'n thyself a lesson to the fool  
 Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,  
 And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.  
 There need not schools, nor the professor's chair,

Though these be good, true wisdom to impart :  
 He, who has not enough for these to spare,  
 Of time, or gold, may yet amend his heart,  
 And teach his soul by brooks and rivers fair :  
 Nature is always wise in every part.

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## ON BEHOLDING BODIHAM CASTLE,

ON THE BANK OF THE ROTHER, IN SUSSEX.

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O THOU, brave ruin of the passed time,  
 When glorious spirits shone in burning arms,  
 And the brave trumpet, with its sweet alarms,  
 Call'd *honour!* at the matin hour sublime,  
 And the grey ev'ning; thou hast had thy prime,  
 And thy full vigour, and the eating harms  
 Of age have robb'd thee of thy warlike charms,  
 And plac'd thee here, an image in my rhyme;  
 The owl now haunts thee, and, oblivion's plant,  
 The creeping ivy, has o'er-veil'd thy towers;  
 And Rother, looking up with eye askant,  
 Recalling to his mind thy brighter hours,  
 Laments the time, when, fair and elegant,  
 Beauty first laugh'd from out thy joyous bowers!

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# HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

## A LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE was born at Nottingham, March 21st, 1785. At a very early age his love of reading was decidedly manifested; it was a passion to which every thing else gave way. In 1791, he was sent to a reputable school in his native town, and at the age of fourteen was placed in a stocking loom. This employment, however, proved totally repugnant to his taste and inclinations; and by the exertions of his mother he was, in 1800, articled to a respectable attorney. Shortly after, he was admitted a member of the Nottingham Literary Society; and here he gave the first public display of the extraordinary endowments of his mind, in a lecture upon Genius, in which he spoke extempore for above two hours. He published a volume of poems at the close of the year 1803, the merit of which procured him the friendship and patronage of Southey, Capel Lofft, and several other lovers of literature, by whose advice and assistance he, in October, 1804, relinquished the profession of the law, and devoted himself entirely to study for a twelvemonth, preparatory to his entrance into Cambridge University. He was admitted a sizar of St. John's College, in 1805, where he was soon distinguished for his classical attainments. His intense application, however, had debilitated his constitution, and engendered an internal disorder, of which he died, October 19, 1806, a martyr to his ardour in the pursuit of knowledge.

His effusions breathe the pure spirit of poetry; he possessed a vigorous imagination, a correct critical judgment, and considerable fluency of thought and expression. If we may judge from the few productions which he left behind him, his genius was of the highest order, and he promised to be one of the brightest ornaments of British literature. C -- 1.

Kirke White is the André Chenier of England; not because the unfortunate poet was carried away by a political storm; but

he died a victim to his zeal for study at the age of one and twenty, with the same regret as A. Chenier, of not having been able to give full wing to his talents. This young poet, replete with fire and tenderness, had received, with the revelation of the secret favours with which the muse had endowed him, the presentiment of his approaching end. From the age of thirteen, Kirke White had measured the brevity of his days, and commenced the song of the dying Swan. It was to the grave he addressed his tenderest dreams of poetical renown. The flower which he sung and cherished with peculiar predilection was the rosemary, a plant which in England is placed in the coffins, and he invoked it to exhale its fugitive perfume in the solitude of his tomb. Imbued with these melancholy ideas, he saw nothing but God in the future, and translated psalms, as if for the purpose of exercising himself in joining his voice to that of the concert of angels; or he described his first sorrows, his first affections, his first games, while he associated these reflections to those of the caresses of his mother, or his little tribulations as a school-boy. From the earliest age the life of this world had only an ephemeral interest in his eyes; he saw nothing but God and Eternity. One is astonished to find so much elevation and elegance, so much philosophy and tender piety in the poems of so young a man. His poem entitled *Childhood*; composed at the age of thirteen, exhibits more than one graceful painting of which Goldsmith might have been jealous. The portrait of his old school-mistress is a counterpart to that of the schoolmaster in the *Deserted Village*.

So much imagination and susceptibility could not even suffer extinction in the office of an attorney, where the young poet was for some time articled, before he could obtain means of going to college at Oxford. The studies of the university exhausted his strength, and he died with the regret of not having completed his poem of the *Christiad*.

A.

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## SOLITUDE.

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IT is not that my lot is low  
That bids the silent tear to flow ;  
It is not this that makes me moan , —  
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,  
When the tir'd hedger hies him home ;  
Or by the woodland pool to rest,  
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,  
With hallowed airs and symphonies,  
My spirit takes another tone,  
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is scar and dead,  
It floats upon the water's bed;  
I would not be a leaf, to die  
Without recording sorrow's sigh !

The woods and winds, with sullen wail,  
Tell all the same unvaried tale ;  
I've none to smile when I am free,  
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,  
That thinks on me, and loves me too ;  
I start, and when the vision's flown,  
I weep that I am all alone.

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## TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

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SWEET-SCENTED Flower! wont to bloom  
On January's front severe,  
And o'er the wintry desert drear  
    To waft thy waste perfume!  
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,  
And I will bind thee round my brow;  
And as I twine the mournful wreath,  
I'll weave a melancholy song;  
And sweet the strain shall be, and long,  
    The melody of death!

Come, funeral flower! who lov'st to dwell  
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,  
And throw across the desert gloom  
    A sweet decaying smell!  
Come, press my lips, and lie with me  
Beneath the lowly alder tree :  
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,  
And not a care shall dare intrude  
To break the marble solitude,  
    So peaceful and so deep.

And hark! the wind-god as he flies,  
Moans hollow in the forest trees,  
And, sailing on the gusty breeze,  
    Mysterious music dies.  
Sweet flower, that requiem wild is mine,  
It warns me to the lonely shrine,

The cold turf-altar of the dead :  
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,  
Where, as I lie by all forgot,  
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

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## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

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WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky;  
One star alone, of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring-eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from every gem;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud—the night was dark.  
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd  
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;  
When suddenly a star arose,  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,  
It bade my dark forebodings cease;  
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd — my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 For ever and for evermore,  
 The Star! — The Star of Bethlehem!

FROM "TIME," A POEM.

THE Night's my friend, my mistress, and my theme,  
 And she shall aid me *now* to magnify  
 The night of ages. Now when the pale ray  
 Of star-light penetrates the studious gloom,  
 And at my window seated, — while mankind  
 Are lock'd in sleep, I feel the freshening breeze  
 Of stillness blow, while, in her saddest stole,  
*Thought*, like a wakeful vestal at her shrine,  
 Assumes her wonted sway.

Behold! the world  
 Rests, and her tired inhabitants have paused  
 From trouble and turmoil. The widow now  
 Has ceased to weep, and her twin orphans lie  
 Lock'd in each arm, partakers of her rest.  
 The man of sorrow has forgot his woes;  
 The outcast that his head is shelterless,  
 His griefs unshared. — The mother tends no more  
 Her daughter's dying slumbers, but surprised  
 With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch,  
 Dreams of her bridals. Even the hectic, lull'd  
 On Death's lean arm to rest, in visions wrapt,  
 Crowning with Hope's bland wreath his shuddering nurse,  
 Poor victim! smiles. Silence and deep repose  
 Reign o'er the nations; and the warning voice

Of Nature utters audibly within  
The general moral — tells us that repose,  
Death-like as this, but of far longer span,  
Is coming on us — that the weary crowds,  
Who now enjoy a temporary calm,  
Shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapt around  
With grave-clothes; and their aching restless heads  
Mouldering in holes and corners unobserved,  
Till the last trump shall break their sullen sleep.  
Who needs a teacher to admonish him  
That flesh is grass? — that earthly things are mist?  
What are our joys but dreams? and what our hopes  
But goodly shadows in the summer cloud?  
There's not a wind that blows, but bears with it  
Some rainbow promise; — not a moment flies  
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,  
And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.

'Tis but as yesterday since on yon stars  
Which now I view, the Chaldee shepherd gazed,  
In his mid-watch observant, and disposed  
The twinkling hosts as fancy gave them shapes:  
Yet in the interim what mighty shocks  
Have buffeted mankind! whole nations razed, —  
Cities made desolate, — the polish'd sunk  
To barbarism, and once barbaric states  
Swaying the wand of science and of arts;  
Illustrious deeds and memorable names  
Blotted from record, and upon the tongue  
Of grey tradition, voluble no more.

Where are the heroes of the ages past?  
Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones  
Who flourish'd in the infancy of days?  
All to the grave gone down. On their fall'n fame

Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,  
 Sits grim Forgetfulness. — The warrior's arm  
 Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;  
 Hush'd 'is his stormy voice, and quench'd the blaze  
 Of his red eye-ball. — Yesterday his name  
 Was mighty on the earth : To-day, 'tis what?  
 The meteor of the night of distant years,  
 That flash'd unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld  
 Musing at midnight upon prophecies,  
 Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam  
 Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly  
 Closed her pale lips, and lock'd the secret up  
 Safe in the charnel's treasures. —

O how weak  
 Is mortal man ! how trifling — how confin'd  
 His scope of vision ! — Puff'd with confidence,  
 His phrase grows big with immortality,  
 And he, poor insect of a summer's day,  
 Dreams of eternal honours to his name,  
 Of endless glory, and perennial bays,  
 He idly reasons of eternity,  
 As of the train of ages, — when, alas !  
 Ten thousand thousand of his centuries  
 Are, in comparison, a little point,  
 Too trivial for account. — O it is strange,  
 'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies :  
 Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,  
 Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,  
 And smile and say, " My name shall live with this  
 Till time shall be no more ; " — while at his feet,  
 Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust  
 Of the fall'n fabric of the other day,  
 Preaches the solemn lesson. — He should know,  
 That Time must conquer : That the loudest blast

That ever fill'd Renown's obstreperous trump,  
Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.  
Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom  
Of the gigantic pyramid? or who  
Rear'd its high walls? — Oblivion laughs and says,  
“The prey is mine.” — They sleep, and never more  
Their names shall strike upon the ear of man;  
Their memory burst its fetters.

Where is Rome?

She lives but in the tale of other times;  
Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home;  
And her long colonnades, her public walks,  
Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet,  
Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,  
Thro' the rank moss reveal'd, her honour'd dust.

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# BARRY CORNWALL.

## ESSAY ON THE POETRY PUBLISHED UNDER THE FICTITIOUS NAME OF BARRY CORNWALL. <sup>1</sup>

A good imitation of what is excellent, is generally preferable to original mediocrity : — and the author before us is a very good imitator — and unquestionably, for the most part, of very good models. His style is chiefly moulded, and his versification modulated on the pattern of Shakespeare, and the other dramatists of that glorious age, — particularly Marlow, Beaumont and Fletcher and Massinger. He has also copied something from Milton and Ben Jonson, and the amorous Cavaliers of the usurpation — and then passing disdainfully over all the intermediate writers, has flung himself fairly into the arms of Lord Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Leigh Hunt. — This may be thought, perhaps, rather a violent transition ; and likely to lead to something of an incongruous mixture. But the materials really harmonize very tolerably.

Mr. Cornwall is himself a poet — and one of no mean rate ; — and not being a maker of parodies or centos, he does not imitate by indiscriminately caricaturing the prominent peculiarities of his models, or crowding together their external or mechanical characteristics — but merely disciplines his own genius in the school of theirs — and tinges the creatures of his fancy with the colouring which glows in theirs. Mr. Cornwall does not meddle with the thunders and lightnings of the mighty poets ; it is the tender, the sweet, and the fanciful only, that he aspires to copy — the girlish innocence and lovely sorrow of Juliet, Imogen, Perdita, or Viola — the enchanted solitude of Prospero and his daughter — the ethereal loves and jealousies of Oberon and Titania, and those other magical scenes, all perfumed with love and poetry, and breathing the spirit of a celestial spring, which lie scattered in every part of Shakespeare's writings. — The genius of Fletcher, perhaps, is more akin to Mr. Cornwall's

<sup>1</sup> Barry Cornwall's poetical works, 3 v. 12mo. Diego de Montilla, a Sicilian story, etc.

muse of imitation, than the soaring and "extravagant spirit" of Shakespeare; and we think we can trace, in more places than one, the impression which his fancy has received from the patient suffering and sweet desolation of Aspatia, in the *Maid's tragedy*. It is the youthful Milton only that he has presumed to copy — the Milton of Lycidas and Comus, and the Arcades, and the seraphic Hymns — not the lofty and austere Milton of the Paradise. From B. Jonson, we think, he has imitated some of those exquisite songs and lyrical pieces that lie buried in the rubbish of his masks, and which continued to be the models for all such writings down to the period of the restoration. There are no traces, we think, of Dryden, or Pope, or Young, — or of any body else indeed, till we come down to Lord Byron, and our other tuneful contemporaries. — From what we have already said, it will be understood that Mr. Cornwall has not thought of imitating all Lord Byron, any more than all Shakespeare. He leaves untouched the mockery and misanthropy, as well as much of the force and energy of the noble Lord's poetry — and betakes himself only to its deep sense of beauty, and the grace and tenderness that are so often and so strangely interwoven with those less winning characteristics. — It is the poetry of Manfred, of Parisina, of Haidée and Thyrsa, that he aims at copying, and not the higher and more energetic tone of the Corsair, or Childe Harold, or Don Juan. — There is in Mr. Cornwall's poetry a great deal of the diction of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and some imitation of their beauties: but we think the natural bent of his genius is more like that of Leigh Hunt than any other author. — But he has better taste and better judgment — or, what perhaps is but saying the same thing, he has less affectation, and far less conceit.

He has scarcely any other affectation, indeed, than is almost necessarily implied in a sedulous imitator of difficult models — and no visible conceit at all. On the contrary, we cannot help supposing him to be a very natural and amiable person, who has taken to write poetry, more for the love he bears it, than the fame to which it may raise him — who cares nothing for the sects and factions into which the poetical world may be divided — but regarding himself as a debtor to every writer who has given him pleasure, desires nothing better than to range freely over the whole Parnassian garden, "stealing and giving odour" with a free spirit and a grateful and joyous heart.

ED. REV.

## THE FLOOD.

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MORN came : but that broad light which hung so long  
In heaven, forsook the showering firmament. —  
The clouds went floating on their fatal way.  
Rivers had grown to seas : the great sea, swoln  
Too mighty for his bound, broke on the land,  
Roaring and rushing, and each flat and plain  
Devoured. Upon the mountains now were seen  
Gaunt men, and women hungering with their babes,  
Eying each other, or with marble looks  
Measuring the space beneath swift-lessening.  
At times a swimmer from some distant rock  
Less high, came struggling with the waves, but sank  
Back from the slippery soil. Pale mothers then  
Wept without hope; and aged heads, struck cold  
By agues, trembled like red autumn leaves;  
And infants moaned and young boys shrieked with fear.  
Stout men grew white with famine. Beautiful girls,  
Whom once the day languished to look on, lay  
On the wet earth and wrung their drenched hair;  
And fathers saw them there, dying, and stole  
Their scanty fare, and while they perished thrived.  
Then Terror died, and Grief, and proud Despair,  
Rage and Remorse, infinite Agony,  
Love in its thousand shapes, weak and sublime,  
Birth-strangled; and strong Passion perished.  
The young, the old, weak, wise, the bad, the good  
Fell on their faces, struck, — whilst over them  
Washed the wild waters in their clamorous march.

Still fell the flooding rains. Great Ossa stood  
 Lone, like a peering Alp, when vapours shroud  
 Its sides, unshaken in the restless waves;  
 But from the weltering deeps Pelion rose  
 And shook his piny forehead at the clouds,  
 Moaning; and crown'd Olympus all his snows  
 Lost from his hundred heads, and shrink aghast.  
 Day, Eve, Night, Morning came and passed away.  
 No Sun was known to rise, and none to set :  
 'Stead of its glorious beams a sickly light  
 Paled the broad East what time the day is born :  
 At others a thick mass vaporous and black,  
 And firm like solid marble, roofed the sky;  
 Yet gave no shelter.

———— Still the ravenous wolf  
 Howled, and wild foxes and the household dog  
 Grown wild, upon the mountains fought and fed  
 Each on the other. The great Eagle still  
 In his home brooded, inaccessible,  
 Or, when the gloomy morning seemed to break,  
 Floated in silence o'er the shoreless seas.  
 Still the quick snake unclasped its glittering eyes,  
 Or shivering hung about the roots of pines;  
 And still all round the vultures flew, and watched  
 The tumbling waters thick with bird and beast;  
 Or, dashing in the midst their ravenous beaks,  
 Plundered the screaming billows of their dead.

———— Still the ruin fell :  
 No pity, no relapse, no hope : — The world  
 Was vanishing like a dream. Lightning and Storm,  
 Thunder and deluging rain, now yexed the air  
 To madness, and the riotous winds laughed out  
 Like Bacchanals, whose cups some god has charmed.  
 Beneath the headlong torrents towns and towers

Fell down, temples all stone, and brazen shrines;  
And piles of marble, palace and pyramid  
(Kings' homes or towering graves) in a breath were swept  
Crumbling away. Masses of ground and trees  
Uptorn and floating, hollow rocks brute-crammed,  
Vast herds and bleating flocks, reptiles, and beasts  
Bellowing, and vainly with the choking waves  
Struggling, were hurried out, — but none returned:  
All on the altar of the giant Sea  
Offered, like twice ten thousand hecatombs,  
Whose blood allays the burning wrath of gods.

## A VISION.

THE night was gloomy. Through the skies of June  
Rolled the eternal moon,  
Midst dark and heavy clouds, that bore  
A shadowy likeness to those fabled things  
That sprung of old from man's imaginings.  
Each seem'd a fierce reality: some wore  
The forms of sphinx and hippogriff, or seemed  
Nourished among the wonders of the deep,  
And wilder than the poet ever dream'd:  
And there were cars—steeds with their proud necks bent,  
Tower, and temple, and broken continent:  
And all, as upon a sea,  
In the blue ether floated silently.  
I lay upon my bed, and sank to sleep:  
And then I fancied that I rode upon  
The waters, and had power to call  
Up people who had lived in ages gone,

And scenes and stories half forgot, and all  
That on my young imagination  
Had come like fairy visions, and departed.  
And ever by me a broad current passed  
Slowly, from which at times up started  
Dim scenes and ill-defined shapes. At last  
I bade the billows render up their dead,  
And all their wild inhabitants; and I  
Summoned the spirits who perished,  
Or took their stations in the starry sky,  
When Jove himself bowed his Saturnian head  
Before the One Divinity.

First, I saw a landscape fair  
Towering in the clear blue air,  
Like Ida's woody summits and sweet fields,  
Where all that Nature yields  
Flourishes. Three proud shapes were seen,  
Standing upon the green,  
Like Olympian queens descended.  
One was unadorned, and one  
Wore her golden tresses bound  
With simple flowers; the third was crowned,  
And from amidst her raven hair,  
Like stars, imperial jewels shone.  
— Not one of those figures divine  
But might have sate in Juno's chair,  
And smil'd in great equality  
On Jove, though the blue skies were shaken;  
Or, with superior aspect, taken  
From Hebe's hand Nectarean wine.  
And that Dardanian boy was there  
Whom pale Ænone loved : his hair  
Was black, and curled his temples 'round;

His limbs were free and forehead fair,  
 And as he stood on rising ground,  
 And back his dark locks proudly tossed,  
 A shepherd youth he looked, but trod  
 On the green-sward like a god;  
 Most like Apollo when he played  
 ('Fore Midas, ) in the Phrygian shade,  
 With Pan, and to the Sylvan lost.

And now from out the watery floor  
 A city rose, and well she wore  
 Her beauty, and stupendous walls,  
 And towers that touched the stars, and halls  
 Pillar'd with whitest marble, whence  
 Palace on lofty palace sprung;  
 And over all rich gardens hung,  
 Where, amongst silver waterfalls,  
 Cedars and spice-trees and green bowers,  
 And sweet winds playing with all the flowers  
 Of Persia and of Araby,  
 Walked princely shapes : some with an air  
 Like warriors, some like ladies fair  
 Listening, and, amidst all, the king  
 Nebuchadnezzar rioting  
 In supreme magnificence.  
 — This was famous Babylon.

That glorious vision passed on,  
 And then I heard the laurel-branches sigh,  
 That still grow where the bright-ey'd muses walk'd :  
 And Pelion shook his piny locks, and talked,  
 Mournfully to the fields of Thessaly.  
 And there I saw, piercing the deep blue sky,  
 And radiant with his diadem of snow,  
 Crowned Olympus : and the hills below

Looked like inferior spirits tending round  
His pure supremacy ; and a sound  
Went rolling onwards through the sunny calm ,  
As if immortal voices then had spoken ,  
And , with rich noises , broken  
The silence which that holy place had bred.  
I knelt — and as I knelt , haply in token  
Of thanks , there fell a honeyed shower of balm ;  
And the imperial mountain bowed his hoary head.

And then came one who on the Nubian sands  
Perish'd for love ; and with him the wanton queen  
Egyptian , in her state was seen ;  
And how she smil'd , and kissed his willing hands ,  
And said she would not love , and swore to die ,  
And laughed upon the Roman Antony.  
Oh , matchless Cleopatra ! never since  
Has one , and never more  
Shall one like thee tread on the Egypt shore ,  
Or lavish such royal magnificence :  
Never shall one laugh , love , or die like thee ,  
Or own so sweet a witchery :  
And , brave Mark Antony , that thou could'st give  
Half the wide world to live  
With that enchantress , did become thee well ;  
For Love is wiser than Ambition. —  
Queen and thou , lofty triumvir , fare ye well.

And then I heard the sullen waters roar ,  
And saw them cast their surf upon the strand ,  
And then rebounding toward some far-seen land ,  
They washed and washed its melancholy shore :  
And the terrific spirits , bred  
In the sea-caverns , moved by those fierce jars ,  
Rose up like giants from their watery bed ,

And shook their silver hair against the stars  
 Then, bursts like thunder — joyous outcries wild —  
 Sounds as from trumpets, and from drums,  
 And music, like the lulling noise that comes  
 From nurses when they hush their charge to sleep,  
 Came in confusion from the deep.  
 Methought one told me that a child  
 Was that night unto the great Neptune born;  
 And then old Triton blew his curled horn,  
 And the Leviathan lashed the foaming seas,  
 And the wanton Nereides  
 Came up like phantoms from their coral halls,  
 And laughed and sung like tipsy Bacchanals,  
 Till all the fury of the Ocean broke  
 Upon my ear. — I trembled and awoke.

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## A S O N G.

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LIE silent now, my lyre,  
 For all thy master's fire  
 Is gone. — It vanish'd like the summer sun.  
 Brightly the passion rose,  
 And, till it's turbulent close,  
 It shone as bright; though all he wished was won.

Deem me not false, ye fair,  
 Who, with your golden hair  
 And soft eyes chain man's heart to yours : the deer  
 Thus bound by beauty's chain  
 Wanders not again :  
 Prisoner to love, like me — never to fear.

She whom I loved has ~~died~~ ;  
And now with the lost dead  
I rank her; and the heart that loved her so,  
( But could not bear her pride, )  
In its own cell hath died ,  
And turn'd to dust, — but this she shall not know.

'Twould please her did she think  
That my poor frame did shrink ,  
And waste and wither; and that love's own light  
Did blast its temple, where  
'Twas worshipped many a year;  
Veil'd ( like some holy thing ) from human sight.

Oh ! had you seen her when  
She languished, and the men  
From the dark glancing of her fringed eye  
Turned, but returned again  
To mark the winding vein  
Steal tow'rd her marbled bosom silently.

What matters this ? — thou Lyre;  
Nothing shall e'er inspire  
Thy master to rehearse those songs again :  
She whom he loved is gone ,  
And he, now left alone ,  
Sings, when he sings of love, in vain, in vain.

---

## TO A CHILD.

---

Fairest of earth's creatures !  
All thy innocent features

Moulded in beauty do become thee well.  
 Oh ! may thy future years  
 Be free from pains and fears,  
 False love, and others envy, and the guile  
 That lurks beneath a friendlike smile,  
 And all the various ills that dwell  
 In this so strange compounded world; and may  
 Thy look be like the skies of May,  
 Supremely soft and clear,  
 With, now, and then, a tear  
 For joy, or others sorrows, not thy own;  
 And may thy sweet voice,  
 Like a stream afar,  
 Flow in perpetual music, and its tone  
 Be joyful, and bid all who hear rejoice.  
 And may thy bright eye, like a star,  
 Shine sweet, and cheer the hearts that love thee,  
 And take in all the beauty of the flowers,  
 Deep woods and running brooks, and the rich sights  
 Which thou may'st note above thee  
 At noontide, or on interlunar night,  
 Or when blue Iris, after showers,  
 Bends her cerulean bow, and seems to rest  
 On some distant mountain's breast,  
 Surpassing all the shapes that lie  
 Haunting the sunset of an autumn sky.

---

## SONNET.

•  
IMAGINATION.

Oh, for that winged steed, Bellerophon !  
 That Pallas gave thee in her infinite grace,

And love for innocence, when thou didst face  
 The treble-shaped Chimæra: But he is gone  
 That struck the sparkling stream from Helicon,  
 And never hath one risen in his place,  
 Stamped with the features of that mighty race.  
 Yet wherefore grieve I — seeing how easily  
 The plumed spirit may its journey take  
 Through yon blue regions of the middle air;  
 And note all things below that own a grace,  
 Mountain, and cataract, and silent lake,  
 And wander in the fields of poesy,  
 Where avarice never comes, and seldom care.

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## CONCLUSION OF THE FALCON;

### A DRAMATIC SCENE.

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GIANA! *my* Giana! we will have  
 Nothing but halcyon days: Oh! we will live  
 As happily as the bees that hive their sweets,  
 And gaily as the summer fly, but wiser:  
 I'll be thy servant ever, yet not so.  
 Oh! my own love, divinest, best, I'll be  
 Thy sun of life, faithful through every season,  
 And thou shalt be my flower perennial,  
 My bud of beauty, my imperial rose,  
 My passion flower, and I will wear thee on  
 My heart, and thou shalt never fade.  
 I'll love thee mightily, my queen, and in  
 The sultry hours I'll sing thee to thy rest  
 With music sweeter than the wild birds' song:

And I will swear thine eyes are like the stars,  
 (They are, they are, but softer) and thy shape  
 Fine as the vaunted nymphs who, poets feign'd,  
 Dwelt long ago in woods of Arcady.

My gentle deity! I'll crown thee with  
 The whitest lilies and then bow me down  
 Love's own idolater, and worship thee.  
 And thou *will* then be mine? my love, love!  
 How fondly will we pass our lives together;  
 And wander, heart-link'd, thro' the busy world  
 Like birds in eastern story.

GIA. Oh! you rave.

FRED. I'll be a miser of thee; watch thee ever :  
 At morn, at noon, at eve, and all the night.  
 We will have clocks that with their silver chime  
 Shall measure out the moments : and I'll mark  
 The time, and keep love's pleasant calendar.  
 To day I'll note a smile : to-morrow hew  
 Your bright eyes spoke — how saucily; and then  
 Record a kiss pluck'd from your currant lip,  
 And say how long 'twas taking : then, thy voice  
 As rich as stringed harp swept by the winds  
 In autumn, gentle as the touch that falls  
 On serenader's moonlit instrument —  
 Nothing shall pass unheeded. Thou shalt be  
 My household goddess — nay smile not, nor shake  
 Backwards thy clustering curls, incredulous :  
 I swear it shall be so : it shall, my love.

GIA. Why, now thou'rt mad indeed : mad.

FRED. Oh! not so.

There was a statuary once who lov'd  
 And worshipped the white marble that he shaped;  
 Till, as the story goes, the Cyprus' queen,  
 Or some such fine kind-hearted deity,

Touch'd the pale stone with life, and it became  
 At last, Pygmalion's bride : but thee — on whom  
 Nature had lavish'd all her wealth before,  
 Now love has touch'd with beauty : doubly fit  
 For human worship thou, thou — let me pause,  
 My breath is gone.

GIA. With talking.

FRED. With delight.

But I may worship thee in silence, still.

GIA. The evening's dark ; now I must go : farewell  
 Until to-morrow.

FRED. Oh ! not yet, not yet.  
 Behold ! the moon is up, the bright ey'd moon,  
 And seems to shed her soft delicious light  
 On lovers reunited. Why, she smiles,  
 And bids you tarry : will you disobey  
 The lady of the sky ? beware.

GIA. Farewell.

Nay, nay, I must go.

FRED. We will go together.

GIA. It must not be to-night : my servants wait  
 My coming at the fisher's cottage.

FRED. Yet,  
 A few more words, and then I'll part with thee,  
 For one long night : to-morrow bid me come  
 (Thou hast already with thine eyes) and bring  
 My load of love and lay it at thy feet.

— Oh ! ever while these floating orbs look bright,  
 Shalt thou to me be a sweet guiding light.

Once, the Chaldean from his topmost tower  
 Did watch the stars, and then assert their power

Throughout the world : so, dear Giana, I  
 Will vindicate my own idolatry.

And in the beauty and the spell that lies

In the dark azure of thy love-lit eyes;  
 In the clear veins that wind thy neck beside,  
 Till in the white depths of thy breast they hide,  
 And in thy polish'd forehead, and thy hair  
 Heap'd in thick tresses on thy shoulders fair;  
 In thy calm dignity; thy modest sense;  
 In thy most soft and winning eloquence;  
 In woman's gentleness and love (now bent  
 On me, so poor) shall lie my argument.

---

## ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

---

O thou vast Ocean! ever sounding sea!  
 Thou symbol of a dread immensity!  
 Thou thing that windest round the solid world  
 Like a huge animal, which, downward hurl'd  
 From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,  
 Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.  
 Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep  
 Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.  
 Thou speakest in the east and in the west  
 At once, and on thy heavily laden breast  
 Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life  
 Or motion yet are moved and meet in strife.  
 The earth hath nought of this: no chance nor change  
 Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare  
 Give answer to the tempest-waken air;  
 But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range  
 At will, and wound its bosom as they go:  
 Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow;  
 But to their stated rounds the seasons come,

And pass like visions to their viewless home,  
 And come again, and vanish : the young spring  
 Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,  
 And winter always winds his sullen horn,  
 When the wild autumn with a look forlorn  
 Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies  
 Weep, and flowers sicken when the summer flies.  
 — Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,  
 A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,  
 When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,  
 A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds  
 Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven  
 Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,  
 How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,  
 And stretch thine arms, and war at once with heaven.

Thou trackless and immeasurable main!  
 On thee no record ever lived again  
 To meet the hand that writ it : line nor lead  
 Hath ever fathomed thy profoundest deeps,  
 Where haply the huge monster swells and sleeps,  
 King of his watery limit, who, 'tis said,  
 Can move the mighty ocean into storm —  
 Oh! wonderful thou art, great element :  
 And fearful in thy sullen humours bent,  
 And lovely in repose : thy summer form  
 Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves  
 Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,  
 I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,  
 Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,  
 And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach —  
 " Eternity, eternity, and power."

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## THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

SCENE : *The Vale of Enna.*

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PROSERPINE, VIRGINS.

PROSER. Now come and sit around me,  
 And I'll divide the flowers, and give to each —  
 What most becomes her beauty. What a vale  
 Is this of Enna! every thing that comes  
 From the green earth, springs here more graciously;  
 And the blue day, methinks, smiles lovelier now  
 Than it was wont, even in Sicily.  
 My spirit mounts as triumphing, and my heart,  
 In which the red blood hides, seems tumulted  
 By some delicious passion. Look, above,  
 Above — how nobly through the cloudless sky  
 The great Apollo goes! — Jove's radiant son —  
 My father's son : and here, below, the bosom  
 Of the green earth is almost hid by flowers.  
 Who would be sad to-day! come round, and cast  
 Each one her odorous heap from out her lap,  
 Into one pile. Some we'll divide amongst us,  
 And, for the rest, we'll fling them to the hours;  
 So may Aurora's path become more fair,  
 And we be blest in giving.

Here — this rose

( This one half blown ) shall be my Maia's portion,  
 For that like it her blush is beautiful :  
 And this deep violet, almost as blue  
 As Pallas' eye, or thine, Lycimnia,

I'll give to thee; for like thyself it wears  
Its sweetness, never obtruding. For this lily,  
Where can it hang but at Cyane's breast?  
And yet 'twill wither on so white a bed,  
If flowers have sense for envy : — It shall lie  
Amongst thy raven tresses, Cytheris,  
Like one star on the bosom of the night.  
The cowslip, and the yellow primrose, — they  
Are gone, my sad Leontia, to their graves;  
And April hath wept o'er them, and the voice  
Of March hath sung, even before their deaths,  
The dirge of those young children of the year.  
But here is heart's-ease for your woes. And now,  
The honeysuckle flower I give to thee,  
And love it for my sake, my own Cyane :  
It hangs upon the stem it loves, as thou  
Hast clung to me, thro' every joy and sorrow;  
It flourishes with its guardian's growth, as thou dost;  
And if the woodman's axe should droop the tree,  
The woodbine too must perish. — Hark! what sound—  
Do ye see aught?

## CHORUS.

Behold, behold, Proserpina!  
Dark clouds from out the earth arise,  
And wing their way towards the skies,  
As they would veil the burning blush of day,  
And, look! upon a rolling car,  
Some fearful being from afar  
Comes onward. As he moves along the ground,  
A dull and subterranean sound  
Companions him; and from his face doth shine,  
Proclaiming him divine,  
A light that darkens all the vale around.

## SEMICHORUS (Cyane).

'Tis he, 'tis he : he comes to us  
 From the depths of Tartarus.  
 For what of evil doth he roam  
 From his red and gloomy home,  
 In the centre of the world,  
 Where the sinful dead are hurled?  
 Mark him as he moves along  
 Drawn by horses black and strong,  
 Such as may belong to night  
 Ere she takes her morning flight.  
 Now the chariot stops : the god  
 On our grassy world hath trod :  
 Like a Titan steppeth he,  
 Yet full of his divinity.  
 On his mighty shoulders lie  
 Raven locks, and in his eye  
 A cruel beauty, such as none  
 Of us may wisely look upon.

PROSER. He comes indeed. How like a god he looks!  
 Terribly lovely — shall I shun his eye,  
 Which even here looks brightly beautiful?  
 What a wild leopard glance he has. — I am  
 Love's daughter, and shall I then deign to fly?  
 I will not : yet, methinks, I fear to stay.  
 Come, let us go, Cyane.

(PLUTO enters.)

PLUTO. Stay, oh! stay.  
 Proserpina, Proserpina, I come  
 From my Tartarean kingdom to behold you.  
 The brother of Jove am I. I come to say  
 Gently, beside this blue Sicilian stream,  
 How much I love you, fair Proserpina.



Like honey, roofing o'er his tongue.  
 But think of all thy mother's glory—  
 Of her love—of every story  
 Of the cruel Pluto told,  
 And which grey Tradition old,  
 With all its weight of grief and crime,  
 Hath plucked from out the grave of time.  
 Once again I bid thee flee,  
 Daughter of great Cybele.

PROSPER. You are too harsh, Cyane.

PLUTO. Oh! my love,  
 Fairer than the white Naiad — fairer far  
 Than aught on earth, and fair as aught in heaven:  
 Hear me, Proserpina!

PROSER. Away, away.

I'll not believe you. What a cunning tongue  
 He has, Cyane; has he not? — Away.  
 Can the gods flatter?

PLUTO. By my burning throne!  
 I love you, sweetest: I will make you queen  
 Of my great kingdom. One third of the world  
 Shall you reign over, my Proserpina;  
 And you shall rank as high as any she,  
 Save one, within the starry court of Jove.

PROSER. Will you be true?

PLUTO. I swear it. By myself! —  
 Come then, my bride.

PROSER. Speak thou again, my friend.  
 Speak, harsh Cyane, in a harsher voice,  
 And bid me not believe him. Ah! you droop  
 Your head in silence.

PLUTO. Come, my brightest queen!

Come, beautiful Proserpina, and see  
The regions over which your husband reigns;  
His palaces, and radiant treasures, which  
Mock and outstrip all fable; his great power,  
Which the living own, and wandering ghosts obey,  
And all the elements. — Oh! you shall sit  
On my illuminated throne, and be  
A queen indeed; and round your forehead shall run  
Circlets of gems, as bright as those which bind  
The brows of Juno on heav'n's festal nights,  
When all the gods assemble, and bend down  
In homage before Jove.

PROSER. Speak out, Cyane!

PLUTO. But, above all, in my heart shall you reign  
Supreme, a goddess and a queen indeed,  
Without a rival. Oh! and you shall share  
My subterranean power, and sport upon  
The fields Elysian, where, 'midst softest sounds,  
And odours springing from immortal flowers,  
And mazy rivers, and eternal groves  
Of bloom and beauty, the good spirits walk:  
And you shall take your station in the skies  
Nearest the queen of heaven, and with her hold  
Celestial talk, and meet Jove's tender smile,  
So beautiful —

PROSER. Away, away, away.

Nothing but force shall ever — Ah! away —  
I'll not believe — fool that I am to smile!  
Come round me, virgins. Am I then betrayed?  
O fraudulent king!

PLUTO. No, by this kiss, and this:  
I am your own, my love, and you are mine  
For ever and for ever. — Weep Cyane.

## CHORUS.

They are gone, afar — afar :  
 Like the shooting of a star,  
 See, — their chariot fades away.  
 Farewell; lost Proserpina.

(Cyane is gradually transformed.)

But, ah! what frightful change is here?  
 Cyane, raise your eyes, and hear!  
 We call thee, — vainly; on the ground  
 She sinks, without a single sound,  
 And all her garments float around.  
 Again, again, she rises, — light;  
 Her head is like a fountain bright,  
 And her glossy ringlets fall,  
 With a murmur musical,  
 O'er her shoulders, like a river  
 That rushes and escapes for ever.  
 —Is the fair Cyane gone?  
 And is this fountain left alone  
 For a sad remembrance, where  
 We may in after times repair,  
 With heavy heart, and weeping eye,  
 To sing songs to her memory?

Oh! then farewell : and now with hearts that mourn  
 Deeply, to Dian's temple will we go :  
 But ever on this day we will return,  
 Constant to mark Cyane's fountain flow :  
 And happy, — for among us who can know  
 The secrets written on the scrolls of fate?  
 A day may come, when we may cease our woe;  
 And she, redeemed at last from Pluto's hate,  
 Rise in her beauty old, pure, and regenerate.

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## THE LAST SONG.

MUST it be? — then farewell,  
Thou whom my woman's heart cherished so long:  
Farewell, and be this song  
The last, wherein I say "I loved thee well."  
Many a weary strain  
(Never yet heard by thee) hath this poor breath  
Uttered, of love and death.  
And maiden grief, hidden and chid in vain.  
Oh! if, in after years,  
The tale that I am dead shall touch thy heart,  
Bid not the pain depart;  
But shed, over my grave, a few sad tears.  
Think of me — still so young,  
Silent, tho' fond, who cast my life away,  
Daring to disobey  
The passionate spirit that around me clung.  
Farewell again; and yet,  
Must it indeed be so — and on this shore  
Shall you and I no more  
Together see the sun of the summer set?  
For me, my days are gone:  
No more shall I, in vintage times, prepare  
Chaplets to bind my hair,  
As I was wont: oh 'twas for you alone.  
But on my bier I'll lay  
Me down in frozen beauty, pale and wan,  
Martyr of love to man,  
And, like a broken flower, gently decay.

# JOHN KEATS.'

## AN ESSAY ON KEATS'S POETRY.

THIS poet died of a consumption, some years ago, still a very young man, and his whole works, indeed, bear evidence enough of the fact. They are full of extravagance and irregularity, rash attempts at originality, and interminable wanderings. 'Twas reported by his friends he died of a broken heart at Rome, and the Quarterly review was his murderer. But if the articles of this literary despot are sometimes over-malignant, they don't suffice to kill an author, as, in another sense, the friends who are immortalized by the Review's partial puffing don't always live very long. J. Keats was an imitator of the older writers and especially of the older dramatists; his poems, according to the more indulgent criticism of the Edinburgh review, are as full of genius as of absurdity: "they are flushed all over with the rich light of fancy and so bestrewn with the flowers of poetry, that even while perplexed and bewildered in their labyrinths, it is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness." We will quote another passage of the article concerning Keats:

"There is something very curious too, in the way in which Keats, and Mr. Barry Cornwall also, have dealt with the Pagan mythology, of which they have made so much use in their poetry. Instead of presenting its imaginary persons under the trite and vulgar traits that belong to them in the ordinary systems, little more is borrowed from them than the general conception of their conditions and relations; and an original character and distinct individuality is bestowed upon them, which has all the merit of invention, and all the grace and attraction of the fictions on which it is engrafted. The antients, though they probably did not stand in any great awe of their deities, have yet abstained very much from any minute or dramatic representation of their feelings and affections. In Hesiod and Homer, they are coarsely delineated by some of their actions and adventures, and introduced to us merely as

' He has published *Endymion*, — the *Eve of St. Agnes*, and other poems.

the agents in those particular transactions; while in the Hymns, from those ascribed to Orpheus and Homer, down to those of Callimachus, we have little but pompous epithets and invocations, with a flattering commemoration of their most famous exploits — and are never allowed to enter into their bosoms, or follow out the train of their feelings, with the presumption of our human sympathy. Except the love-song of the Cyclops to his Sea Nymph in Theocritus, — the lamentation of Venus for Adonis in Moschus — and the more recent Legend of Apuleius, we scarcely recollect a passage in all the writings of antiquity in which the passions of an immortal are fairly disclosed to the scrutiny and observation of men. The author before us, however, and some of his contemporaries, have dealt differently with the subject; — and, sheltering the violence of the fiction under the ancient traditionary fable, have created and imagined an entire new set of characters, and brought closely and minutely before us the loves and sorrows and perplexities of beings, with whose names and supernatural attributes we had long been familiar, without any sense or feeling of their personal character. We have more than doubts of the fitness of such personages to maintain a permanent interest with the modern public; — but the way in which they are here managed, certainly gives them the best chance that now remains for them; and, at all events, it cannot be denied that the effect is striking and graceful.”

P. B. Shelley was very partial to John Keats and sung his death in an elegy entitled *Adonais*. The two friends now sleep together side by side in the burial-ground, near Caius Sextus's pyramid — “a place so beautiful, said Shelley, that it might almost make one in love with death.”

A.

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# PROCESSION

## AND HYMN IN HONOUR OF PAN.

LEADING the way, young damsels danced along,  
Bearing the burden of a shepherd song;  
Each having a white wicker over brimm'd  
With April's tender younglings : next, well trimm'd,  
A crowd of shepherds with as sunburnt looks,  
As may be read of in Arcadian books;  
Such as sat listening round Apollo's pipe,  
When the great deity, for earth too ripe,  
Let his divinity o'erflowing die  
In music, through the vales of Thessaly :  
Some idly trail'd their sheep-hooks on the ground,  
And some kept up a shrilly-mellow sound  
With ebony-tipped flutes : close after these,  
Now coming from beneath the forest-trees,  
A venerable priest full soberly,  
Begirt with ministering looks : always his eye  
Stedfast upon the matted turf he kept,  
And after him his sacred vestments swept.  
From his right hand there swung a vase, milk-white,  
Of mingled wine, out-sparkling generous light;  
And in his left he held a basket full  
Of all sweet herbs that searching eye could cull :  
Wild thyme, and valley-lilies whiter still  
Than Leda's love, and cresses from the rill.  
His aged head, crowned with beechen wreath,  
Seem'd like a poll of ivy in the teeth

Of winter hoar. Then came another crowd  
Of shepherds, lifting in due time aloud  
Their share of the ditty. After them appear'd,  
Up-follow'd by a multitude that rear'd  
Their voices to the clouds, a fair-wrought car,  
Easily rolling so as scarce to mar  
The freedom of three steeds of dapple brown.  
Who stood therein did seem of great renown  
Among the throng; his youth was fully blown,  
Shewing like Ganymede to manhood grown;  
And, for those simple times, his garments were  
A chieftain king's : beneath his breast, half bare,  
Was hung a silver bugle, and between  
His nervy knees there lay a boar-spear keen.  
A smile was on his countenance; he seem'd,  
To common lookers-on, like one who dream'd  
Of idleness in grôves Elysian :  
But there were some who feelingly could scan  
A lurking trouble in his nether-lip,  
And see that oftentimes the reins would slip  
Through his forgotten hands : then would they sigh,  
And think of yellow leaves, of owlet's cry,  
Of logs piled solemnly. — Ah, well-a-day,  
Why should our young Endymion pine away!

Soon the assembly in a circle rang'd,  
Stood silent round the shrine : each look was changed  
To sudden veneration : women meek  
Beckon'd their sons to silence; while each cheek  
Of virgin-bloom paled gently for slight fear.  
Endymion too, without a forest peer,  
Stood, wan and pale, and with an unawed face,  
Among his brothers of the mountain-chase.  
In midst of all, the venerable priest

Ey'd them with joy from greatest to the least,  
And, after lifting up his aged hands,  
'Thus spake he : — " Men of Latmos! shepherd bands!  
Whose care it is to guard a thousand flocks;  
Whether descended from beneath the rocks  
That overtop your mountains; whether come  
From vallies where the pipe is never dumb;  
Or from your swelling downs, where sweet air stirs.  
Blue hare-bells lightly, and where prickly furze  
Buds lavish gold; or ye, whose precious charge  
Nibble their fill at ocean's very marge,  
Whose mellow reeds are touch'd with sounds forlorn  
By the dim echoes of old Triton's horn :  
Mothers and wives! who day by day prepare  
The scrip, with needments, for the mountain-air;  
And all ye, gentle girls, who foster up  
Udderless lambs, and in a little cup  
Will put choice honey for a favoured youth :  
Yea, every one attend! for in good truth  
Our vows are wanting to our great god Pan.  
Are not our lowing heifers sleeker than  
Night-swollen mushrooms? Are not our wide plains  
Speckled with countless fleeces? Have not rains  
Green'd over April's lap? No howling sad  
Sickens our fearful ewes; and we have had  
Great bounty from Endymion our lord.  
The earth is glad : the merry lark has pour'd  
His early song against yon breezy sky,  
That spreads so clear o'er our solemnity. "

Thus ending, on the shrine he heap'd a spire  
Of teeming sweets, enkindling sacred fire;  
Anon he stain'd the thick and spongy sod  
With wine, in honour of the shepherd-god.

Now while the earth was drinking it, and while  
Bay-leaves were crackling in the fragrant pile,  
And gummy frankincense was sparkling bright  
'Neath smothering parsley, and a hazy light  
Spread greyly eastward, thus a chorus sang :

“ O'thou! whose mighty palace-roof doth hang  
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth  
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death  
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness; .  
Who lov'st to see the hamadryads dress  
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;  
And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and hearken  
The dreary melody of bedded reeds —  
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds  
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth;  
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth  
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx — do thou now,  
By thy love's milky brow!  
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,  
Hear us, great Pan!

“ O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles  
Passion their voices cooingly among myrtles,  
What time thou wanderest at eventide  
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side  
Of thine enmossed realms : O thou, to whom  
Broad leaved fig-trees even now foredoom  
Their ripen'd fruitage ; yellow-girted bees  
Their golden honeycombs; our village-leas  
'Their fairest blossom'd beans and popped corn;  
The chuckling linnets its five young unborn,  
To sing for thee; low creeping strawberries  
Their summer coolness; pent up butterflies  
Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh budding year

All its completions—be quickly near,  
By every wind that nods the mountain-pine,  
O forester divine!

“Thou, to whom every fawn and satyr flies  
For willing service : whether to surprise  
The squatted hare, while in half-sleeping fit;  
Or upward ragged precipices flit,  
To save poor lambkins from the eagle’s maw;  
Or by mysterious enticement draw  
Bewilder’d shepherds to their path again;  
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,  
And gather up all fancifullest shells  
For thee to tumble into Naiads’ cells,  
And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping;  
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,  
The while they pelt each other on the crown .  
With silvery oak apples, and fir cones brown —  
By all the echoes that about thee ring,  
Hear us, O satyr king!

“O Harkener to the loud-clapping shears,  
While ever and anon to his shorn peers  
A ram goes bleating : Winder of the horn,  
When snouted wild boars routing tender corn  
Anger our huntsmen : Breather round our farms,  
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms :  
Strange Ministrant of undescribed sounds,  
That come a swooning over hollow grounds,  
And wither drearily on barren moors :  
Dread Opener of the mysterious doors  
Leading to universal knowledge—see,  
Great son of Dryope,  
The many that are come to pay their vows  
With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge  
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge  
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,  
Then leave the naked brain : be still the leaven,  
That spreading in this dull and clodded earth  
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth :  
Be still a symbol of immensity;  
A firmament reflected in a sea;  
An element filling the space between;  
An unknown—but no more : we humbly screen  
With uplift hands our foreheads lowly bending,  
And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,  
Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan,  
Upon thy Mount Lycean ! ”

Ever while they brought the burden to a close,  
A shout from the whole multitude arose,  
That lingered in the air like dying rolls  
Of abrupt thunder, when Ionian shoals  
Of dolphins bob their noses through the brine.  
Meantime, on shady levels, mossy fine,  
Young companies nimbly began dancing  
To the swift treble pipe, and humming string.  
Aye, those fair living forms swam heavenly  
To tunes forgotten—out of memory :  
Fair creatures! whose young children’s children bred  
Thermopylæ its heroes—not yet dead,  
But in old marbles ever beautiful.

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## THE MOON.

By the feud  
’Twixt nothing and Creation, I here swear,

Eterne Apollo! that thy Sister fair  
Is of all these the gentlier mightiest.  
When thy gold breath is misting in the west,  
She unobserved steals unto her throne,  
And there she sits most meek and most alone;  
As if she had not pomp subservient;  
As if thine eye, high Poet! was not bent  
Towards her with the Muses in thine heart;  
As if the ministring stars kept not apart,  
Waiting for silver-footed messages.  
O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees  
Feel palpitations, when thou lookest in :  
O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din  
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.  
Thou dost bless every where with silver lip,  
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,  
Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields divine :  
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,  
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes;  
And yet by benediction passeth not  
One obscure hiding place, one little spot  
Where pleasure may be sent : the nested wren  
Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,  
And from beneath a sheltering ivy-leaf  
Takes glimpses of thee; thou art a relief  
To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps  
Within its pearly house. — The mighty deeps,  
The monstrous sea is thine — the myriad sea!  
O Moon! far-spooming Ocean bows to thee,  
And Tellus feels his forehead's cumbrous load.

Cynthia! where art thou now? What far abode  
Of green or silvery bower doth enshrine  
Such utmost beauty? Alas! thou dost pine

For one as sorrowful : thy cheek is pale  
For one whose cheek is pale : thou dost bewail  
His tears, who weeps for thee. Where dost thou sigh?  
Ah! surely that light peeps from Vesper's eye,  
Or what a thing is love! 'Tis She, but lo!  
How chang'd, how full of ache, how gone in woe!  
She dies at the thinnest cloud; her loveliness  
Is wan on Neptune's blue : yet there's a stress  
Of love-spangles, just off yon cape of trees,  
Dancing upon the waves, as if to please  
The curly foam with amorous influence.  
O, not so idle : for down-glancing thence  
She fathoms eddies, and runs wild about  
O'erwhelming water-courses; scaring out  
The thorny sharks from hiding-holes, and fright'ning  
Their savage eyes with unaccustomed lightning.  
Where will the splendor be content to reach?  
O love! how potent hast thou been to teach  
Strange journeyings! Wherever beauty dwells,  
In gulf or aerie, mountains or deep dells,  
In light, in gloom, in star or blazing sun,  
'Thou pointest out the way, and straight 'tis won.  
Amid his toil thou gav'st Leander breath;  
Thou leddest Orpheus through the gleams of death;  
Thou madest Pluto bear thin element;  
And now, O winged Chieftain, thou hast sent  
A moon-beam to the deep, 'deep water-world,  
To find Endymion.

On gold sand impearl'd  
With lily shells, and pebbles milky white,  
Poor Cynthia greeted him, and sooth'd her light  
Against his pallid face : he felt the charm  
To breathlessness, and suddenly a warm  
Of his heart's blood : 'twas very sweet; he stay'd

His wandering steps, and half-entranced laid  
 His head upon a tuft of straggling weeds,  
 To taste the gentle moon, and freshening beads,  
 Lash'd from the crystal roof by fishes' tails.  
 And so he kept until the rosy veils  
 Mantling the east, by Aurora's peering hand  
 Were lifted from the water's breast, and fann'd  
 Into sweet air; and sober'd morning came  
 Meekly through billows : — when like taper-flame  
 Left sudden by a dallying breath of air,  
 He rose in silence, and once more 'gan fare  
 Along his fated way.

Far had he roam'd,  
 With nothing save the hollow vast, that foam'd  
 Above, around, and at his feet; save things  
 More dead than Morpheus' imaginings :  
 Old rusted anchors, helmets, breast-plates large  
 Of gone sea-warriors; brazen beaks and targe,  
 Rudders that for a hundred years had lost  
 The sway of human hand; gold vase emboss'd  
 With long-forgotten story, and wherein  
 No reveller had ever dipp'd a chin  
 But those of Saturn's vintage; mouldering scrolls,  
 Writ in the tongue of heaven, by those souls  
 Who first were on the earth; and sculptures rude  
 In ponderous stone, developing the mood  
 Of ancient Nox; — then skeletons of man,  
 Of beast, behemoth, and leviathan,  
 And elephant and eagle, and huge jaw  
 Of nameless monster. A cold leaden awe  
 These secrets struck into him; and unless  
 Dian had chac'd away that heaviness,  
 He might have died : but now, with cheered feel,  
 He onward kept; wooing these thoughts to steal  
 About the labyrinth in his soul of love.

“What is there in thee, Moon! that thou should'st move  
My heart so potently? When yet a child  
I oft have dried my tears when thou hast smil'd  
Thou seem'dst my sister; hand in hand we went  
From eve to morn across the firmament.  
No apples would I gather from the tree,  
Till thou hadst cool'd their cheeks deliciously :  
No tumbling water ever spake romance,  
But when my eyes with thine thereon could dance :  
No woods were green enough, no bower divine,  
Until thou liftedst up thine eyelids fine :  
In sowing time ne'er would I dibble take,  
Or drop a seed, till thou wast wide awake;  
And, in the summer-tide of blossoming,  
No one but thee hath heard me blithely sing  
And mesh my dewy flowers all the night,  
No melody was like a passing spright,  
If it went not to solemnize thy reign.  
Yes, in my boyhood, every joy and pain  
By thee were fashion'd to the self-same end;  
And as I grew in years, still didst thou blend  
With all my ardours : thou wast the deep glen;  
Thou wast the mountain-top—the sage's pen—  
The poet's harp—the voice of friends—the sun;  
Thou wast the river—thou wast glory won;  
Thou wast my clarion's blast—thou wast my steed—  
My goblet full of wine—my topmost deed :—  
Thou wast the charm of women, lovely Moon!  
O what a wild and harmonized tune  
My spirit struck from all the beautiful!  
On some bright essence could I lean, and lull  
Myself to immortality.

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## THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

ST. AGNES' EVE — Ah, bitter chill it was !  
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold ;  
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,  
And silent was the flock in woolly fold :  
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told  
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,  
Like pious incense from a censer old,  
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,  
Past the sweet virgin's picture while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient holy man ;  
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,  
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,  
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees :  
The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem to freeze,  
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails :  
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,  
He passeth by ; and his weak spirit fails  
'To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,  
And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue  
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor ;  
But no — already had his death-bell rung ;  
The joys of all his life were said and sung :  
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve :  
Another way he went, and soon among  
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,  
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft ;  
And so it chanc'd, for many a door was wide,  
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,  
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide :  
The level chambers, ready with their pride,  
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests :  
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,  
Star'd, where upon their heads the cornice rests,  
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their  
          breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,  
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,  
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily  
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay  
Of old romance. These let us wish away,  
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one lady there,  
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,  
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,  
As she heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,  
Young virgins might have visions of delight,  
And soft adorings from their loves receive  
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,  
If ceremonies due they did aright ;  
As, supperless to bed they must retire,  
And couch supine their beauties, lily white ;  
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require  
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline :  
The music, yearning like a god in pain,  
She scarcely heard : her maiden eyes divine,  
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train

Pass by — she heeded not at all : in vain  
 Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,  
 And back retir'd; not cool'd by high disdain,  
 But she saw not : her heart was elsewhere :  
 She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danc'd along with vague, regardless eyes,  
 Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short :  
 The hallow'd hour was near at hand : she sighs  
 Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort  
 Of whisperers in anger, or in sport ;  
 Mid looks of love, defiance, hate and scorn,  
 Hoodwink'd with faery fancy ; all amorn,  
 Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,  
 And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,  
 She linger'd still, Meantime, across the moors,  
 Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire  
 For Madeline. Beside the portal doors, ,  
 Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores  
 All saints to give him sight of Madeline,  
 But for one moment in the tedious hours,  
 That he might gaze and worship all unseen ;  
 Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss — in sooth such  
 things have been.

He ventures in : let no buzz'd whisper tell :  
 All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords  
 Will storm his heart, love's fev'rous citadel :  
 For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,  
 Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,  
 Whose very dogs would execrations howl  
 Against his lineage : not one breast affords  
 Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,  
 Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,  
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,  
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,  
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond  
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:  
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,  
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,  
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;  
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hilderbrand;  
He had a fever late, and in the fit  
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:  
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit  
More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit!  
Flit like a ghost away." — "Ah, Gossip dear,  
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,  
And tell me how"—"Good saints! not here, not here;  
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,  
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,  
And as she mutter'd "Well-a—well-a-day!"  
He found him in a little moonlight room,  
Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb.  
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,  
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom  
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,  
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St. Agnes! ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—  
Yet men will murder upon holy days:  
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,  
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,  
To venture so: it fills me with amaze

To see thee, Porphyro! — St. Agnes' Eve!  
 God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays  
 This very night : good angels her deceive!  
 But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,  
 While Porphyro upon her face doth look,  
 Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone  
 Who keepeth clos'd a wondrous riddle-book,  
 As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.  
 But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told  
 His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook  
 Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,  
 And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,  
 Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart  
 Made purple riot : then doth he propose  
 A stratagem, that makes the beldame start :  
 "A cruel man and impious thou art :  
 Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream  
 Alone with her good angels, far apart  
 From wicked men like thee. Go! — I deem  
 Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"  
 Quoth Porphyro : "O may I ne'er find grace,  
 When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,  
 If one of her soft ringlets I displace,  
 Or look with ruffian passion in her face :  
 Good Angela, believe me by these tears;  
 Or I will, even in a moment's space,  
 Awake with horrid shout my foemen's ears,  
 And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves  
 and bears."

“ Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?  
 A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,  
 Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;  
 Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,  
 Were never miss'd.” — Thus plaining, doth she bring  
 A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;  
 So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,  
 That Angela gives promise she will do  
 Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,  
 Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide  
 Him in a closet, of such privacy  
 That he might see her beauty unespied,  
 And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,  
 While legion'd fairies pac'd the coverlet,  
 And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.  
 Never on such a night have lovers met,  
 Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

“ It shall be as thou wishest,” said the dame:  
 “ All cates and dainties shall be stored there  
 Quickly on this feast-night : by the tambour frame  
 Her own lute thou wilt see : no time to spare,  
 For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare  
 On such a catering trust my dizzy head.  
 Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer  
 The while : ah! thou must needs the lady wed,  
 Or may I never leave my grave among the dead.”

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.  
 The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;  
 The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear  
 To follow her; with aged eyes aghast  
 From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,

Through many a dusky gallery, they gain  
 The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and chaste;  
 Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd amain.  
 His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,  
 Old Angela was feeling for the stair,  
 When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,  
 Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:  
 With silver taper's light, and pious care,  
 She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led  
 To a safe level matting. Now prepare,  
 Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;  
 She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed and  
 fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;  
 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:  
 She closed the door, she pant'ed, all akin  
 To spirits of the air and visions wide:  
 No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!  
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,  
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side;  
 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell  
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,  
 All garlanded with carven imag'ries,  
 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,  
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,  
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,  
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;  
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,  
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,  
 A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and  
 kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,  
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,  
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;  
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,  
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,  
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:  
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,  
Save wings for heaven: — Porphyro grew faint:  
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,  
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;  
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one,  
Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees  
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:  
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,  
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,  
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,  
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,  
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,  
Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep oppress'd.  
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;  
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;  
Blissfully heaven'd both from joy and pain;  
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;  
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,  
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,  
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,  
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced  
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;  
Which when he heard, that minute, did he bless,

And breath'd himself : then from the closet crept,  
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,  
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,  
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo! — how fast  
she slept.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon  
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set  
A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon  
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet : —  
O for some drowsy Morpheap anulet !  
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,  
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,  
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone : —  
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,  
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,  
While he from forth the closet brought a heap  
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd :  
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,  
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon,  
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd  
From Fez, and spiced dainties, every one,  
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

These delicacies he heap'd with glowing hand  
On golden dishes and in baskets bright  
Of wreathed silver : sumptuous they stand  
In the retired quiet of the night,  
Filling the chilly room with perfume light. —  
“ And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake !  
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite :  
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,  
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache.”

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm  
 Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream  
 By the dusk curtains : — 'twas a midnight charm  
 Impossible to melt as iced stream :  
 The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam ;  
 Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies :  
 It seem'd he never, never could redeem  
 From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes ;  
 So mus'd awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute, —  
 Tumultuous, — and, in chords that tenderest be,  
 He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,  
 In Provence call'd, " La belle dame sans mercy :"  
 Close to her ear touching the melody ; —  
 Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan :  
 He ceased — she panted quick — and suddenly  
 Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone :  
 Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,  
 Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep :  
 There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd  
 The blisses of her dream so pure and deep ;  
 At which fair Madeline began to weep,  
 And moan forth witless words with many a sigh ;  
 While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep ;  
 Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,  
 Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

" Ah, Porphyro ! " said she, " but even now  
 Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,  
 Made tuneable with every sweetest vow ;  
 And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear :  
 How chang'd thou art ! how pallid, chill, and dear !

Give me that voice again, my Porphyro;  
 Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!  
 Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,  
 For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far  
 At these voluptuous accents, he arose,  
 Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star  
 Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;  
 Into her dream he melted, as the rose  
 Blendeth its odour with the violet, —  
 Solution sweet : meantime the frost-wind blows  
 Like love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet  
 Against the window-panes ; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark : quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet :  
 " This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline !"  
 'Tis dark : the iced gusts still rave and beat :  
 " No dream, alas ! alas ! and woe is mine !  
 Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine. —  
 Cruel ! what traitor could thee hither bring ?  
 I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,  
 Though thou forsakest a deceived thing ;  
 A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

" My Madeline ! sweet dreamer ! lovely bride !  
 Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest ?  
 Thy beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and vermeil dyed ?  
 Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest  
 After so many hours of toil and quest ;  
 A famish'd pilgrim, — saved by miracle.  
 Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest  
 Saving of thy sweet self ; if thou think'st well  
 To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel."

"Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,  
 Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed :  
 Arise — arise! the morning is at hand; —  
 The bloated wassaillers will never heed : —  
 Let us away, my love, with happy speed;  
 There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see, —  
 Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead :  
 Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,  
 For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,  
 For there were sleeping dragons all around,  
 At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears —  
 Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found. —  
 In all the house was heard not human sound.  
 A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;  
 The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,  
 Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;  
 And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;  
 Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;  
 Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,  
 With a huge empty flagon by his side :  
 The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,  
 But his sagacious eye an inmate owns :  
 By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide : —  
 The chains lie silent on the footworn stones; —  
 The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone : ay, ages long ago  
 These lovers fled away into the storm.  
 That night the baron dreamt of many a woe,  
 And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form  
 Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm ;

Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the old  
 Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;  
 The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,  
 For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

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## ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

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My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk;  
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
 One minute past, and lethe-wards had sunk:  
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
 But being too happy in thine happiness, —  
 That thou, light-winged dryad of the trees,  
 In some melodious plot  
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been  
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,  
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!  
 for a beaker full of the warm south,  
 Full of the true, the blushfull Hippocrene,  
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
 And purple-stained mouth;  
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

de far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret

Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;  
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;  
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
And leaden-eyed despairs,  
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his bards,  
But on the viewless wings of poesy,  
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :  
Already with thee ! tender is the night,  
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
Cluster'd around by all her starry fays ;  
But here there is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;  
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and, for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath ;

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
The same that oft-times hath  
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.  
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
In the next valley-glades:  
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music: — do I wake or sleep?

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## FANCY.

---

EVER let the Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home;

At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;  
Then let winged Fancy wander  
Through the thought still spread beyond her :  
Open wide the mind's cage-door,  
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.  
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;  
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,  
And the enjoying of the spring  
Fades as does its blossoming;  
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,  
Blushing through the mist and dew,  
Cloy with tasting : what do then?  
Sit thee by the ingle, when  
The sear faggot blazes bright,  
Spirit of a winter's night;  
When the soundless earth is muffled,  
And the caked snow is shuffled  
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;  
When the Night doth meet the Noon  
In a dark conspiracy,  
To banish Even from her sky.  
Sit thee there, and send abroad,  
With a mind self-overaw'd,  
Fancy, high-commission'd : — send her!  
She has vassals to attend her :  
She will bring, in spite of frost,  
Beauties that the earth hath lost;  
She will bring thee, all together,  
All delight of summer weather;  
All the buds and bells of May,  
From dewy sward or thorny spray;  
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,  
With a still, mysterious stealth :

She will mix these pleasures up  
Like three fit wines in a cup,  
And thou shalt quaff it : — thou shalt hear  
Distant harvest-carols clear ;  
Rustle of the reaped corn ;  
Sweet birds antheming the morn :  
And, in the same moment — hark !  
'Tis the early April lark,  
Or the rooks, with busy caw,  
Foraging for sticks and straw.  
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold  
The daisy and the marigold ;  
White-plum'd lilies, and the first  
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst ;  
Shaded hyacinth, alway  
Sapphire queen of the mid-May ;  
And every leaf, and every flower  
Pearled with the self-same shower.  
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep  
Meagre from its celled sleep ;  
And the snake all winter-thin  
Cast on sunny bank its skin ;  
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see  
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,  
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest  
Quiet on her mossy nest ;  
Then the hurry and alarm  
When the bee-hive casts its swarm ;  
Acorns ripe down-pattering,  
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;  
Every thing is spoilt by use :  
Where's the cheek that doth not fade ,

Too much gaz'd at? where's the maid  
Whose lip mature is ever new?  
Where's the eye, however blue,  
Doth not weary? where's the face  
One would meet in every place?  
Where's the voice, however soft,  
One would hear so very oft?  
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.  
Let, then, winged Fancy find  
Thee a mistress to thy mind :  
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,  
Ere the God of Torment taught her  
How to frown and how to chide;  
With a waist and with a side  
White as Hebe's, when her zone  
Slipt its golden clasp, and down  
Fell her kirtle to her feet,  
While she held the goblet sweet,  
And Jove grew languid. — Break the mesh  
Of the Fancy's silken leash;  
Quickly break her prison-string  
And such joys as these she'll bring. —  
Let the winged Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home.

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# MISCELLANEOUS POETRY

FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

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FROM SCENES OF INFANCY.

DR. JOHN LEYDEN.

SWEET scenes of youth, to faithful memory dear,  
Still fondly cherish'd with the sacred tear,  
When, in the soften'd light of summer skies,  
Full on my soul life's first illusions rise!  
Sweet scenes of youthful bliss, unknown to pain!  
I come to trace your soothing haunts again,  
To mark each grace that pleas'd my stripling prime,  
By absence hallow'd, and endear'd by time;  
To lose amid your winding dells the past —  
Ah! must I think this ling'ring look the last?  
Ye lovely vales, that met my earliest view!  
How soft ye smil'd, when Nature's charms were new!  
Green was her vesture, glowing, fresh, and warm,  
And every op'ning grace had power to charm;  
While, as each scene in living lustre rose,  
Each young emotion wak'd from soft repose.  
Even as I muse, my former life returns,  
And youth's first ardour in my bosom burns.  
Like music melting in a lover's dream,  
I hear the murmuring song of Teviot's stream.

The crisping rays, that on the waters lie,  
 Depict a paler moon, a fainter sky;  
 While through th' inverted alder boughs below  
 The twinkling stars with greener lustre glow.

On these fair banks thine ancient bards no more,  
 Enchanting stream! their melting numbers pour;  
 But still their viewless harps, on poplars hung,  
 Sigh the soft airs they learn'd when time was young:  
 And those who tread, with holy feet, the ground  
 At lonely midnight, hear their silver sound;  
 When river breezes wave their dewy wings,  
 And lightly fan the wild enchanted strings.

. . . . .

As every prospect opens on my view,  
 I seem to live departed years anew;  
 When in these wilds a jocund, sportive child,  
 Each flower self-sown my heedless hours beguil'd,  
 The wabret leaf, that by the pathway grew,  
 The wild-brier rose, of pale and blushful hue,  
 The thistle's rolling wheel, of silken down,  
 The blue-bell, or the daisy's pearly crown,  
 The gaudy butterfly, in wanton round,  
 That, like a living pea-flower, skimm'd the ground.

Again I view the cairn, and moss-gray stone,  
 Where oft at eve I wont to muse alone,  
 And vex with curious toil mine infant eye,  
 To count the gems that stud the nightly sky;  
 Or think, as playful fancy wander'd far,  
 How sweet it were to dance from star to star!

Again I view each rude romantic glade,  
 Where once with tiny steps my childhood stray'd,  
 To watch the foam-bells of the bubbling brook,

Or mark the motions of the clam'rous rook,  
Who saw her nest, close thatch'd with ceaseless toil,  
At summer eve become the woodman's spoil.

Sweet scenes! conjoin'd with all that most endears  
The cloudless morning of my tender years;  
With fond regret your haunts I wander o'er,  
And wand'ring feel myself the child no more :  
Your forms, your sunny tints, are still the same;  
But sad the tear which lost affections claim.

## THE DAWN.

MISS OWENSON. (Lady MORGAN.)

THERE is a soft and fragrant hour —  
SWEET, fRESH, rEVIVING is its power;  
                                      'TIS wHEN a ray  
STEALS fROM tHE vEIL oF pARTING nIGHT,  
AND bY iTS mILD pRELUSIVE lIGHT  
                                      FORETELLS tHE dAY.

'Tis when some ling'ring stars scarce shed  
Over the mist-clad mountain's head  
                        Their fairy beam;  
Then one by one retiring, shroud,  
Dim glitt'ring through a fleecy cloud,  
                        Their last faint beam.

'Tis when (just wak'd from transient death,  
By some fresh zephyr's balmy breath)  
Th' unfolding rose  
Sheds on the air its rich perfume,  
While every bud with deeper bloom  
And beauty glows.



I dive beneath the green sea waves,  
And gambol in the briny deeps;  
Skim every shore that Neptune laves,  
From Lapland's plains to India's steeps.

Oft I mount with rapid force  
Above the wide earth's shadowy zone;  
Follow the day-star's flaming course  
Thro' realms of space to thought unknown;

And listen to celestial sounds  
That swell in air, unheard of men,  
As I watch my nightly rounds,  
O'er woody steep and silent glen.

Under the shade of waving trees,  
Of the green bank of fountain clear,  
At pensive eve I sit at ease,  
While dying music murmurs near.

And oft, on point of airy clift,  
That hangs upon the western main,  
I watch the gay tints passing swift,  
And twilight veil the liquid plain.

Then, when the breeze has sunk away,  
And ocean scarce is heard to lave,  
For me the sea-nymphs softly play  
Their dulcet shells beneath the wave.

Their dulcet shells! — I hear them now:  
Slow swells the strain upon mine ear;  
Now faintly falls — now warbles low,  
Till rapture melts into a tear.

The ray that silvers o'er the dew,  
And trembles through the leafy shade,

And tints the scene with softer hue,  
Calls me to rove the lonely glade;

Or hie me to some ruin'd tower  
Faintly shown by moonlight gleam,  
Where the lone wand'rer owns my power  
In shadows dire that substance seem;

In thrilling sounds that murmur woe,  
And pausing silence make more dread;  
In music breathing from below  
Sad, solemn strains, that wake the dead.

Unseen I move — unknown am fear'd!  
Fancy's wildest dreams I weave;  
And oft by bards my voice is heard  
To die along the gales of eve.

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## TO THE IVY.

MRS. HEMANS.

OH! how could Fancy crown with *thee*,  
In ancient days, the god of wine,  
And bid thee at the banquet be  
Companion of the vine?  
*Thy* home, wild plant, is where each sound  
Of revelry hath long been o'er,  
Where song's full notes once peal'd around,  
\* But now are heard no more.

The Roman, on his battle-plain,  
Where kings before his eagles bent,  
Entwined thee, with exulting strains,  
Around the Victor's tent;

Yet there, though fresh in glossy green  
 Triumphally thy boughs might wave,  
 Better thou lov'st the silent scene,  
 Around the Victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,  
 The bards and heroes of the past —  
 Where, through the halls of glory gone,  
 Murmurs the wintry blast;  
 Where years are hastening to efface  
 Each record of the grand and fair,  
 Thou in thy solitary grace,  
 Wreath of the tomb! art there.

Thou, o'er the shrines of fallen gods,  
 On classic plains dost mantling spread,  
 And veil the desolate abodes,  
 And cities of the dead.  
 Deserted palaces of kings,  
 Arches of triumph, long o'erthrown,  
 And all once glorious earthly things,  
 At length are thine alone.

Oh! many a temple, once sublime,  
 Beneath the blue Italian sky,  
 Hath nought of beauty left by time,  
 Save thy wild tapestry:  
 And, rear'd 'midst crags and clouds, 'tis thine  
 To wave where banners waved of yore,  
 O'er mouldering towers, by lovely Rhine,  
 Cresting the rocky shore.

High from the fields of air look down  
 Those cyries of a vanish'd race,  
 Homes of the mighty, whose renown  
 Hath pass'd, and left no trace.

But thou art there — thy foliage bright  
 · Unchanged the mountain storm can brave;  
 Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,  
 And deck the humblest grave.

The breathing forms of Parian stone,  
 That rise round grandeur's marble halls,  
 The vivid hues by painting thrown  
 Rich o'er the glowing walls;  
 Th' Acanthus, on Corinthian fanes,  
 In sculptured beauty waving fair;  
 These perish all — and what remains?  
 Thou, thou alone art there!

'Tis still the same — where'er we tread,  
 The wrecks of human power we see,  
 The marvels of all ages fled,  
 Left to decay and thee!  
 And still let man his fabrics rear,  
 August in beauty, grace, and strength,  
 Days pass — 'Thou, "Ivy never sere,"  
 And all is thine at length!

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## THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

THERE is a voice of magic power  
 To charm the old, delight the young —  
 In lordly hall, in rustic bower,  
 In every clime, in every tongue,  
 Howe'er its sweet vibration rung,  
 In whispers low, in poet's lays,  
 There lives not one who has not hung  
 Enraptur'd on the voice of praise.

The timid child, at that soft voice,  
Lifts for a moment's space the eye;  
It bids the fluttering heart rejoice,  
And stays the step prepar'd to fly :  
'Tis pleasure breathes that short quick sigh,  
And flushes o'er that rosy face;  
Whilst shame and infant modesty  
Shrink back with hesitating grace.

The lovely maiden's dimpled cheek  
At that sweet voice still deeper glows;  
Her quivering lips in vain would seek  
To hide the bliss her eyes disclose;  
The charm her sweet confusion shows  
Oft springs from some low broken word :  
O praise! to her how sweetly flows  
Thine accent from the loved one heard!

The hero, when a people's voice  
Proclaims their darling victor near,  
Feels he not then his soul rejoice,  
Their shouts of love, of praise, to hear?  
Yes! fame to generous minds is dear —  
It pierces to their inmost core;  
He weeps, who never shed a tear;  
He trembles, who ne'er shook before.

The poet too — ah! well I deem,  
Small is the need the tale to tell;  
Who knows not that his thought, his dream,  
On thee at noon, at midnight, dwell?  
Who knows not that thy magic spell  
Can charm his every care away?  
In memory cheer his gloomy cell;  
In hope can lend a deathless day?

'Tis sweet to watch Affection's eye;  
 To mark the tear with love replete;  
 To feel the softly-breathing sigh,  
 When Friendship's lips the tones repeat;  
 But oh! a thousand times more sweet  
 The praise of those we love to hear!  
 Like balmy showers in summer heat,  
 It falls upon the greedy ear.  
  
 The lover lulls his rankling wound,  
 By dwelling on his fair one's name;  
 The mother listens for the sound  
 Of her young warrior's growing fame.  
 Thy voice can sooth the mourning dame,  
 Of her soul's wedded partner riven,  
 Who cherishes the hallow'd flame,  
 Parted on earth, to meet in heaven! —  
  
 That voice can quiet passion's mood;  
 Can humble merit raise on high;  
 And from the wise, and from the good,  
 It breathes of immortality!  
 There is a lip, there is an eye,  
 Where most I love to see it shine,  
 To hear it speak, to feel it sigh —  
 My mother, need I say 'tis thine!

## THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE,

Who fell at Corunna in 1808.

CHARLES WOLFE.<sup>1</sup>

NOT a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,  
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried;

<sup>1</sup> This fine piece of poetry has been attributed to Lord Byron.

Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning;  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few — and short, were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face of the dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,  
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;  
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done  
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,  
And we heard by the distant and random gun,  
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;  
We carv'd not a line, we rais'd not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory.

## FROM AONIAN HOURS.

J. H. WIFFEN.

THE breath of Spring is on thee, Aspley Wood!  
 Each shoot of thine is vig'rous, from the green  
 Low-drooping larch, and full-unfolded bud  
 Of sycamore, and beech, majestic queen!  
 With her tiara on, which crowns the scene  
 With beauty, — to the stern oak, on whose rind  
 The warmest suns and sweetest showers have been,  
 And soft voice of the fond Favonian wind,  
 His thousand ling'ring leaves reluctantly unbind.

But of all other trees, a clust'ring crowd  
 Bow their young tops rejoicingly, to meet  
 The breeze, which yet not murmurs over loud,  
 But wastes on Nature's cheek its kisses sweet,  
 To woo her from dark winter : — the wild bleat  
 Of innocent lambs is on the passing gale,  
 Blending with pastoral bells, and at my feet,  
 From yon warm wood the stockdove's plaintive wail  
 Wins to the curious ear o'er the subjected vale.

O nature! woods, winds, music, valleys, hills,  
 And gushing brooks — in you there is a voice  
 Of potency, an utterance which instils  
 Light, life, and freshness, bidding Man rejoice  
 As with a spirit's transport : from the noise,  
 The hum of busy towns, to you I fly :  
 Ye were my earliest nurses, my first choice —  
 Let me not idly hope, nor vainly sigh;  
 Whisper once more of peace — joys — years long van-  
                   nish'd by!

. . . . .

A world is at my feet of flowers and fern,  
Corn-field and murm'ring pine, vale, villa, heath,  
Aisles through whose sylvan vistas we discern  
All Heaven on high, and fruitfulness beneath.  
Shades of my love and infancy, bequeath  
A portion of your glory to my lay —  
A pilgrim of the woods, I twine a wreath  
Of wild-flowers for thy revel, dancing May!  
My theatre the woods — my theme one vernal day.

Still floats in the grey sky the moving moon,  
A crescent — o'er yon valley of black pines  
Where Night yet stands a sentinel; but soon  
In the far streaky east the morning shines,  
The Iris of whose bursting glory lines  
With fire the firmament; distinct and clear  
'Gainst the white dawn proud Ridgemount high reclines  
His mural diadem! — Lo! from his rear  
The breaking mists unfurl, and Day has reach'd me here.

Here, on a solitary hill, I take  
My station — days on years thus hurry by,  
And of the varying present mar or make  
A gloom or bliss in Man's eternity!  
Suns rise — ascend — set — darken — and we die,  
The dew-drops of a morning, in whose glass  
All things look sparkingly : — alas! where I  
Now stand, in how brief time shall others pass,  
Nor heed, nor see the blade whereon my footstep was.

Even as yon flower with hyacinthine bells,  
Playful as light, which, shiver'd by my tread,  
Is turn'd to dust and darkness — to all else  
It is as though it were not, swiftly sped  
Spoil'd o'er its bruised buds, which blossomed

A blending of all sweetnesss — what now? —  
 A few years hence, and over this bent head,  
 Dashing all life and gladness from the brow,  
 The scythe of Time shall pass, and Ruin's silent plough.

Long ages since, upon his mountain-peak,  
 Th' adoring Persian bent him to the flame  
 Of the uprisen Sun, the whilst with shriek,  
 And clang of soaring wings, the eagle came  
 From his precipitous eyrie : — see the same  
 Vicegerent of the Deity ascend  
 His watch-tower in the zenith! By what name  
 May I best greet thee? what new honour lend,  
 Cradle of infant Time — his womb, birth, being, end!

In wonder risest thou, material Orb!  
 And youthfulness — a symbol and a sign;  
 Change, revolution, age, decay, absorb  
 All other essences, but harm not thine :  
 In thy most awful face reflected shine  
 Thy Maker's attributes, Celestial Child!  
 When shapelessness rul'd chaos, the Deity  
 Look'd on the void tumultuous mass, and smil'd —  
 Then startedst thou to birth, and trod'st the pathless  
                     wild —

Girt like a giant for the speed, the flight,  
 The toil of unsumm'd ages; in thy zone,  
 Charm'd into motion by thy sacred light,  
 The glad earth danc'd around thee with the tone  
 Of music — for then Eden was her own,  
 And all things breath'd of beauty, — chiefly Man  
 Drank of an angel's joy! where are ye flown,  
 Too fleeting suns? a mortal's thought may span  
 Your course — for ye return'd to whence your race began.

And we became all shadow — in the abyss,  
 The spirit's desolation, here we stand,  
 Wrestling in darkness for a heavenly bliss,  
 And an immortal's essence : brightly grand,  
 How climbest thou thy skies ! nor lend'st a hand  
 To help us to thy altitude ! Away  
 Earth-born repining — ye may not command  
 A sparkle of that intellectual ray,  
 Which yet from heaven descends, and communes with  
                   our clay.

## THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

ALARIC A. WATTS, ESQ.

My sweet one, my sweet one, the tears were in my eyes,  
 When first I clasp'd thee to my heart, and heard thy  
                   feeble cries ; —  
 For I thought of all that I had borne, as I bent me down  
                   to kiss  
 Thy cherry lips and sunny brow, my first-born bud of  
                   bliss !  
 I turn'd to many a wither'd hope, — to years of grief  
                   and pain —  
 And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world flash'd o'er my  
                   boding brain ; —  
 I thought of friends grown worse than cold, of perse-  
                   cuting foes, —  
 And I ask'd of Heaven, if ills like these must mar thy  
                   youth's repose ?  
 I gazed upon thy quiet face — half blinded by my tears —  
 Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before, came brightening on  
                   my fears, —

Sweet rays of hope that fairer shone 'mid the clouds of  
gloom that bound them,  
As stars dart down their loveliest light when midnight  
skies are round them.

My sweet one, my sweet one, thy life's brief hour is o'er,  
And a father's anxious fears for thee can fever me no  
more;

And for the hopes — the sun-bright hopes — that blossom'd at thy birth —

They too have fled, to prove how frail are cherish'd  
things of earth!

'Tis true that thou wert young, my child, but tho' brief  
thy span below,

To me it was a little age of agony and woe;

For, from thy first faint dawn of life thy cheek began  
to fade,

And my heart had scarce thy welcome breathed, ere my  
hopes were wrapt in shade.

Oh the child, in its hours of health and bloom, that is  
dear as thou wert then,

Grows far more prized — more fondly loved — in sickness  
and in pain;

And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear babe, when every  
hope was lost,

Ten times more precious to my soul for all that thou  
hadst cost!

Cradled in thy fair mother's arms, we watch'd thee day  
by day,

Pale, like the second bow of Heaven, as gently waste away;

And sick with dark foreboding fears, we dared not  
breathe aloud,

Sat, hand in hand, in speechless grief, to wait death's  
coming cloud.

It came at length — o'er thy bright blue eye the film  
was gathering fast;

And an awful shade pass'd o'er thy brow, the deepest  
and the last;

In thicker gushes strove thy breath — we raised thy  
drooping head, —

A moment more — the final pang — and thou wert of  
the dead!

Thy gentle mother turn'd away to hide her face from me,  
And murmur'd low of Heaven's behests; and bliss attain'd by thee; —

She would have chid me that I mourn'd a doom so blest  
as thine,

Had not her own deep grief burst forth in tears as wild  
as mine!

We laid thee down in thy sinless rest, and from thine  
infant brow

Gull'd one soft lock of radiant hair — our only solace  
now, —

Then placed around thy beauteous corse, flowers — not  
more fair and sweet —

Twin rose-buds in thy little hands, and jasmīne at thy  
feet.

Tho' other offspring still be ours, as fair perchance as  
thou,

With all the beauty of thy cheek — the sunshine of thy  
brow,

They never can replace the bud our early fondness nurst,

They may be lovely and beloved, but not, like thee —  
the first!

THE FIRST! How many a memory bright that one sweet  
word can bring,

Of hopes that blossom'd, droop'd, and died, in life's  
delightful spring; —

Of fervid feelings past away—those early seeds of bliss,  
 That germinate in hearts unsear'd by such a world as this!  
 My sweet one, my sweet one, my fairest and my first!  
 When I think of what thou might'st have been, my heart  
     is like to burst;  
 But gleams of gladness thro' my gloom their soothing  
     influence dart,  
 And my sighs are hush'd, my tears are dried, when I turn  
     to what thou art!  
 Pure as the snow-flake, ere it falls and takes the stain of  
     earth,  
 With not a taint of mortal life, except thy mortal birth,—  
 God bade thee early taste the spring for which so many  
     thirst,  
 And bliss—eternal bliss—is thine, my fairest and my  
     first!

# FROM "A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM."

ATHERSTONE.

It was the morning of the merry day  
 Of midsummer; — the sun was not yet up,  
 But the blithe larks were looking out for him;  
 The swallows twitter'd on the cottage thatch;  
 The cocks in neighbouring farm-yards clapp'd their  
     wings,  
 Answering each other's challenge.

All the night

I had not slept. The casement, open'd wide,  
 Let in the pleasant night air; and the sound  
 Of softest waves that linger'd on the beach,  
 Washing the sands so gently, 'twas more like  
 The slow and quiet breath of one who slumbers,

Than the strong voice of the great deep.  
 All nature was in gentle sleep — but I  
 Wish'd not to sleep. The air was fresh and pure,  
 Yet of luxurious warmth; and luscious scents  
 From the new hay, and fields of flowering beans,  
 Borne on the slow wings of the unfelt wind;  
 And woodbines from the cottage porch beneath,  
 And wall-flowers, whose dark heads were bent with dew,  
 Floated with sweetest interchange.

It seem'd

Ingratitude to all-beneficent nature  
 To shut out such delicious sights, and sounds,  
 And smells, and wrap my senses in dull sleep;  
 So at my window I had sat all night;  
 Silently revelling in that pure bliss.

But, when the sounds of day-break came, I rose  
 To climb the loftiest cliff, and watch from thence  
 The glorious god of light and heat spring up  
 From the blue deep to ride his highest course  
 Along the heavens; resolved this joyful day  
 To track him from his rising to his fall.  
 This day, said I, I will forget the world,  
 Its cares, and guilt, and passions, and will live  
 In sunshine and in beauty. So I went  
 Thro' fields and green-bank'd lanes, where the spring  
                   flowers

Live on till summer; now enveloped quite  
 With hedges over-arching, whose low roof  
 And sides, as with a thousand tiny fingers,  
 Had from the passing hay-cart pluck'd away  
 Its fragrant burden : catching now through gap  
 Or uncouth gate a glimpse of some far vale,  
 Steep'd in the grey mist; — now of some bold cliff :

Standing alone, with nought but the blue sky  
Behind it; — now of the dim quiet sea.  
Soon I began with eager foot to climb  
The high cliff, from whose top I might behold  
The glorious spectacle. The soft short grass  
Had caught a plenteous dew; the mountain herbs  
Repaid my rude tread with sweet fragrance : long  
The ascent, and steep; and often did I pause  
To breathe and look around on the rich vales  
And swelling hills, each moment brightening.  
Thus with alternate toil and rest I climb'd  
To the high summit, then walk'd gently on,  
Till by the cliff's precipitous edge I stood.  
O, then, what glories burst upon my sight!  
The interminable ocean lay beneath  
At depth immense; — not quiet as before,  
For a faint breath of air, even at the height  
On which I stood scarce felt, play'd over it,  
Waking innumerable dimples on its face,  
As though 'twere conscious of the splendid guest,  
That even then touch'd the threshold of heaven's gates.  
And smiled to bid him welcome. Far away  
To either hand the broad curved beach stretch'd on;  
And I could see the slow-paced waves advance  
One after one, and spread upon the sands,  
Making a slender edge of pearly foam  
Just as they broke; — then softly falling back,  
Noiseless to me on that tall head of rock,  
As it had been a picture, or descried  
Thro' optic tube leagues off.

A tender mist  
Was round the horizon, and along the vales;  
But the hill tops stood in a crystal air;  
The cope of heaven was clear and deeply blue,

And not a cloud was visible. Towards the east  
 An atmosphere of golden light, that grew  
 Momently brighter, and intensely bright,  
 Proclaim'd the approaching sun. Now—now he comes :  
 A dazzling point emerges from the sea ;  
 It spreads — it rises : — now it seems a dome  
 Of burning gold ; — higher and rounder now  
 It mounts — it swells : — now, like a huge balloon  
 Of light and fire, it rests upon the rim  
 Of waters ; lingers there a moment — then  
 Soars up. —

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## A LANDSCAPE.

CUNNINGHAM.

Now that summer's ripen'd bloom  
 Frolics where the winter frown'd,  
 Stretch'd upon these banks of bròom,  
 We command the landscape round.

Nature in the prospect yields  
 Humble dales, and mountains bold,  
 Meadows, woodlands, heaths, and fields,  
 Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

Goats upon that frowning steep,  
 Fearless, with their kidlings browse !  
 Here a flock of snowy sheep !  
 There an herd of motley cows !

On the uplands, every glade  
 Brightens in the blaze of day ;  
 O'er the vales, the sober shade  
 Softens to an evening gray.

Where the rill by slow degrees,  
 Swells into a crystal pool,  
 Shaggy rocks, and shelving trees,  
 Shoot to keep the waters cool.

Shiver'd by a thunder-stroke,  
 From the mountain's misty ridge,  
 O'er the brook a ruin'd oak,  
 Near the farm-house, forms a bridge.

On her breast the sunny beam  
 Glitters in meridian pride;  
 Yonder as the virgin stream  
 Hastens to the restless tide : —

Where the ships by wanton gales  
 Wafted, o'er the green waves run,  
 Sweet to see their swelling sails  
 Whiten'd by the laughing sun !

High upon the daisied hill,  
 Rising from the slope of trees;  
 How the wings of yonder mill  
 Labour in the busy breeze !

Where the stone cross lifts its head,  
 Many a saint and pilgrim hoar,  
 Up the hill was wont to tread,  
 Barefoot, in the days of yore.

Guardian of a sacred well,  
 Arch'd beneath your reverend shades,  
 Whilome, in that shatter'd cell,  
 Many an hermit told his beads.

Hamlets, villages, and spires,  
 Scatter'd on the landscape lie,

Till the distant view retires,  
Closing in an azure sky.

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## MORNING.

HORATIO SMITH.

HARK ! how the branches of the trees  
Rustle in the morning-breeze.  
Wave, wave your jocund heads on high,  
Dance to the music of the sky,  
For the sun has given warning  
Of a bright and balmy morning.  
As the climbing sailor-boy  
First sees land, and shouts for joy,  
So the lark from airy height  
Catches first, and hails the light,  
Piping up the feathered races,  
Nestling still in leafy places.  
Yellow-cups and daisies press'd,  
Where the cow has lain to rest,  
By the sun recover'd slowly,  
Struggle from their posture lowly;  
While the wild-flow'rs, which the field  
Or the sheltered hedges yield,  
Peeping from their hiding-places,  
Show their vari-coloured faces;  
Cowslips, primroses, and lilies,  
Violets and daffodillies,  
And infant buds of every hue,  
All baptized in glittering dew.  
Yonder is a girl who lingers  
Where wild honeysuckle grows  
Mingling with the briar rose,

And with eager outstretched fingers,  
 Tiptoe standing, vainly tries  
 To reach the hedge-enveloped prize;  
 But the school-bell on the wind  
     Sounding, warns her to be gone,  
 And she slowly saunters on,  
 Looking wistfully behind.  
 Air exults, and earth rejoices  
 In a thousand mingled voices.  
 As he plies his busy wings  
 The buzzing bee incessant sings  
 Or in hare-bells hid, or clover,  
     Silently purloins their sweets,  
 When the honey-laden rover  
     Sings again as he retreats.  
 Lowing oxen, bleating lambs,  
 Answered by their list'ning dams;  
 Chanticleer's resounding throat,  
 And the cuckoo's double note,  
 And the sheep-bells' tinkling tattle,  
 And the runnel's gurgling rattle,  
 Mixing all in tuneful glee,  
 Form the morning harmony.

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### TO AN EOLIAN HARP.

CONDOR.

IT was a chorus of the winds that stole  
     Its silence from the night, and seemed to play  
 A momentary dirge — as if the soul  
     Of harmony had died and pass'd away.  
 Now to the air it gave a solemn peal,  
     And on the hearing in sad concord hung

Anon in trembling distance did it steal,  
Till not one note of faint vibration rung.  
Again! it breathes in fitful murmuring,  
Now querulous and low, now full and clear;  
Borne on the midnight gale's mysterious wing,  
Like angel-echoes from a distant sphere.

O wizard harp! strange power is thine,  
And more than music thou canst give,  
Stirring those chords of magic twine,  
So sweet, so fugitive.

Thy tones, not on the ear they dwell,  
They sink not on the mournful air;  
But inly to the heart they swell,  
And wake an echo there.

Of friends away they seem to sing,  
And make the hours of absence dear;  
The shades of forms beloved they bring,  
And draw the distant near.

O wizard Harp! such power enthralling,  
No art melodious could inspire;  
No wing of winds in murmurs falling,  
So sweetly tune thy wire.

It is the spell that Fancy weaves,  
Which gives thy charm to thee:  
It is the sigh that memory heaves,  
Makes all thy melody.

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### THE ORPHAN BOY.

M<sup>rs</sup>. OPIE.

STAY, Lady, stay for mercy's sake,  
And hear a helpless orphan's tale!

Ah, sure my looks must pity wake —  
 'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale!  
 Yet I was once a mother's pride,  
 And my brave father's hope and joy;  
 But in the Nile's proud fight he died,  
 And I am now an Orphan Boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I,  
 When news of Nelson's victory came,  
 Along the crowded streets to fly,  
 And see the lighted windows flame!  
 To force me home my mother sought;  
 She could not bear to see my joy,  
 For with my father's life 'twas bought,  
 And made me a poor Orphan Boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud!  
 My mother, shuddering, closed her ears:  
 "Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd;  
 My mother answer'd with her tears.  
 "Why are you crying, thus," said I,  
 "While others laugh and shout with joy?"  
 She kiss'd me, and with such a sigh!  
 She call'd me her poor Orphan Boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I cried,  
 As in her face I look'd and smiled;  
 My mother through her tears replied,  
 "You'll know too soon, ill-fated child!"  
 And now they've toll'd my mother's knell,  
 And I'm no more a parent's joy;  
 O lady — I have learnt too well  
 What 'tis to be an Orphan Boy.

Oh! were I by your bounty fed —  
 Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;

Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;  
 The sailor's orphan boy has pride.  
 Lady, you weep! — Ha! — this to me?  
 You'll give me clothing, food, employ?  
 Look down, dear parents! look and see  
 Your happy, happy Orphan Boy.

## EPITAPH

On the Tomb-stone erected over the Marquis of Anglesea's Leg.

RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

HERE rests — and let no saucy knave  
 Presume to sneer and laugh,  
 To learn that mouldering in the grave  
 Is laid — a British calf.

For he who writes these lines is sure,  
 That those that read the whole  
 Will find such laugh is premature;  
 For here, too, lies a *sole*.

And here five little ones repose,  
 Twin born with other five,  
 Unheeded by their brother *toes*.  
 Who now are all *alive*.

A leg and foot, to speak more plain,  
 Rest here of one commanding,  
 Who, though his wits he might retain,  
 Lost half his *understanding*.

And when the guns, with thunder fraught,  
 Pour'd bullets thick as hail, —  
 Could only in this way be taught  
 To give the foe *leg-bail*.

And now in England, just as gay  
As in the battle brave,  
Goes to the rout, review, or play,  
*With one foot in the grave.*

Fortune in vain here shew'd her spite;  
For he will still be found,  
Should England's sons engage in fight,  
Resolv'd to *stand his ground.*

For Fortune's pardon I must beg —  
She meant not to disarm;  
And when she lopp'd the hero's leg,  
She did not seek his *h-arm*,

And but indulg'd a harmless whim;  
Since he could walk with one,  
She saw two legs were lost on him,  
Who never meant to *run.*

THE END OF THE SECOND VOL.









